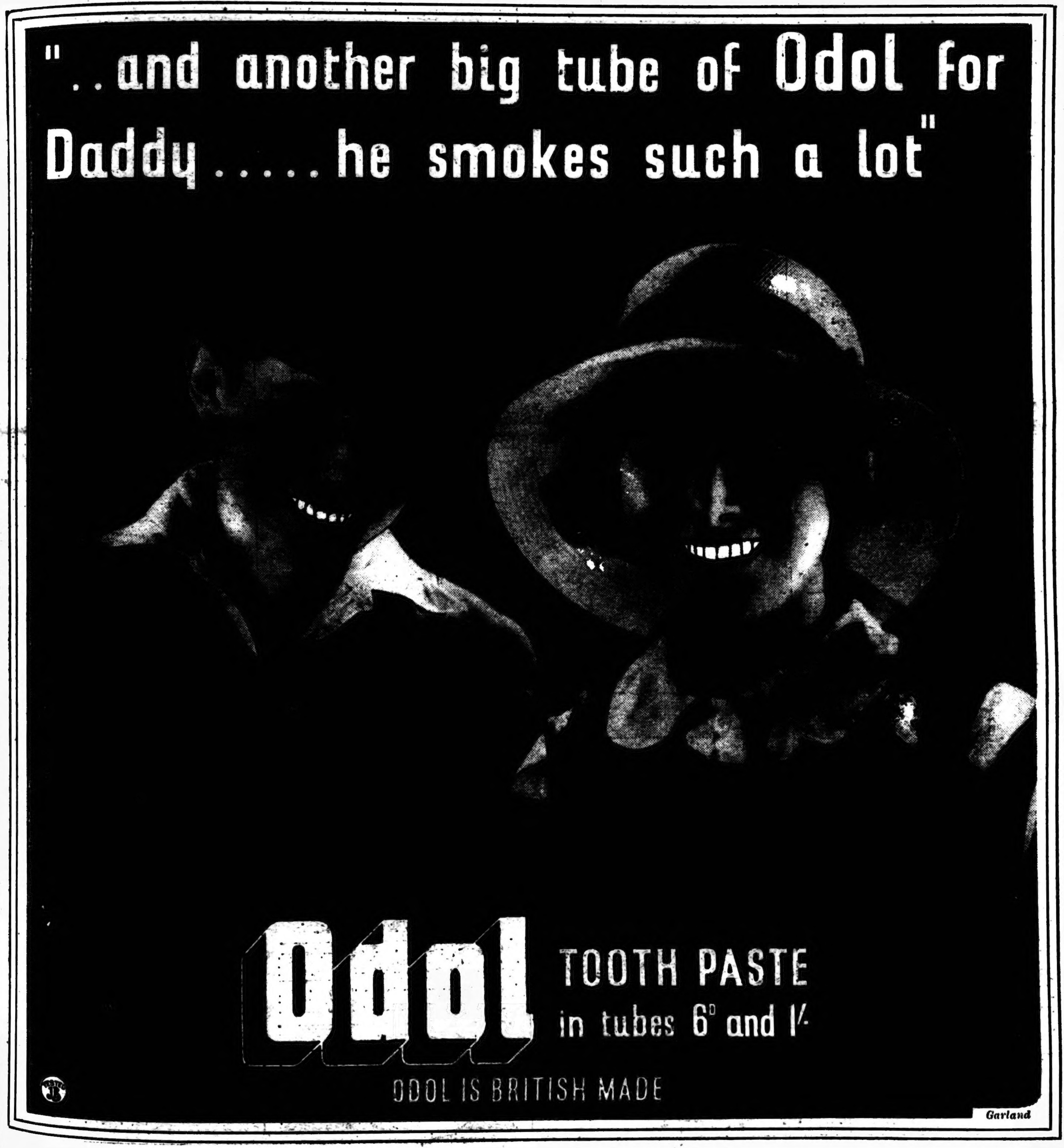
JOHN BULL, MAY 27, 1933

DARK DERBY HORSES SEE PAGES 10 AND 11.

TWOPENCE.
Vol. LIII.
1406.

JOHN BULL



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MOTOR DRIVERS — COMMERCIAL AND PRIVATE positions. The finest PRACTICAL training to standard R.A.C. Certificate at the lowest inclusive fee. Day or evening Free Employment Dept. Call (9-7) or write, THE BRITISH SCHOOL OF MOTORING, 5, COVENTRY ST., PICCADILLY CIRCUS, W. (Corner Rupert Street, next Lyons' Corner House).

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Prepaid Rate: 10s. per line averaging six words. Minimum Charge 20s.
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Address: The Advert. Manager, "John Bull," 57-59, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

A PAYING Profession. Become a certificated Chiropodist. Write partics. Home Study Course, 3, School of Surgical Chiropody, Leatherhead.

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MAIL ORDER TRADERS. Advertisements inserted in 30 provincial newspapers or London Suburban, 7/10. Welsh, 3/6. Large or small Mail Order Campaigns. Advice free. Write for Prospectus 60, Buttolph & Dickson, 322, High Holborn, London W.C.1. (Chancery 8113.)

WALLPAPERS.—Wonder Book of Patterns for 1933 sent post free. All papers English made.—Write to the original mail order firm.—Henry Morris (London), Ltd., Dept. J.B., [illegible], London Road, Southwark, S.E.1.

THE PEAK BRITISH GILLETTE PATTERN RAZOR SET, with 6 Sheffield Blades in box, 1/3. Post Free. Satisfaction or money back.—(B) W. Knight, 71a, Lyndale Road, Redhill, Surrey.

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LADIES' Expanding Bracelet Watch, 18-ct. gold effect, only 9/6. This is one of the bargains offered in John Bull's "Shop Window," page facing.

SPORTSMAN Outfit for 1/- down. Take advantage of this timely offer. See advt. of J. Townend, page facing.

25/- FREE GIFT COUPON FOR CYCLISTS. See offer on page facing.

SMART ALL-WEATHER SHOES FOR ONLY 2/9. Solid Rubber Soles and Heels. For further partics. see the advt. of J. D. Wiener & Sons, Ltd., in the "Shop Window" on page 3.

FREE.—A copy of "The Book of the Raleigh," which tells all about RALEIGH CYCLES. This is offered in the advt. on p. [illegible]. When writing, mention *John Bull*.

HODGSON'S Illus. Catlg. of Carpets, Rugs, etc., is offered in the advt. on the Back Cover.

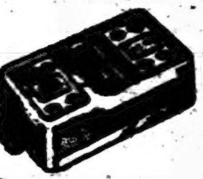
Are you taking full advantage of your electric light?

Radio reception now costs only 1/- a year *

* *Based on 3 hours daily use of an average 3-valve set. The equivalent cost of batteries is 30/-!*

Do you still run your radio from batteries? If you do, you are behind the times—and paying a lot more than you need pay. Provided you have electric light you can reduce your set's costs to a negligible amount, and at the same time get constant unvarying power!

All you have to do is to connect the suitable EKCO Power Unit in place of the battery, plug into the electric light, and switch on—that's all! No alterations to set, valves or wiring. Consult your dealer or write for free illustrated literature.



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Please send me full illustrated details of Ekco All-Electric Radio.
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PRINTING.—10,000 Handbills or Billheads, 2/6. 1,000 Menus, Catalogues, Price Lists, Duplicate Books, etc. Samples 2d.—[illegible], R.90, Sandy.

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WALLPAPERS from Mills from 2½d. roll. New designs. Patterns post free. — Osborne Mills (Dept. 5), Rochdale Road, Manchester.

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AN AMAZING OFFER! Your Old Tennis Racket taken as part payment on any make of new. — Write, [illegible] & WINTER, Sports Specialists, ST. ALBANS.

FREE.—A handsome 32-p. Illus. Cat. is offered in the ELSWICK CYCLE advt. on p. [illegible].

READERS' attention is drawn on p. 14 to the introduction of a new line of "[illegible]" Brand Footwear advertised by John White, of [illegible], makers of the famous "[illegible]" Footwear.

SEND a p.c. for a Free Cat. of amazing Cycle offers made by Edwd. O'Brien on p. [illegible].

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GRAMOS., Motors, Arms, Speakers, Horns, Parts, Springs, Repairs, Radio. Discount allowed. List free.—Regentreef, 120, Old St., Ldn., E.C.1.

FILL in the coupon in the "EKCO" advt. on this page. It will bring an interesting booklet and full partics. of Ekco "[illegible]" Radio products.

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BABY'S BEAUTIFUL LONG CLOTHES, 25/-. [illegible] [illegible] J. HOWARD, 62, DOVER RD., [illegible].

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TEA Direct from [illegible]. Superior Indian and Ceylon. Specially Blended. Cheap only in price—5 lb. 11/- carr. paid. Trial order will [illegible]. Portway Tea Co., [illegible], Portway, Ldn., E.15.

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DON'T WEAR A TRUSS! Use Brooks Rupture Appliance. New discovery. Wonderful! No lumpy pads; no springs; durable, cheap. Binds and draws parts together quickly. Sent on trial. Catalogue free.—Address, Brooks Appliance Co., Ltd. ([illegible]), 80, Chancery Lane, London, W.C.2.

PILES relieved instantly by the wonderful Hemosol Treatment. No ointment, medicine nor appliance. Send 1½d. stamp for Free Booklet on this remarkable discovery.—Hemosol Laboratories, 1, [illegible] Road, London, S.W.12.

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FREE.—Trial Tubes of "ICILMA" Vanishing, Flesh-Tinted and Cold Creams are offered to John Bull readers in the advt. on p. 28.

FOUR SALOON CARS and 1,000 additional novel and useful prizes are being distributed to winners and runners-up in a simple Slogan Competition to users of "VERIBEST" CORNED BEEF. Further partics. appear on p. 31. Be sure to cut out the coupon in the advt. and attach it to your entry.

TESTIMONIES by doctors to the excellent service rendered by [illegible], the largest firm of Dispensing Chemists in the world, appear on p. 31.

RHEUMATIC SUFFERERS should not overlook the [illegible] Pill offer on p. 45. A free booklet can be obtained on application to the address in the advt.

ASTHMA SUFFERERS can obtain a FREE SAMPLE of "[illegible]." See p. 45.

SUFFERERS FROM HAEMORRHOIDS should not overlook the [illegible] offer on p. 45.

SAMPLES OF "Zeekol" Ointment and Pills, together with samples of "Zeekol" Medicated Soap and "[illegible]" Face Cream, will be sent on receipt of the coupon (plus postage) appearing in the advt. on p. 41.

WANTED TO PURCHASE.

[illegible] paid for Jewellery, Diamonds, Platinum, Old Gold and Silver, Antiques, Dental Plates (not Vulcanite), Valuable property, etc. Nothing too large or too small. Cash per return. [illegible] & Co., [illegible], New Bond St., London, W.1.

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ANY kind old Gold, Jewellery, Sovereigns, Diamonds, Old [illegible], Platinum Scrap bought. Highest cash per return.—Bull's, Headrow, Leeds.

SAVE MONEY ON EVERYTHING YOU BUY! —Order through John Bull's "Shop Window," page 3.

PROVIDE for your future comfort and independence by the Pound Way. You can secure a cash sum for any selected period by a plan of simple payments. For full partics. simply fill in the coupon on page 22.

FREE.—Write for leaflet telling you all about [illegible] "[illegible]," the perfect Cellulose finish, which can be applied by brush or spray. Send a p.c. to [illegible] Works (Dept. 1.J.B.6), [illegible], E.[illegible]. The offer appears in the advt. on p. [illegible].

WRITE to A. T. Foster, Town Hall, Blackpool, for a free copy of an illustrated booklet, "[illegible]," containing all about this wonder resort. Mention *John Bull*. Further particulars appear in the L.M.S. advt. on page 29.

A FREE sample tube of "SHAVEX" will be sent to readers who cut out on p. 41 the coupon, attaching it to a piece of paper on which their names and addresses are written plainly, and send a 2d. stamp.

"A FREE TRIAL PACKET of "Bondman" [illegible] Tobacco will be sent on receipt of a p.c. addressed to Richard Lloyd & Sons, Clerkenwell Tobacco Factory, [illegible], Clerkenwell Rd., London, E.C.1. This offer appears on p. 14.

POST your films to W. R. ROSE, whose advt. appears on page [illegible]. Write for illustrated list "J.B."

A [illegible] OFFER of exceptional value appears on p. [illegible].

[illegible] between smokes. It relieves that parched, dry throat and imparts a delightful lasting flavour which refreshes the mouth. See p. [illegible].

FREE.—A very beautiful book, containing hundreds of most valuable Free Gifts given in exchange for coupons from "KENSITAS" CIGARETTES (1 of which appear in every packet of 20) will be posted to every reader [illegible] by J. Wix & Sons, Ltd., [illegible], Old [illegible], London, E.C.1. See p. 27.

FREE.—Every [illegible] should have a copy of the "[illegible]" [illegible] Book, containing 100 [illegible]. This is offered in the advt. on p. [illegible]. Simply send 2d. in stamps to J. [illegible] & Sons, Ltd. (Dept. W.22), [illegible], Liverpool.

[illegible] attention is drawn to the price reduction of "[illegible]" TOOTH PASTE, the announcement of which appears on p. 37.

£[illegible] IN CASH PRIZES—£[illegible] First, and 367 other cash prizes for supplying a title to the picture in the ANDREWS LIVER SALT advt. on page [illegible]. You can send in any number of titles, but each must be on a separate sheet of paper, bearing your name and address in block letters, accompanied by the [illegible] disc from either size tin of ANDREWS LIVER SALT. Closing date, Tuesday, June 6. For further particulars see advt.

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FROM £3-10-0 CASH or TERMS

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Garages from	£4.5.0
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Price Complete £3.0.0 TERMS: 5/- monthly.

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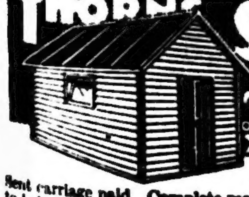

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ALL ROUND VALUE
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A SQUARE GUARANTEE
FOR A STRAIGHT LINE

EVERY OFFER COVERED BY MONEY-BACK GUARANTEE ON PAGE 16

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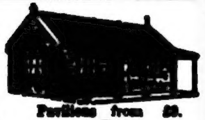

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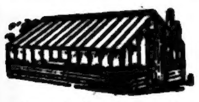

For other designs see List.

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FOR ONE WEEK ONLY

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Satisfaction or money back. C.O.D. if preferred.

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'REGENT' Settee Bed & 2 Easy Chairs Fully upholstered, with two cosy easy chairs with patent sprung seats and backs, covered in large variety excellent quality velours or tapestries. Settee 5 ft. 7 in. overall and 2 ft. 11 in. deep, holding bed size 6 ft. x 4 ft., with wire mesh mattress and hygienic mattress. To-day's value 23 Gns. ..

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Or delivered to approved accounts on first payment of 10/6 and 35 equal instalments of 10/6 monthly.

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Also Newcastle-on-Tyne and Stockton-on-Tees.

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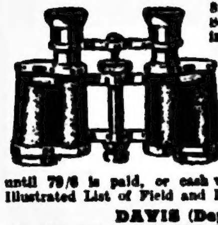

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Prices again reduced. Buy now before they rise. Carriage Paid.

GARAGES.			
10' x 7'	£4	5	6
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6' x 4'	£1	14	0
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MODERN SHORT LENGTHS, or USUAL LONG-CLOTHES

(Everything necessary and ready for use.)

75 beautiful garments (inc. Winter or Summer Baby), Silk and Wool Shawl, Emb. Robes, Lawn or Winsey, Day Gowns, L'cloth, Flan. or Winsey Nighties, Wrapper Vests, Back Flannels, Hand-Knit Woollies, Mat. Coats, Trunk Sets, Binders, Turk Napkins, etc. FROM THIS WEEK'S TESTIMONIALS: "Many thanks for delightful contents, worth their weight in gold and a tremendous saving in time, money and labour, for the busy mother to be."

SEND 2/- FOR PARCEL ON APPROVAL (Cash or Terms)
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Round or Square TABLES very stoutly built, tops finished GREEN Cellulose, the legs green varnish paint, 29" size. Price 13/6 each.

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DELIVERED on first payment. For storing Tools, Garden Implements, Cycles, built in 6 strong perfect fitting sections, easily the best value! Carriage paid. Roofing Felt supplied Floors extra

SMALL STORE SHEDS from 20/-

Long	Wide	High	Cash	or 12 payments
6ft.	4ft.	6½ft.	£1/14/0	3/2
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Send for FREE Portable Building CATALOGUE, 120 pages, lovely illustrations, Sheds, Pavilions, Greenhouses, Garages, Summer Houses, Poultry Houses, Etc.

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WRIST WATCH 18 CT. EFFECT WARRANTED 10 YEARS

£2-2-0 VALUE FOR 9/6

Another Colossal Purchase of closing Swiss factory's entire stock enables us to offer this genuine Geneva jewelled lady's 18 ct. effect expanding bracelet watch—made for the Australian market to be sold at £2 2s.—direct from us at a price which we, as expert valuers, know to be a world-wide achievement ranking us as the British House for Amazing Bargains. 9/6, post 6d. Warranted 10 years. Gent's square model same price. Send NOW!

Aircraft Watch Distributors (Dept. J.B.C.1). 87, New Oxford St., W.C.1.

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Smart all weather shoes. Solid stout rubber soles full ½ in. thick. Solid rubber heels. Will wear well for many seasons. Absolutely watertight and weatherproof. WE GUARANTEE FAIR WEAR OR A NEW PAIR FREE! Don't confuse this smart shoe with inferior imitations. SEND FOR A PAIR NOW. Black or brown. All sizes, men's 5-12, boys' 11-4, ladies' 2-7.

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WRITE NOW for H. Samuel's beautiful FREE ALBUM of Rings, Watches, Plate. The bargains you get from the Empire's Largest Jewellers are a sensational revelation! Splendid FREE PRIZES. This fine 'Rytima' Lever Watch, specially strong, dust and damp-proof - 5/-. Any article sent Cash on delivery. *Write Now.*

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The latest Sports Shirt, collar attached, short sleeves. A delightful fabric, hygienic and of a nature that never becomes "Clammy," responding silkily to every muscle movement. Quite dressy, too. In a very attractive range of colours: Silver, Fawn, Royal, Cream, Flannel Green, Canary, Saxe, Maroon, Bottle. Ideal for Hiking, Boating, Cycling, etc.

Finest Quality INTERLOCK ATHLETIC UNDERWEAR. British Made. Vests and Shorts. Full men's size. Cream shade. Vests in the new slip-on style, and "no-button" shorts, with elastic at waist. Ideal Underwear, soft and comfortable, durable, reliable, washes perfectly and comes up like new every time. Allows free access of air, absorbs natural moisture, promotes health and ensures personal comfort.

Don't wait until you can send full cash. The Outdoors season has arrived. Take advantage of our perfect weekly payment system: 1/- deposit brings you the complete outfit, balance 1/- weekly.

Prices: 1 Vest, 1 Pair Shorts, 1 Shirt, 10/- (worth 12/6), cash with order 9/6 : 2 Vests, 2 Pair Shorts, 2 Shirts, 19/- (worth 25/-), cash with order 18/-. O.S. 6d. per garment extra. Extra O.S. 1/- per garment extra. If not satisfied, money will be refunded on return of goods in original condition.

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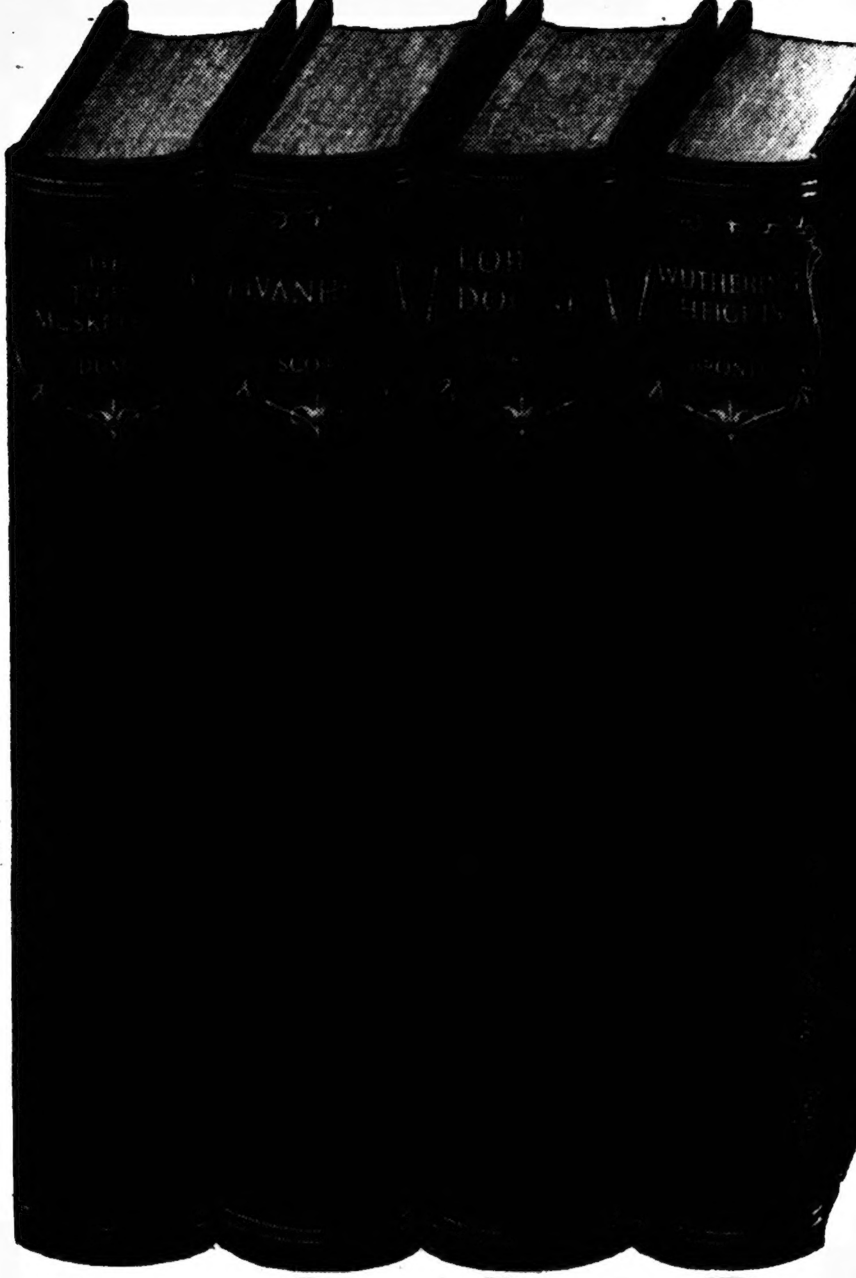

SET 1

Alexandre Dumas.

Sir Walter Scott.

R. D. Blackmore.

Emily Brontë.

A MODERN miracle! A marvellous publishing achievement! A sensational offer that is positively the first Library Presentation ever made by any weekly Journal—that is the mighty Presentation which "John Bull" this week announces to its readers.

In front of you now is the opportunity to secure TWELVE of the greatest works ever written! An entirely new Edition, specially printed and bound, of twelve magnificent volumes that form the most wonderful full-size Presentation Library of The World's Greatest Masterpieces of Literature ever produced.

Four Coupons Only Secures Each Set

Never, in the annals of Journalism, has there been a Presentation of such value that could be secured **so quickly and so easily.** This astounding offer enables you, if you act at once, to secure the Complete Library in three sets of four volumes each—all in the remarkably short time of only twelve weeks. **Four coupons only secures each set,** and your **first coupon will be found on the back page of this issue.** But you must act instantly. **This is your only opportunity.** This sumptuous New Edition of these great works is absolutely exclusive, and is unobtainable elsewhere. You simply cannot afford to miss this astounding opportunity.

Over 6,000 Enthralling Pages

No English home, no library in the world, is complete without these immortal works. Here are golden treasures of literature that are your heritage, masterful creations that contain inexhaustible riches for you and your family. Each is a mighty story that will transport you again and again into fascinating new wonderlands of adventure, love, romance, thrills, comedy and tragedy.

Large Clear Type Sumptuous Binding

The twelve great **full-length** works that comprise this amazing Library come to you absolutely **unabridged.** Every word has been specially set from new, clear-face type, and each book is printed on specially prepared pure opaque paper. The binding and finish of each volume is of unusual excellence and beauty. The stiff covers are luxuriously bound in lustrous Red Silk-Grained Cloth. The titles, and the decorative panels in which they are contained are richly embossed on the spine in real 22-ct. gold. Each volume bears a handsome blind embossed design on the front and has burnished dustproof top edges.

The complete Library of twelve volumes consists of over 6,000 pages and weighs over 13 lb. The illustrations above show the Library greatly reduced. The actual size of each volume is 7½ in. deep by 5½ in. wide.

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Wuthering Heights.	Emily Brontë.
SET No. 2.	
Vanity Fair.	W. M. Thackeray.
Westward Ho!	Charles Kingsley.
Uncle Tom's Cabin.	Harriet Beecher Stowe.
Tales of Mystery and Imagination.	Edgar Allan Poe.
SET No. 3.	
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Robinson Crusoe.	Daniel Defoe.
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All that you are asked to do to secure your complete Library is to cut out as directed the special coupon which appears in the RIGHT-hand bottom corner of the back cover of "John Bull" each week and to send these coupons in with your Presentation Vouchers. There is nothing more to do—**there is no catch in this amazing offer**—there is nothing to pay, other than the 2/11 on each four-volume set, which includes cost of packing in carton, insurance and delivery to your home. The full rules and conditions are printed in this announcement. You are asked to send no money with your Reservation Form and Label.

It is a condition of this offer that your newsagent must hold a written order from you for the regular weekly delivery of "John Bull." If he has not already an order, you should hand him at once Form "A" on the extreme right of the opposite page.

Hurry—Your Only Opportunity

The number of sets of volumes available are limited and the response to this offer will be so large that no applications from this announcement can be accepted after Saturday, June 3. This is your only opportunity. This announcement will not be repeated.

You must seize it NOW or it will be too late. Send in your Reservation Form and Label To-day. Your Presentation Vouchers will be sent by return.

Rules and Conditions.

On receipt of the Reservation Form and Label on the right properly completed, you will be sent, post [illegible] your three Presentation Vouchers. For each set of four volumes applicants are asked to send in one of these Presentation Vouchers together with four coupons cut from the RIGHT-hand bottom corner of the back covers of four consecutive weekly issues of "John Bull."

Sets will not be awarded unless applied for on the official Presentation Voucher which is issued to you by "John Bull."

Coupons eligible for this Presentation are (A Series) and commence with No. A.25, which appears in this issue dated May 27. Applicants may start with this number or subsequent numbers, but no Coupons from "John Bull" other than Series A., nor prior to A.25, will be accepted. Early qualification disks published with one of "John Bull's" previous presentation offers will NOT be accepted in connection with this scheme.

Applicants are asked to send with each completed Voucher a postal order for 2/11 (Two Shillings and Elevenpence), which includes packing, carriage, insurance, etc., on each set of four volumes. There is absolutely nothing more to pay.

Each applicant who is qualifying for this Presentation must see that his or her Newsagent holds a written order for the regular and uninterrupted delivery of "John Bull." Copies of "John Bull" must be paid for in the ordinary way. This offer is open to all. No person may qualify for more than one Presentation Library, and no Library will be awarded to more than one member of the same family living at the same address. This offer applies only to persons residing in Great Britain, Northern Ireland and the Irish Free State.

N.B.—Applicants from the Irish Free State will be required to pay any duty that may be chargeable.

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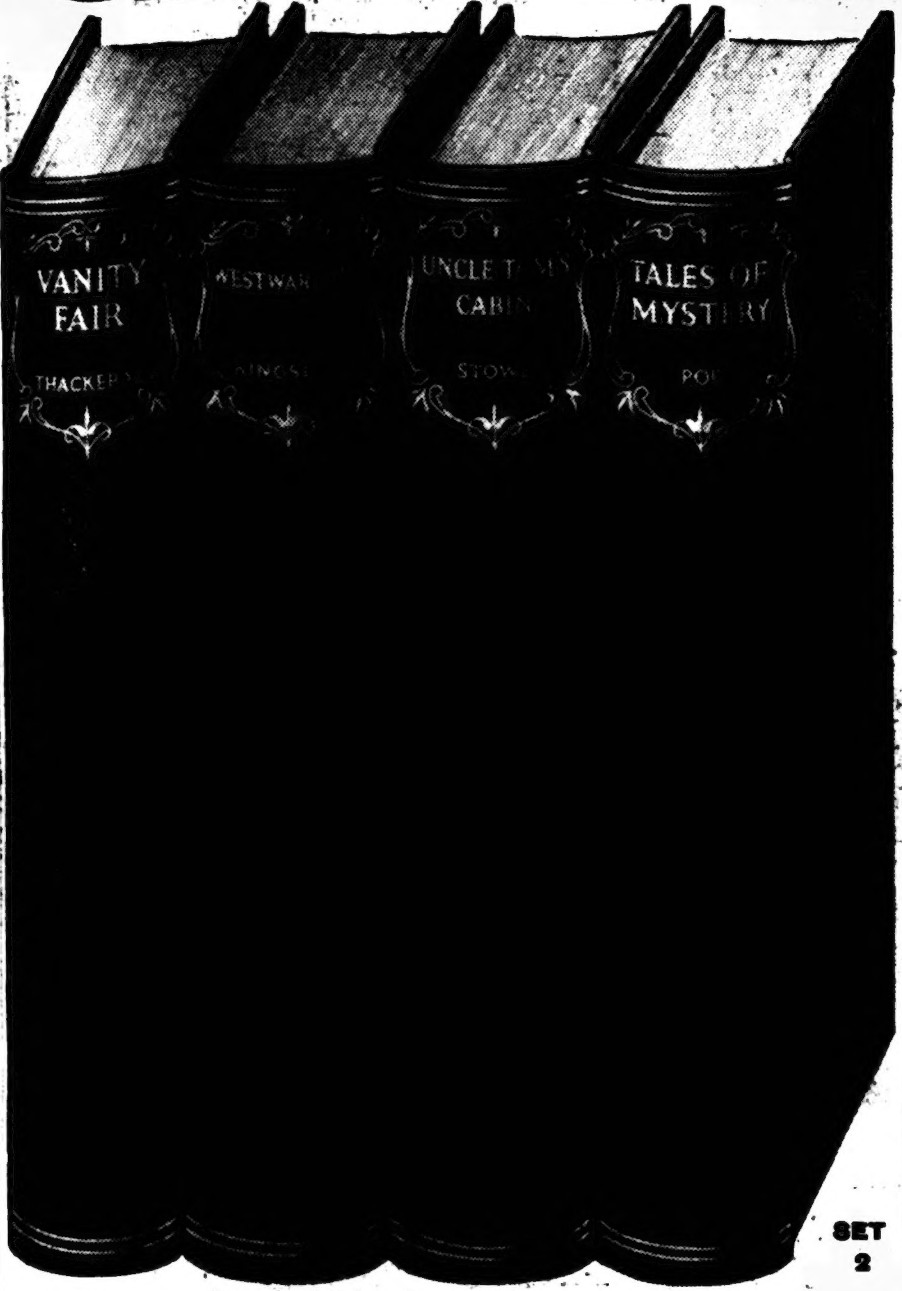
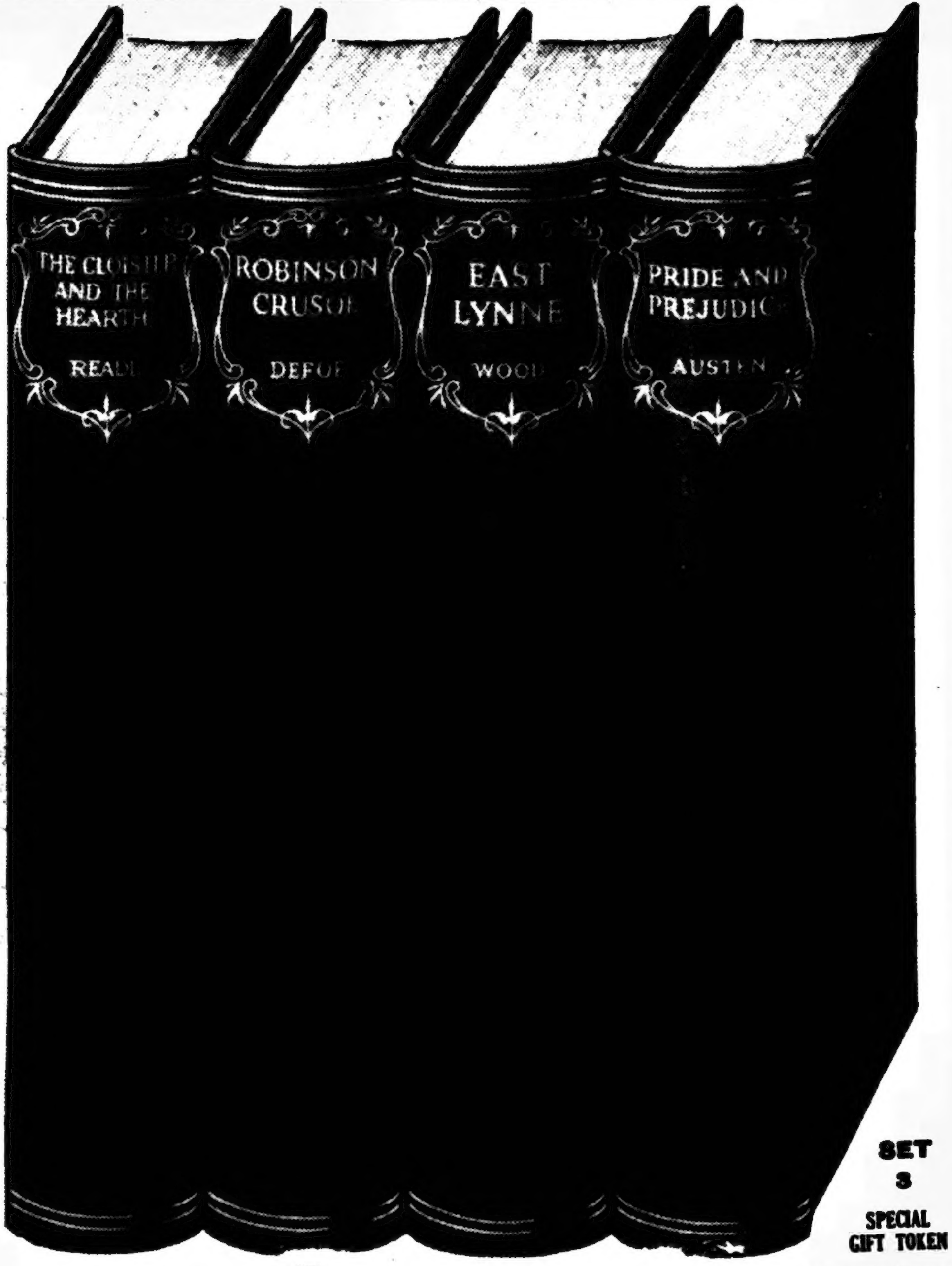


SET 2



SET 3

SPECIAL GIFT TOKEN

[illegible]

Charles Kingsley.

Harriet B. Stowe.

Edgar Allan Poe.

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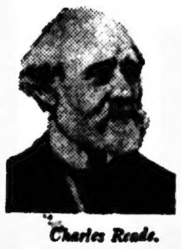
Charles Reade.

Daniel Defoe.

Mrs. Henry Wood.

Jane Austen.

Send in the Free Gift Token printed below,

FREE GIFT TOKEN

together with the application forms for this Presentation Library and you will be sent with the compliments of "John Bull" a special Free Surprise Gift upon qualifying for your first set of four volumes.

POST AT ONCE

By filling in this Form you place yourself under no obligation whatsoever.

RESERVATION FORM

To "John Bull," Dept. J.,
3, Arne Street, London, W.C.2.

N.B.—Applicants must complete label on the right, which will be used for sending their PRESENTATION VOUCHERS to them. Send in label, together with this Reservation Form—give YOUR name and full postal address. **Affix halfpenny stamp to space provided on label.**

I WISH to apply, in accordance with the conditions of your special offer, for a Presentation Library of TWELVE MASTERPIECES OF LITERATURE. Please send me by return my **PRESENTATION VOUCHERS** on which to qualify for my Presentation Library of 12 volumes.

WRITE CLEARLY IN BLOCK LETTERS.

Name..
(State Mr., Mrs., or Miss)

Address..

....

Date..

No application from this paper will be accepted after
SATURDAY JUNE 3

IMPORTANT.—Complete label as directed and send it in together with this Form. You may send this Form together with label in an unsealed envelope bearing a halfpenny stamp
Please do NOT enclose any cash or other correspondence with this Form.
J.B., 27/5/33.

Halfpenny Stamp must be affixed to this space by YOU

Name..

Address..
(in full)

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IMPORTANT

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A **HAND THIS FORM TO YOUR NEWSAGENT.**

JOHN BULL

2d. Weekly

ORDER FORM

To Mr. ....(Newsagent)

Address ....

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Please deliver or reserve "John Bull" for me weekly until further notice.

Signature ....

Address..............................

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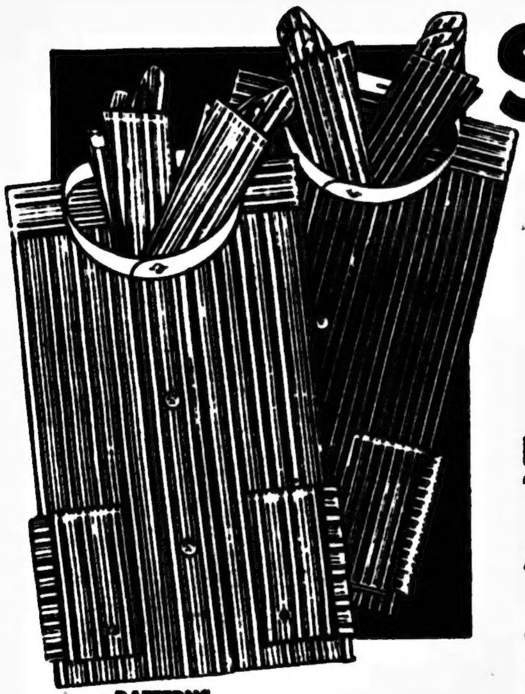
Date ....



PATTERNS

A. Brown—narrow stripes.
B. Blue—narrow stripes.
C. Blue—wide stripes.
D. Brown—wide stripes.

SHORT TERM OFFER
SHIRTS

BRITISH MADE

FINE POPLIN, GUARANTEED FADELESS, WITH TWO COLLARS TO MATCH

This offer will run until closing date is advertised (*Closing Date will not be before August 31st.*)

A SHIRT AND 2 COLLARS ARE YOURS FOR ONLY 150 EMPTY 'CLUBS' FIVES PACKETS (OR 75 FRONT PANELS FROM 10's PACKETS)

When you have collected 150 empty 'CLUBS' fives packets (or 75 tens packets) send them with your name and address. State clearly whether pattern A, B, C or D is required. Also state size of *outside collar* worn (not neckband).

Available in the following outside collar sizes: OUTSIDE COLLAR:—14", 14½", 15", 15½", 16", 16½", 17"

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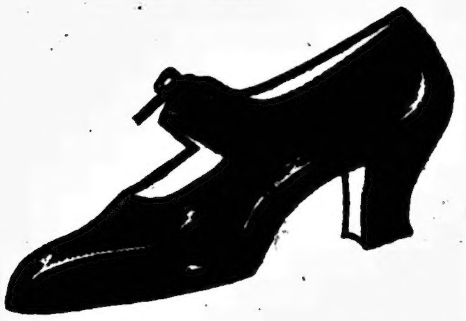

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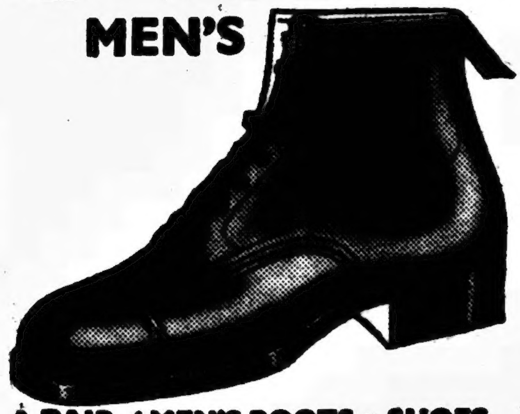

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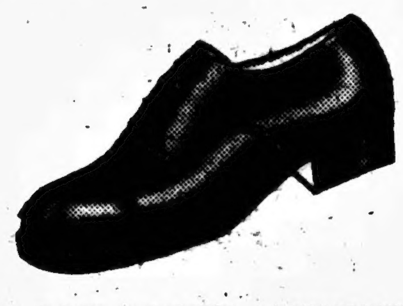


A PAIR of BOYS' or YOUTHS' BOOTS OR SHOES 260 EMPTY 'CLUBS' FIVES PACKETS OR 130 FRONT PANELS FROM 10's PACKETS

SEND *for illustrated leaflet giving full details of styles and sizes to—*
'CLUBS'
Arcadia Works, Hampstead Road, London, N.W. 1.

CARRERAS'
'CLUBS'
The best 5 for 2ᴰ· cigarettes

ABOVE OFFERS EXTENDED FOR AN INDEFINITE PERIOD
[CLOSING DATE WILL BE ADVERTISED BUT WILL NOT BE BEFORE AUG. 31st.]

OUR GREATEST OF ALL OFFERS

WILL BE ANNOUNCED TO REGULAR SMOKERS DURING AUGUST

When we make this announcement, names that appear on our lists of applications for articles since any of our offers began WILL BE GIVEN EXCEPTIONAL ADVANTAGE AND PREFERENCE, so it will pay you to keep on smoking 'CLUBS,' and to send in for the above offers NOW and get your name on our list.

KEEP ON SAVING YOUR PACKETS FOR THE NEXT OFFER.

C.1

'CLUBS' LEAD AND ALWAYS WILL FOR VALUE IN THE 100% PURE VIRGINIA CIGARETTES AND QUALITY OFFERS

JOHN BULL

"John Bull," 27/5/33.

Without Fear or Favour

THURSDAY,
for week ending Saturday, May 27, 1933. Twopence.
Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper. Postage: Inland and Canada, 1d.; all other parts of the world, 1½d. 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

Telephone: Temple Bar 2468.

Telegrams: Heroically, London.

BURIED ALIVE!

Most Monstrous Lunacy Order

THANKS to JOHN BULL, it has by now become generally known that the law is outrageously weak in safeguarding young girls and boys against being put in lifelong captivity as alleged mental defectives.

The public still retains a fixed idea, however, that there are strong legislative safeguards against any individual being wrongfully deprived of freedom and citizenship as a supposed lunatic.

The popular belief is that adult men and women can be certified and incarcerated only after examination and the issuing of a warrant either by a judge or magistrate and at least two fully qualified medical practitioners.

This was certainly the normal procedure until recently. But all the time the law permitted an alternative and diabolical method, although it was not sufficiently known to be exploited on a widespread scale.

Now the position has become vastly different. What is known as an "Urgency Order," a device for quickly and easily putting a person out of the way, is being so commonly used to-day that those whose duty it is to watch closely the operations of the lunacy machine are struck with dismay.

ACTUALLY the law is such that any person can put another away behind asylum walls merely by subscribing his or her name to an Urgency Order and declaring that removal to an asylum is expedient for the welfare of the supposed patient.

The Order need not even be made or signed by husband, wife or relative. Anyone above the age of twenty-one can issue it, and has only to declare that he or she saw the individual concerned in the previous forty-eight hours.

One medical certificate is necessary, but here again the procedure is wide open to abuse.

The doctor who signs need not be the "patient's" usual medical attendant. Indeed, the bulk of the Urgency Orders now being made are countersigned by doctors unknown to the victims, the excuse generally being made that the family or ordinary doctor was away or not available.

A doctor who receives a fee for his signature has scant choice to refuse when he is told a serious and circumstantial story that the person whose freedom is in jeopardy has been violent, has threatened to commit suicide, or has shown evidence of delusions.

BUT most astounding of all is the fact that the man or woman who is unwanted can be thrown into an asylum before any medical testimony whatever has been given. The law allows the relative or other person who makes the Urgency Order to obtain and send on a doctor's certificate afterwards!

Only one definite circumstance has to be proved regarding people who are imprisoned by these facile methods. It is that they are not paupers. The State will not bear the cost of maintaining in its institutions individuals who have been put away possibly because their liberty was inconvenient to someone else.

So the victims of the Urgency Order are locked away in what are called private asylums or mental homes, of which hundreds exist in the country—all licensed by the Board of Lunacy Control. These are purely commercial enterprises, mostly, in fact, nothing more than glorified boarding houses equipped not to treat mental disease but solely to prevent their paying "guests" from escaping.

Worst of all, the law is so monstrously fashioned that the only person who can claim the discharge of a private asylum prisoner is the one who signed the petition for his or her detention.

Here exists a most dangerous ready-made weapon for those who have evil in their hearts.

Is anyone who has, for his or her own ends, contrived to have a fellow human being shut away from society, ever likely to apply for the discharge of that person?

Is it likely that the proprietors of a private asylum conducted wholly for gain will voluntarily release their profitable boarders?

IN theory, there is one safeguard against the prolonged captivity of sane and harmless folk—brief, occasional visits to them by commissioners of the Board of Control.

In practice, this "safeguard" is worthless. The commissioners can only accept what is told them by the managers of the lodging-house-asylums. If the inmates declare they are under lock and key by conspiracy their statements will only be recorded as evidence of delusions.

For twelve years, until recently, a man who held high administrative railway posts in this country was thus forcibly detained.

Often during that time the Board of Control was informed that he had been put away out of malice by a sister who sought a surer grip of their joint estates. But the Board did not capitulate until he was got out one day by a ruse, and eminent specialists proved his sanity.

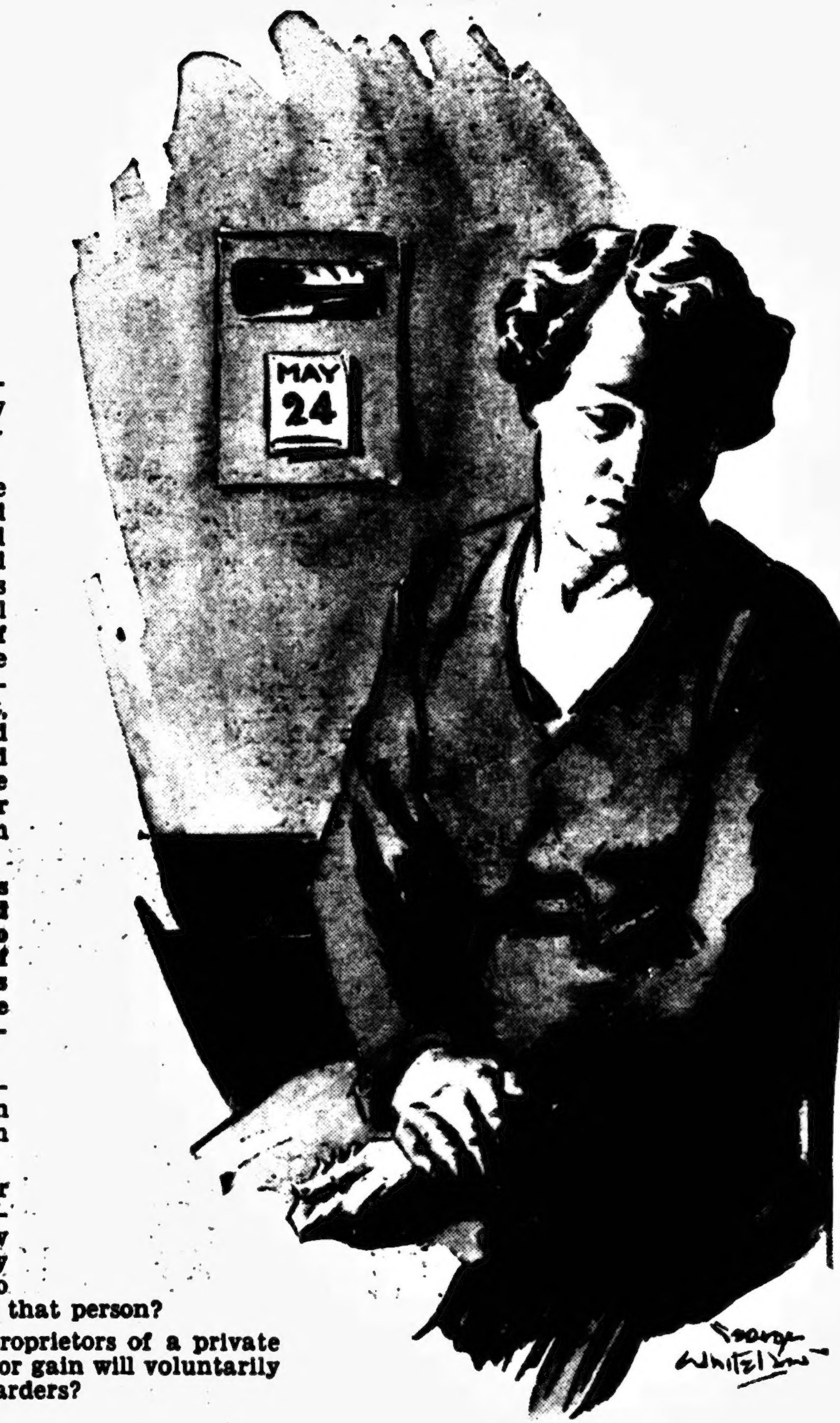
In the divorce list lately appeared the name of a woman of sixty who successfully petitioned in an undefended suit.

She had been a captive for more than twenty-six years, and on the very day her husband got her placed in an asylum he took another woman to his home—a fact that was well known to the Board of Control, though it never took any action.

The woman's children, babies when she was taken away, grew up without knowing or having any communication with her. Not until they were themselves married did they learn that their mother was still alive. It was only when they produced some birth certificates of their father's illegitimate children to the Board of Control that her release was ordered.

A Bill is now before Parliament in its second reading to permit automatic divorce when one of the parties has been in an asylum for five years.

The proposed Act requires a provision to be introduced to it to ensure by competent and independent examination before divorce is granted that the person hidden away is, or ever was, really insane. Otherwise it is inevitable that the Urgency Order will become a still more favoured weapon with the evil-doer.



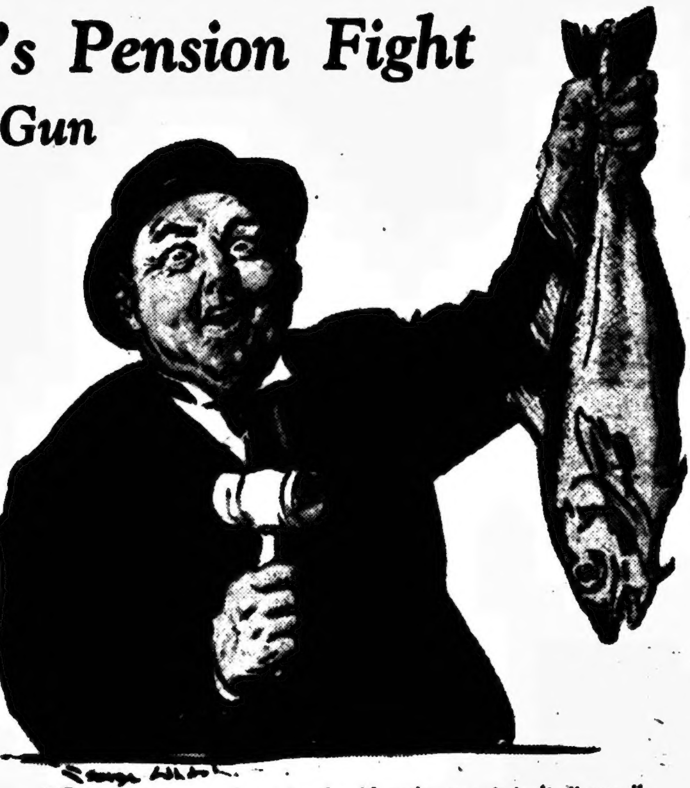
Branded a lunatic, she watches the years pass by in captivity, powerless to prove her sanity, devoid of all hope

STRAIGHT FROM THE SHOULDER . . .

Fishy Fish!—Inspection Scandal at the Ports

We Win a Widow's Pension Fight

The Vicar with the Gun


"Going, going . . ." but he should make sure it isn't "gone"

GREAT progress has been made in recent years in devising new marketing methods for most of our foodstuffs to ensure that they reach the public in perfect condition.

But the handling, packing and distribution of the nation's fish supply still leave much to be desired.

That is why, without wishing to play the scaremonger, we feel a warning is badly needed

Ground for alarm

Many people engaged in the marketing of fish are themselves frankly disgusted with some of the methods which prevail.

When four merchants at a famous fishing port recently lodged a protest with the authorities they were told, in effect, that there was no official knowledge of the subject of their complaint, and that, in any case, it was impossible to inspect every fish landed! To say the least, such official apathy is most disquieting.

Nobody's job

The truth is that no hard and fast regulations for the inspection of fish at the ports really exist.

The local sanitary inspector may make a regular round of the market, or he may not. There is no rule that he must examine even a percentage of the fish.

Usually he waits till he is called in to inspect some very "fishy" consignment. But who, except some public-spirited person, is to call him in? And, as he is not a trained expert, how is he to know good fish from bad?

A trained staff of fish inspectors is always on duty in the famous Billingsgate market in London, and we say emphatically that at least one trained inspector should be on duty at every fishing port.

Dirty boxes

There is another matter for concern.

Though thousands of tons of fish are handled daily at the big coastal markets, at some of them very little care is taken of the boxes into which the fish is placed for transport.

It is no uncommon sight to see stacks of these boxes lying in the sun for hours —slimy, dirty and unsavoury. Some ports are particularly bad offenders, and boxes will be used for perhaps a dozen double journeys with consignments of fish before being subjected to a hasty and inadequate shower bath.

Moreover, boxes of fish are often conveyed in open railway trucks with no more protection than a tarpaulin.

Shelved

It is difficult to understand why these bad old methods are still tolerated.

A committee of the Economic Advisory Council presented a report on the subject to Parliament over a year ago, and made many sensible recommendations.

Like so many other Government reports, produced with great efficiency and at great expense, it appears to have been pigeon-holed.

It should be brought out and acted upon without further delay.

Watch your rent

Millions of tenants will be safeguarded by the new Rent Restrictions Act for a further five years. But it doesn't come into operation until October, and tenants must beware of any attempt to raise their rents before that date.

Besides, there are half a million tenants who are not covered by the Act even after October.

Neville's bad taste

Mr. Neville Chamberlain was talking through his hat when he said that the unemployed are better off now than when they had a bigger "dole."

The fall in the cost of living may look impressive on paper, but housewives are finding that retail prices of some foodstuffs are actually going up.

Above all, it was the limit in bad taste for the Chancellor to sneer that cheaper beer is an appreciable benefit to the unemployed. Think again, Neville!

Widow's mite

How many widows have been deprived of the pension to which they have a right?

One woman who applied for a widow's pension in the usual way was told that her application couldn't be considered until she was fifty-five. She was wise enough to write to us, we made enquiries, and now the Ministry of Health admits that it made a mistake.

There are too many such "mistakes" made in Whitehall.

Bad deal for the blind

And blind people are not getting all they are entitled to, either in old-age pensions or suitable work.

Several local councils have had to be told by the Minister of Health that they are not making proper provision for the blind in their areas.

There is no possible excuse for these councils. If they did their duty a few pounds might be added to the rates each year, but this would be more than balanced by the load lifted from the civic conscience.

A parson's cruelty

It's a good thing for the Church that there aren't many vicars like the Rev. Percy Nott, of Burnham, Bucks.

This good man drove two dogs out of his garden and then fired at them with a shot-gun. Both were wounded and suffered great pain, for which the vicar has been fined £5 and costs.

The better man

Mr. R. Brown, of Bridlington, and two other dogs have also been in the news. But Mr. Brown, in contrast to the Vicar of Burnham, saved their lives by being lowered 100 feet down a cliff face to where they were trapped on a ledge.

We don't know Mr Brown's religious views, and we are not wholeheartedly in favour of a man risking his life for an animal, but he could tell that vicar a thing or two.

Progress, not pride

No barefooted children, increasing weight of schoolchildren, fewer crippled and deformed youngsters—this is the happy boast of Warrington, Lancs.

And the moral? There's more reason for pride in such achievements than in costly council buildings or luxurious banquets to councillors and their guests.

Keeping fit—for war

A gentleman who seems to have the "war mind" is Major Robertson-Aikman, chairman of the Bench at Lutterworth, Leicestershire.

Listen to the advice he recently gave to a motor-cyclist: "Riding without good brakes is dangerous, not only to other people but to yourself. And we can't afford to lose young fellows like you, who may be wanted in case of war."

Good advice, no doubt, but few young men will understand why they should preserve themselves intact just to make cannon-fodder.

Coward—only in name

An East London man, Horace Coward, dived repeatedly into a deep and very dirty canal in a vain effort to save a boy.

"You are very highly to be commended," the Coroner told him, "but you have a singularly inappropriate name."

Well, we're very pleased to add a Coward to our roll of honour.

Queer cases

Dr. J. A. Hadfield, the mental specialist, told the conference of probation officers last week of a man who had an almost uncontrollable impulse to strangle any girl he was in love with. The man was a magistrate!

Another man had a desire to cut off girls' hair in 'buses. He was a university lecturer.

But Dr. Hadfield was discreet, on the whole. He didn't refer to those otherwise quite amiable gentlemen who shut up children in asylums just because they are a little backward in their lessons.

On his dignity

When the name of an ex-naval man was called in Sheerness County Court, the man shouted "Aye, aye, sir," and doubled to the witness-box. He explained that he was addressing the judge as he did his superiors in the Navy, but Judge Clements promptly fined him £5.

On second thoughts, the judge remitted the fine. Perhaps he realised that too great a sense of dignity can make even a judge look foolish.

Food swindlers

It is plain that the law is inadequate to deal with shopkeepers who cheat their customers by giving short weight.

A firm of East London bakers has just been fined £50 for this offence. A year ago it was fined £50; in 1931 it was twice prosecuted, and on both occasions fined £10.

Persistent offenders of this sort ought to be jailed.

Hospital negligence

Yet another death through hospital carelessness! And again the victim is a little child.

The coroner's jury who enquired into her death in Southampton Isolation Hospital returned a verdict of manslaughter, decided that death was due to an overdose of strychnine made up by some unknown person.

And the jury censured a doctor who was then on the hospital staff for not having tested the contents of a bottle, from which the fatal dose was taken, after another patient had complained about it.

Once again we repeat that there have been so many cases of this sort recently that nothing short of a full public enquiry will allay public disquiet.

Job lost by bravery

The "worst luck" story of the week is surely that of Edward Cunningham, the Bootle man whose pluck cost him his job.

When he plunged into the canal to rescue a boy he had in his pocket enough money to pay his fare to London, where a job as ship's fireman was awaiting him.

But the money was lost in the water, and now he is once more trying to find work in Liverpool.

Still tainted?

The villagers of Denby Dale, in Yorkshire, are angry, for the local council proposes to supply them with water from the reservoir which caused the typhoid plague there.

And they believe that the water is still impure; so they are protesting to the Ministry of Health about it.

Last week we urged Sir Hilton Young to rid the country of tainted water. He might well begin in Denby Dale.

Ships of death

A high proportion of the British ships examined at home ports are insanitary; the death rate among British seamen is still terribly high. That is plain from the latest figures. Yet though we have been pleading for years for more adequate regulations, nothing is done.

Some shipowners apparently think any filthy, disease-breeding hole good enough for the men of our mercantile marine!

Family parties

The solemn decision to provide the wives of Bridlington councillors with seats near their husbands at council meetings strikes us as just silly.

Why not mothers, too? And aunts and cousins?

Or, better still, let the loving councillors and their wives sit side by side so that they can hold hands during the consideration of local affairs.

Going swimmingly

Recently we commented on a report that though mixed bathing was allowed at Leamington, the sexes were kept apart.

Now we are officially informed that there are no such restrictions and that "mixed bathing is going with a swing in Leamington."

That means that Leamington doesn't think, after all, that mixed bathing is a manifestation of original sin. It also means that Leamington goes up in our estimation.

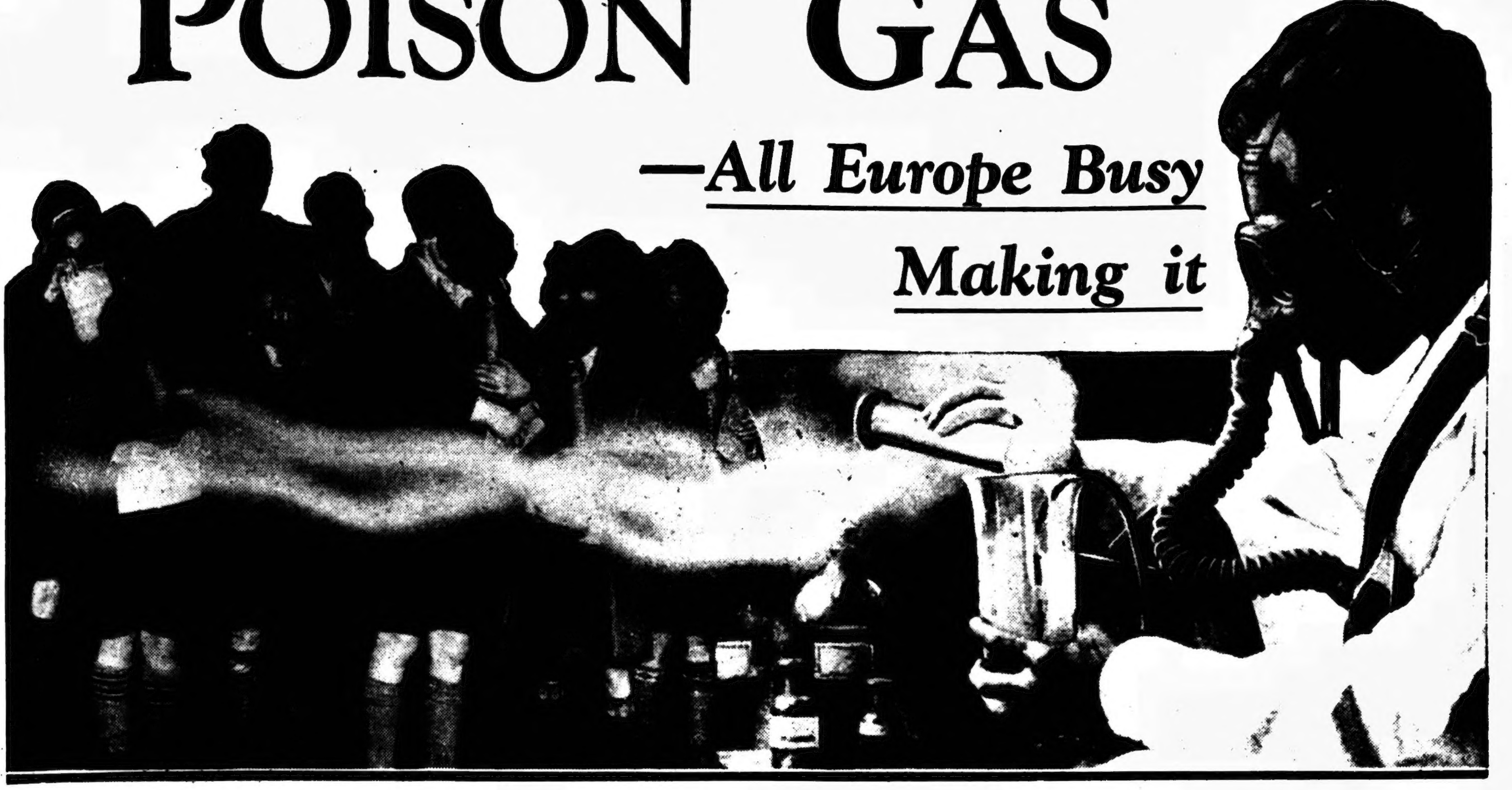
Wireless snare

Regarding the criticisms of the Spyda Electric Company, in our issue of May 13, we have been informed by the solicitors of Woodware Supplies, Ltd., of Meeting Street, Wednesbury, Staffs, that the use of their clients' address by the Spyda Electric Company was entirely unauthorised.

Woodware Supplies, Ltd., was apparently approached by the Spyda Electric Company with a view to an agreement for the manufacture of wireless sets for the latter company.

No such agreement has been or will be entered into, and Woodware Supplies, Ltd., have no connection of any kind with the Spyda Company.

POISON GAS



—All Europe Busy Making it

The poison-gas chemist goes on manufacturing the deadly fumes. What if the stealthy death is ever released again to flood the world . . . ? This composite picture gives but one of the appalling possibilities which the menace may hold in store for mankind

ENOUGH poison gas is now kept on hand in Europe, or could easily be available in less than a week, to spread an invisible blanket of death all over Britain.

Military experts, generally, are agreed that the next war, if such a calamity ever befalls, will be predominantly an aerial conflict in which poison-gas bombs will play an all-important part.

Gas was first employed by the Germans at Ypres in 1915, in direct defiance of the Hague Conventions, and Allied reprisals soon followed.

Its use was again prohibited in the Versailles Treaty, and reference to gas warfare has been a conspicuous feature in all subsequent Peace plans or pacts.

More than one British Minister of War, however, has stated in the House of Commons that, notwithstanding any agreements respecting gas warfare, preparations and research will continue.

Hidden might

EVEN in the report of the League of Nations sub-committee dealing with the subject, the prevalent opinion in Europe is thus expressed: ". . . it is not feasible to prohibit the use of poison gas in war, as was attempted in the Versailles Treaty. It has been found to be convenient and deadly."

Disarmament may take place in connection with many of the heavy types of arms, but owing to their diminishing relative importance in warfare, compared with poison gas, a nation ostensibly with practically no arms may be, in reality, actually more effectively prepared for war than its neighbours perceive.

The measure of a nation's war preparedness nowadays is not the number of Dreadnoughts and destroyers it possesses, or even the armed man power it can mobilise.

Modern warfare is pivoted in the chemical industry. Shells are useless until they are filled. And, owing to recent poison-gas developments, the whole relationship of international armaments, if reviewed in terms of guns, cruisers or men, is completely fallacious.

Nightmare figures

FEW people realise that a comparatively small amount of poison gas can effect an incredibly large amount of damage.

In the first German gas attack, at Ypres, only a few thousand cylinders were used, but no more than 2,000 out of 12,000 Canadians holding the sector were alive five days later.

The Earl of Halsbury, K.C., formerly Assistant Inspector of High Explosives, referring to mustard gas, made the following statement:

"In an area, say, from Richmond to Barking and from Finchley to Streatham, an effective lethal dose would be only 42 tons. In twelve hours every man, woman and child in that area might fail to live."

Modern aeroplanes easily can carry two tons of bombs. *Twenty could carry enough poison gas to wipe out London's population.*

Even a smaller quantity of some of the post-war poison gases might suffice, for some of them have been proved to be death-dealing even when diluted to one part in 5,000,000 parts of air.

The havoc that could be wrought in this way can be judged by the recent revelation that a standing stock of 1,400 tons of poison gas is now kept on hand at one of America's poison-gas farms, which has an estimated production of 800 tons daily.

by

ARTHUR J. GILLIAN,

General Secretary of the Chemical Workers' Union

"Hush-hush" arsenals

GERMANY was disarmed by the Versailles Treaty, and it is generally supposed that the huge pre-war German armaments firm of Krupps at Essen was transformed into factories for making agricultural and other peace-time implements.

What actually happened was that Krupps merely transferred their interests to factories in Sweden and Holland, where considerable amounts of armaments have been made for Germany in recent years.

A large poison-gas factory, the I.F.F.A., exists at Amsterdam; while H.E.V.E.A. at Heveadorp specialises in gas masks and protective apparatus.

Nothing like the huge output of these two firms is required in Holland. For whom is the poison gas made?

A "hush-hush" policy is pursued in this connection, but I am certain of my facts.

There is no doubt whatever that Germany to-day can command large supplies of poison gas and probably has a considerable stock already.

The gigantic arsenal at Brno, in Czecho-Slovakia, which at present employs over 10,000 workers, was merely a small repair factory before the war. For whom is this immense armaments concern now working?

Poison gas is produced in great quantities at several of the Skoda works in Czecho-Slovakia. The principal gas factories are at Olomouc, but there are nitrogen works also at Marienberg and in Asce. The Skoda firm has similar duplicate factories in Poland—another hotbed of poison gas.

£1,500,000 gas bill

CURIOUSER and curiouser, as Alice in Wonderland said, this firm of Skoda is controlled by the big French armaments concern of Schneider-Creusot!

In addition to these mysterious poison-gas farms, whose outputs are far in excess of the defensive requirements of the countries in which they are strategically situated, the big Powers are carrying on gas research very energetically.

Chemical warfare committees exist in France, Italy, Poland, U.S.A. and Japan.

Our own poison-gas products are made at St. Helens, but are tested out at Porton, near Salisbury. Together these two stations have cost the British taxpayer more than £1,500,000 since the war.

Germany's supplies of poison gas are far more important than her pocket battleship.

The poison-gas factories of the Balkan States constitute those countries a real menace to peace, out of all proportion to their size.

What are we going to do about it?

France has been organising Sunday gas-mask drills for civilians for nearly two years. But progress in the discovery of new and more deadly poison gases is now getting a long way ahead of the corresponding defensive measures.

Appalling situation

THIS is the loophole in all these disarmament talks.

While statesmen are blandly considering percentage reductions in guns, all Europe is arming with this secret chemical weapon.

International agreement must be secured immediately that will effectively curb this poison-gas craze. Anyone soberly reviewing the facts cannot be other than seriously perturbed by the prospect and its potentialities.

Steps should be taken at once to safeguard our civilian population, whose position at the moment is undeniably vulnerable.

DARK HORSES

IN the exploits of "dark" horses that have won or tried to win the Derby really lie some of the most romantic and dramatic chapters of Turf history.

Will still another strange chapter be added next Wednesday, when the great race is run again upon the Surrey Downs? There is certainly every opportunity for something of the kind to happen.

Never has the public had reason for such bewilderment as exists regarding this year's Epsom classic.

Throughout the winter, Lord Derby's small but beautiful Hyperion was a consistently firm favourite. Early in the flat-racing season, however, money began to flow steadily upon Lord Woolavington's Manitoba—in the Beckhampton stable, which has produced five Derby winners in ten years—and Hyperion was dispossessed of pride of place.

Then came the Two Thousand Guineas, in which Manitoba gave a far from encouraging display, and which was surprisingly but comfortably won by the French horse, Rodosto. Manitoba went out and the foreign colt went to the top of the Derby betting list.

He was not there for long. Hyperion won the Chester Vase, and was rushed back to favouritism. His renewed tenancy of the position was equally brief. This time it was filled by Sir Alfred Butt's Young Lover, the clever but unexpected winner of the Newmarket Stakes.

The wheel spun back, and once again Manitoba led the market.

All this took place in only six weeks. And, most extraordinary fact of all, the favourite of the moment was never at a less price than 10 to 1—unprecedented odds for a Derby favourite a fortnight before the race.

Early "darkies"

Even between now and the day of the race it is quite possible that we may see still another change in the favourite.

It is when conditions like these prevail that the dark horse, unhonoured and obscure, has his opportunity—when "*anything* may win," to use the popular expression. All the more so as this year the Derby runners are admittedly mediocre in class. Fred Darling himself, who trains Manitoba, is under no delusions on this score.

Whatever secrets are held by the owners and trainers of horses in this year's Derby, they have excellent precedents for guarding their knowledge until the last moment. For the foundations of the Derby were laid by men who made their fortunes by the medium of dark horses.

Every animal which runs in the race next week has in it, through sire or dam, some blood of the great and never-beaten Eclipse, which, 160 years ago, became a corner-stone of the present thoroughbred fabric.

Immense wealth was acquired by Dennis O'Kelly, the owner of Eclipse and its first foal, Young Eclipse, which won the second Derby in 1781.

O'Kelly, who earned a livelihood by carrying sedan chairs, was an Irish adventurer, of whom it was said that the nearest he ever got to religion was to own a parrot which whistled the 104th Psalm!

By some method never discovered he got possession of Eclipse after he left the debtors' prison, and, by training his colt secretly, he reaped the first vast money harvest the Derby provided.

If O'Kelly had not afterwards lavished his huge winnings upon the breeding of bloodstock, the Derby would to-day be a race of no importance.

Seven years later the social hall-mark was set upon the winning of the Derby with a horse whose full ability was not advertised until the hour of the race.

The coup was effected by no less a personage than the Prince of Wales, who became George IV. He knew, although few other people were allowed to suspect the fact, that his horse, Sir Thomas, the first to carry Royal colours in the Derby, was a certainty, and he calmly invested upon it a great sum of money, which Parliament had only a few weeks previously voted to him to save him from bankruptcy and disgrace.

The volume of his betting on the dark "good thing" was such that its price was brought down to 5 to 6 at the start—the first odds-on favourite for the race. Unfortunately, in the subsequent century and a half the odds-on favourites have not always followed the example set by Sir Thomas in winning.

Deathbed tip

As all the trainers of the horses in the 1933 Derby are known to be in the best of health, none of them is likely to provide an eleventh-hour tip, such as was given in the case of Sir Charles Banbury's filly, Eleanor, which won when the race had been established twenty-two years.

On the eve of that Derby, Eleanor's trainer, who alone knew that she could not be beaten, fell ill to the point of death. A priest was called to administer extreme unction, and he invited confession.

"Only one thing," said the dying trainer. "Eleanor is a h—— of a filly. She will win the Derby to-morrow and the Oaks next day." (The Derby and Oaks were then run on successive days.)

The dark Eleanor duly completed the first classic double, and her performance was not repeated until Blink Bonny's year, half a century later.

All over Britain are to be seen to-day inns and taverns and private houses named Amato. The houses were built and the businesses founded with the proceeds of bets upon the Derby winner which bore that name in 1838, the year of Queen Victoria's coronation, and the first year railway trains went to Epsom.

Fortunes made

The Derby was the first and last race in which Amato ever ran. Even at Epsom, where he was trained, no one outside the stable had the slightest idea that the horse had been tested so far that his connections knew that defeat was impossible.

But hundreds of people over the length and breadth of Britain received the happy news about the "dark 'un" from the stable on the day before the race, and they seem to have betted accordingly. The telephone was not in use in those days, and the extent to which the horse had been backed was not known until after the race.

William L'Anson, the breeder and trainer of Blair Athol, the Derby victor of 1864, rendered fine financial service to his native Yorkshire when it was made known by post on the day before the Derby that the horse was a rod in pickle. All who received this letter were instructed to inform their friends, and the missive ended:

In short, if you'd summer in clover,
And send to the devil the Jews,
Believe me, the Derby is over,
Blair Athol can't possibly lose.

It didn't. Yorkshire, with bonfires nightly, held high carnival for weeks, and a number of the present large woollen mills in the county came into existence with the enormous sums which the bookmakers had to disgorge.

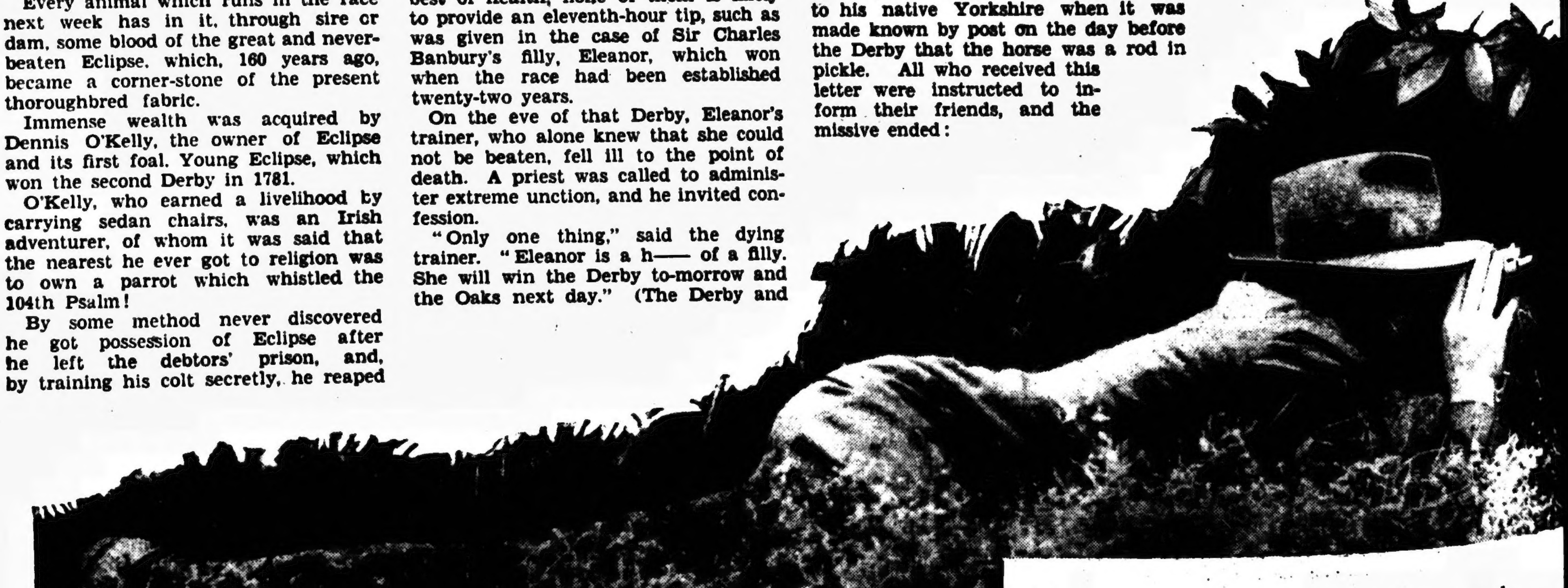
The nobbling of Derby horses exists mainly in novels; but a very real attempt to destroy the chances of the famous Teddington was made in 1851, the year of the Great Exhibition.

Sir Joseph Hawley, the owner, when he realised that he had a sure winner, took astounding precautions to preserve the secret until he had deluged the market with bets. Miles of barbed wire were erected around the training quarters, and men armed with heavy clubs patrolled the area day and night.

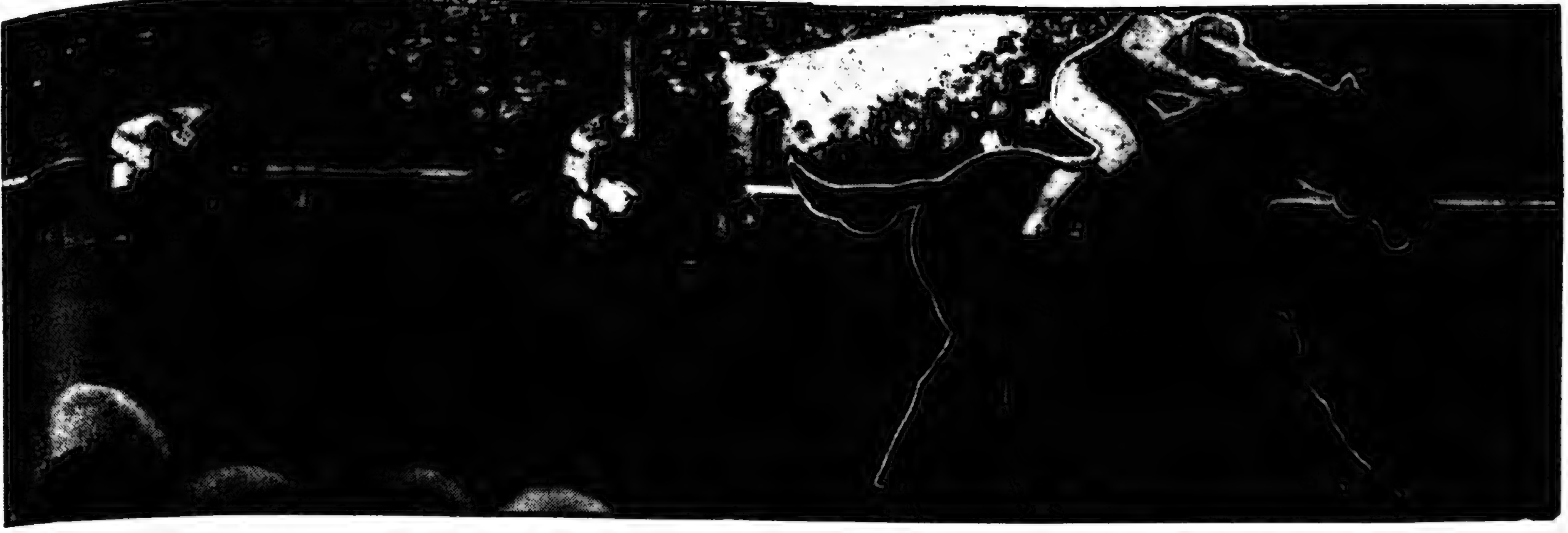
Then, some days before the race, Sir Joseph, while on a visit to York, learned that, instead of showing fright, the bookmakers were extending the odds against Teddington wider and wider.

His suspicions aroused, he took the next train to his stables—to discover that one of his boy assistants possessed a phial of deadly poison, which was to be administered to the horse in the paddock at Epsom.

What Sir Joseph won by the dark



Modern training methods have largely destroyed the vocation of the spying horse-watcher, who—



Rodosto, *the French horse, well backed for the Derby, is here passing the Two Thousand winning post as victor. But there is great opportunity for some "dark horse," like the phantom ahead, to lead him home in the Derby*

S of the DERBY

will there be one this time?

Teddington's success could not be estimated. Every big bookmaker in the country had to pay him substantially, and four bookmakers, including Davis, the Colossus of the betting ring, who stood together on the rails at Epsom, had alone to find £380,000.

Nor is it known what happened to the wicked stable lad who had the poison.

Owners and trainers of Derby candidates to-day have little cause to mistrust their stable hands. The boys who serve them know that indiscretion will inevitably ruin a possibly fine career, and they appreciate the system now generally adopted by their masters of putting them on their honour.

So the secrets of the approaching Derby are in safe custody.

The watchers

No trainer nowadays bothers to imitate the methods by which his predecessors kept the news of the progress of their Derby horses inviolate. Almost every training ground is free of access, and the vocation of the prowling touts who watched with telescopes and field glasses from afar has practically gone.

Visitors are welcome to see what they want at close quarters, and to use what information they can glean for their own purposes.

Only, they don't learn much. They can watch trials and fast gallops openly, but they can never discover the weights which the horses carry. Even the jockeys riding do not know. Only the owners and trainers share this knowledge, which is essential to profitable observation.

A few weeks ago there died at Banstead, in Surrey, the last known survivor of the spectators of the infamous Derby of 1844, when Running Rein passed the winning post first.

Fraud defeated

The Derby is, of course, exclusively for three-year-old colts and fillies, but after this particular race it was found that the winner was in reality a four-year-old Its name was not Running Rein, but Macabæus.

What is not generally known, however, is that in the Derby of that year a still greater fraud was attempted with the darkest horse which ever ran in any race.

This was Leander, owned by a German "sportsman" named Lichtwaldt.

Rounding Tattenham Corner, Leander collided with the so-called Running Rein, and, breaking his leg, was shot and buried.

After the Running Rein conspiracy had been exposed, some people of an enquiring turn of mind thought to dig up the body and ascertain Leander's age.

Dig him up they did—but his head was gone. The ingenious owner had cut it off in case any interfering person should examine the teeth and discover the truth.

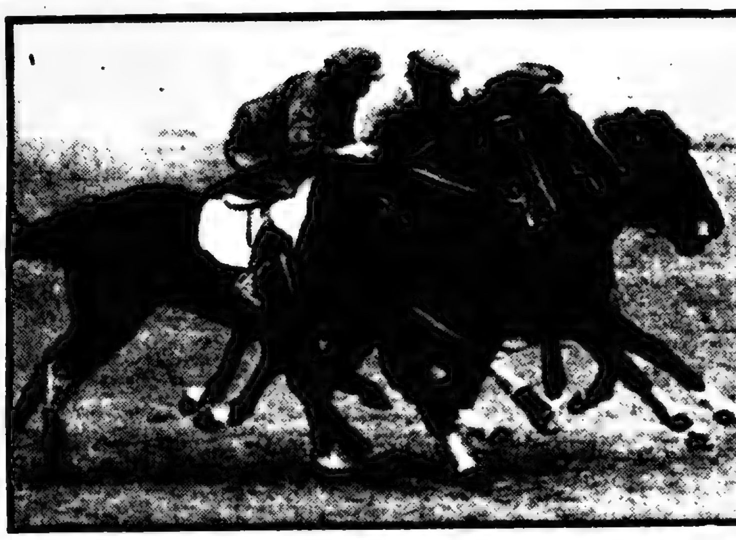
Meantime, Lichtwaldt had bolted to Germany, where he said to a friend: "What liars those English are! They said mine horse was four years old. Mein Gott, he was nearly six!"

No trainer of any Derby horse can ever have been in such danger of losing so quickly the fortune earned by his inside knowledge as happened in the case of Thomas Dawson.

By screening the exercise grounds and allowing no one to leave the stable precincts for months, he kept to himself the fact that Eglinton was almost bound to gain Derby honours.

The horse romped the race, and on the following Monday Dawson went to Tattersall's to collect about £140,000 of winnings.

He took the money in banknotes and packed them in a battered old hatcase without a lock and merely tied with a piece of string.



—requires to know the weights these horses are carrying before his observation can be profitable

That night Dawson travelled to his home in the North. He had to change trains on the way, and, when awakened by the guard, he stepped out, leaving the precious hatbox in the compartment.

The telegraph facilities in those days were crude, and he did not recover the hatcase and his fortune until a week later.

In that time it had travelled to Edinburgh and Aberdeen, and had not been opened.

Of course, Dawson had taken care to keep to himself the knowledge of what the hatbox had inside it. He simply said it contained some legal papers when he reported the loss!

Because it won the Two Thousand classic at Newmarket this year, the French horse, Rodosto, is one of the few competitors in the coming Derby which is no longer in the "dark" category.

How different was the case of his compatriot, Gladiateur, the first French invader to gather the Derby spoils.

He gathered them in hundreds of thousands of pounds, and the French boasted that Waterloo had at last been avenged!

But Gladiateur almost lost the race. His jockey, Harry Grimshaw, was near-sighted and began to ease him before reaching the winning post, believing that he had passed it.

The only other French-bred winner of the Derby was Durbar II, in 1914.

A magnificently bold coup failed with another dark horse that year—Peter the Hermit—which started at 100 to 1 and finished third. So completely was the public in the dark regarding Peter the Hermit's prospects that his name did not even appear on the race-card.

No more pathetic scene has ever been seen in Tattersall's ring at Epsom than that on the day when Mr. Baltazzi's Kisber took the Derby. The owner realised every asset he could command and poured money upon the horse which he alone had reason to know was well-nigh unbeatable.

One bookmaker he avoided. This was Sam Lewis, perhaps the greatest of all layers, who had posted him as a defaulter.

When Lewis heard of what he regarded as Baltazzi's mad plunging, he went up to him in the ring and demanded settlement of his account under threat of informing the stewards and stopping Kisber from running.

Baltazzi had betted even his last sovereign. If Kisber did not run he would be ruined. With a despairing cry, he sank on his knees in the middle of the ring, clutched Lewis by the legs, and in tearful supplication begged for mercy. As everyone knows, Kisber ran and won.

Disdained

Often, when owners of Derby dark horses have had at last to reveal their secret by their betting, the bookmakers have refused to be stampeded into shortening their odds. They treated Black Tommy with such contempt to the end that five minutes before the race one of them laid Mr. Drinkald, the owner, £20,000 to a suit of clothes against the colt.

Most tragic of all the failures of Derby "darklings" was the horse named Lord Clifden, whose connections themselves betted him into favouritism. He was ridden by the famous Fordham, and when the jockey changed his whip from one hand to the other with victory only three strides away, Lord Clifden trod on a large piece of orange-peel, slipped, became unbalanced, and was beaten by inches.

And the funniest dark horse which ever came into a Derby field was the filly Stampede, which appeared in the race won in record time by Call Boy six years ago.

Stampede, owned by Mary Lady Queensborough, was supposed to have been trained privately somewhere in the Welsh mountains. The filly did not even have a name until the eleventh hour before the race, and no one knew she existed. Bets were freely struck at the unheard-of odds of 1,000 to 1, at which price it does not need much outlay to reap a fortune if success is achieved.

But Stampede, the last of the dark horses in the Derby's history, did not even earn her dinner. She passed the winning post *a minute after the rest of the field.* She has never been heard of since.

Andrews offer £500 for a Title — + 267 other CASH prizes

Mr. H. M. Bateman has again drawn for us, in his own characteristic way, an ANDREWS picture without a title. Can you supply one?

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1st Prize	...	£500
2nd „	...	£100
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5 Prizes of	£10	each
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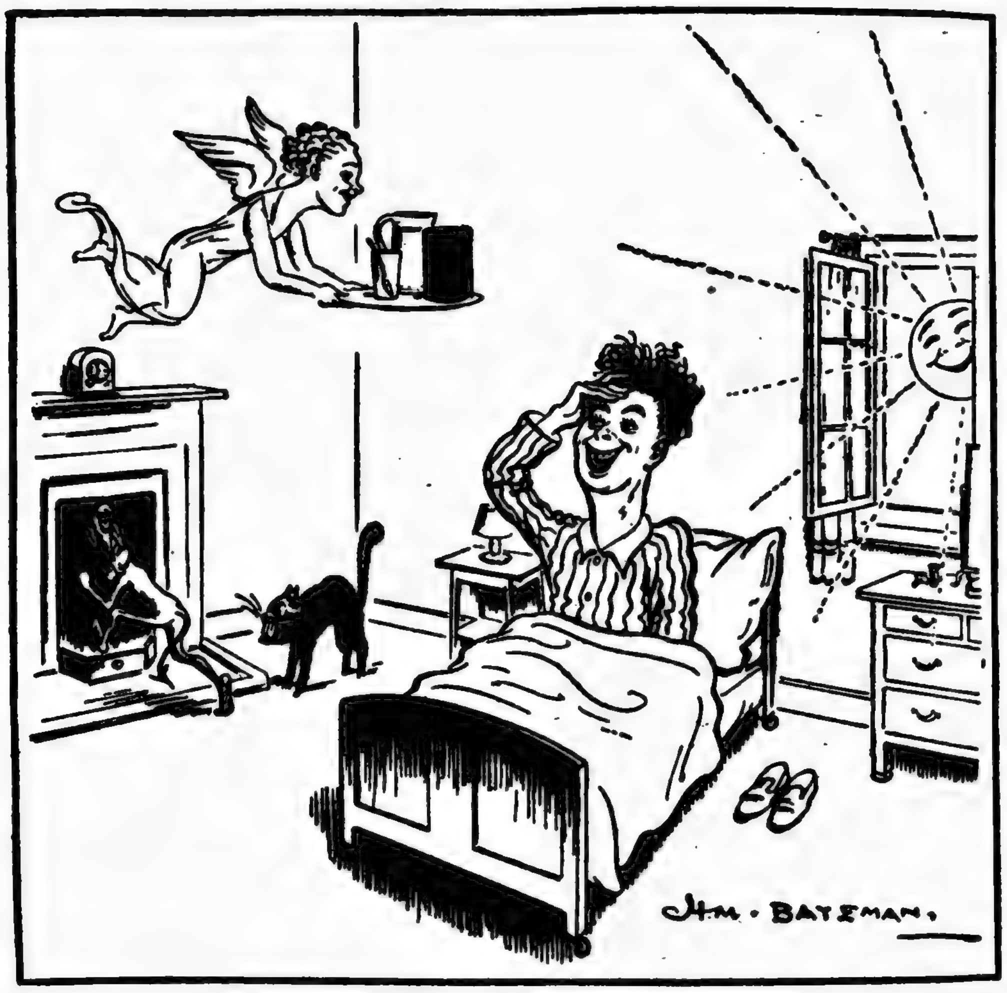
Two Hundred Prizes of 10/- each

£50 will be paid to the Retailer who supplied ANDREWS to the First Prize Winner.



CONDITIONS:

Write your title or sentence on a sheet of notepaper. Beneath, write your name and address, in BLOCK LETTERS, also the name and address of the Retailer from whom you purchased your Tin of ANDREWS. Attach, securely, the paper DISC from either size tin of Andrews Liver Salt and post to arrive not later than

Tuesday, June 6th, 1933.

Address: ANDREWS COMPETITION,
KILLINGWORTH PLACE,
NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE.

The Result will be published in the "Daily Herald" on Friday, July 14th, 1933.

You may send in any number of entries, but each must be on a separate sheet giving your name and address and that of your Retailer, with an ANDREWS DISC attached to each entry.

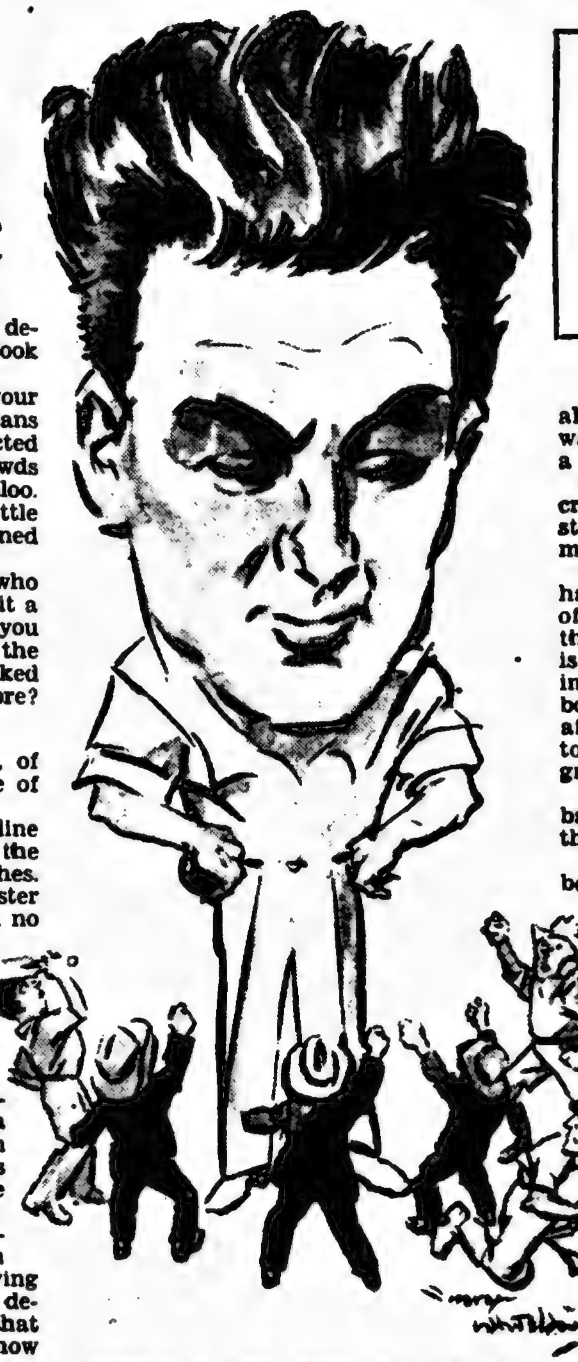
The Judge's decision must be accepted as final and legally binding. No correspondence can be entered into regarding this Competition, and all entries remain the property of the Proprietors of ANDREWS LIVER SALT. In the event of a tie, prizes will be divided.

The best way to draw inspiration for this Contest is to try Andrews for yourself. To countless persons, young and old, Andrews is a trusted aid to happy and healthful living the whole year round.

4OZ. SIZE: 9D **Andrews Liver Salt** 8OZ. SIZE: 1/4

ENGLAND is On YOUR Side

Hannen Swaffer's
Open Letter
to
LARWOOD



MY DEAR LARWOOD,—All England that plays cricket, or watches it, or follows it, is now wondering what will happen to you this summer. Will you be booed here, the first time a ball bumps? So far, you haven't bowled, as you have an injured toe.

You returned from Australia during the heat of a controversy more bitter than any that has ever started on the cricket field. You came home in a blaze of glory, yes, and in the shadow.

For you had been accused, by an entire continent, of bowling at batsmen with the intention of injuring some of them and frightening all the others. "It is not cricket," they said.

Interviewers journeyed to Port Said to meet you, and persuade you to talk. Orders were given you that you should keep silent. You started to spill the beans, under pressure you tried to unspill them, and then you began to print, in serial form, the longest defence of a cricket theory known in the history of the game.

Now, England, naturally, is on your side. Most of us realise that if your method of attack had been contrary to the spirit of the game, never mind what the rules said, Jardine would have stopped you. He and his kind are meticulous.

* * *

Cricket in England has always been played with a rigid regard for rules and precedence. It is so very respectable that, when called to Lord's to discuss the matter, directly after the English team's return from Australia, Jardine and the members of the M.C.C. committee went there in tall hats!

Our forefathers played cricket in toppers, years ago. Their descendants still put them on, to talk about the rules.

Then the matter was postponed, and put off, and Jardine, after all authorship by the team had been banned, declared he was going to write a book about it himself.

Now the strange thing about your "body-line bowling," as the Australians call it, is that, in England, it attracted scarcely any attention until the crowds in Australia raised such a hullabaloo. Even then we, in England, knew little or nothing about what had happened until the team returned.

Strangely enough, the journalists who accompanied the English team kept it a dark secret. We hear, now, that you and other players were booed in the streets, and insulted when they walked abroad. Why were we not told before?

* * *

We had heard of the barracking, of course, but that is a regular feature of Australian "sportsmanship."

It was not really your body-line bowling that caused the trouble, but the fact that Australia was losing matches.

Had Bradman been able to master your bowling, there would have been no incidents, no rows, no argument.

But, so great an idol is Bradman in Australia, that, when he failed, all Australia blamed you instead of him.

We find it hard, in England, to understand all this Bradman worship. After all, there are other batsmen in the world. And, if Australia really imagines that, when Bradman is out, their team is beaten, it does not say much for the rest of the continent.

Your critics say that you deliberately bowled at Bradman's body in order to frighten him! You, in denying this, anger all Australia still more by declaring that Bradman flinched, and that it was his cocksure attitude—"I'll show 'em"—that made him fail.

Well, we have to face the problem, within the next few months—"Are Test Matches to go on or not?" Never was such ill-feeling between England and Australia as now. Even when she defaulted over her dividends, a few years ago, it was nothing to it. When she stopped the export of money, and harmed our investors and traders, and all Australian residents of Britain, there was, comparatively, a calm. Now, it is a storm.

I would not like to be a successful cricketer visiting Australia. The pay is stupidly small. You earned nearly as much when you were a miner.

Yet, for a few paltry pounds, you have had to face the insults and jeers of the worst-mannered sportsmen in the world, people who, when their team is losing, keep up a constant flow of insults, in the middle of which visiting bowlers have to go on bowling, hour after hour, and English batsmen have to maintain a calm and poise in gruelling heat.

You bowl at the leg stump. The batsman's obvious reply to you is to hit the ball.

If he cannot do it, why should you be blamed? You have evolved, after months and months of thought, a new theory in bowling. It aroused little criticism here.

Australia, too, would have passed it unnoticed had she not been losing. Australia hates losing. Why not face the fact?

If other peoples cannot play games the English way—and we all remember Walter Hagen deliberately keeping Abe Mitchell waiting on the tee to give him "nerves," and Hermon tricking Jimmy Wilde into fighting, and being beaten by an overweight man—we should not play with them.

A game is a game. It should not be allowed to embitter and antagonise.

CANDID COMMUNICATIONS

Rt. Hon. Sir JOHN GILMOUR,
Home Secretary

DEAR SIR,—The whole of the Metropolitan Police Force is rightly indignant at your high-handed attitude.

Not only have you refused to discuss with the Police Federation the new police legislation, but you would not allow its representatives to address a non-Party meeting of M.P.s on the subject.

In other words, you deny the right of the police to be heard on a matter that vitally affects their future. In doing so, you are affecting your own future, for autocrats are not tolerated in Britain.

JOHN BULL.

Mr. ROBERT BOOTHBY, M.P.,
Pall Mall, London, S.W.

DEAR MR. BOOTHBY,—You have chosen the worst possible time to suggest that our Air Force should be increased.

The practice of "backing up" appeals for universal peace with displays of preparedness for war is just the thing that has ruined all efforts at disarmament.

Instead of "increasing our influence on the Continent," the course you propose would rob us of our most eloquent argument—the force of example.

JOHN BULL.

Mr. GEORGE LEE,
Erpingham, Norfolk

DEAR GEORGE,—I'm sorry that you, an old-age pensioner of nearly eighty, should have been summoned for not sending your children to school.

One is aged five, the other seven, and the school is a mile and a half away. The Chairman of the Bench said, as I have often said, that three miles is a long way for a child of five to walk each day.

I wonder if the education officials would like their babies to trudge such a distance? JOHN BULL.

DANNY MALONE: Once a Belfast newsboy, you returned to your hometown the other day and were given a civic reception by the Lord Mayor—as a famous singer. I am glad it was as Danny Malone, and not as Signor Something-or-Other.—JOHN BULL.

Mr. ERNEST BEVIN,
Transport and General Workers' Union

DEAR MR. BEVIN,—Your pamphlet showing how two million workless men and women could be absorbed back into industry is the most valuable contribution to the problem I have seen.

Briefly, your plan includes the retirement of workers at sixty-five with adequate pensions, optional pensions at sixty, a forty-hour week, and the raising of the school-age to sixteen. And you show how this could be done at comparatively little cost to the Exchequer.

I am convinced that your scheme is practicable, and I hope it will receive national and non-Party consideration.

JOHN BULL.

HERBERT HEIGOLD,
Rotherham

HERBERT,—As a jeweller you know the value of a timepiece as well as anyone.

Yet you bought a silver watch from a boy of fourteen for 6d., four others for 4s. 6d., and six more for 15s. 6d. You might have guessed the lad had stolen them.

Anyway, I agree with the magistrate that you were the greater culprit, though you went unpunished. JOHN BULL.

Miss DOROTHY ROUND,
British Tennis Champion

DEAR DOROTHY,—Your refusal to play in the French tennis championship matches on Sunday is greatly to your credit.

Even those who don't share your objection to Sunday games must admire your staunch adherence to your convictions in an age when principles are so often sacrificed to popularity.

JOHN BULL.

Mr. C. F. PORTER,
Clerk to Whitefield Council, Lancs

DEAR SIR,—The police are right and you are wrong.

You want them to execute distress warrants for rates; they say they would be better employed in dealing with real crime.

Well, I'm glad the magistrates have decided to hear the police views before granting your request, and I hope they eventually decide against you.

The police have too long been swamped with trifling jobs that distract them from their real duties.

JOHN BULL.

JUDGE ROOPE-REEVE, K.C.: You flatly refuse to send debtors to jail if they are too poor to pay. I wish every county court judge would follow your lead.—JOHN BULL.

Mrs. KATE COLLIER,
King's Cross, London, W.C.

DEAR MADAM,—You are no longer young, but you evidently forgot that the other day.

For, finding a man leaving your house after rifling the gas meter, you struggled with him and, when he threw you against a motor-car, you got up and chased him for half a mile.

He won't join me in congratulating you—and anyway he has gone to jail for six months—but I know my readers will both admire and envy your prowess.

JOHN BULL.

Mr. J. A. R. CAIRNS,
Metropolitan Police Magistrate

DEAR MR. CAIRNS,—That was an excellent suggestion of yours that an actress and an actor, who were said to have interpolated indecent lines in a play, should be blacklisted and not employed for some time.

In recent months there has been a great increase in witless and vulgar obscenity in certain stage and music-hall performances. Nothing short of barring those responsible will bring it to an end.

JOHN BULL.

Mr. ERNEST BROWN, M.P.,
Secretary for Mines

DEAR SIR,—It's good news to hear that you are enquiring into the employment of boys under sixteen on night shifts in coal mines.

The suggestion of Mr. Joseph Tinker, M.P., that such employment should be prohibited should be quickly carried into effect.

JOHN BULL.

Mr. NEVILLE CHAMBERLAIN,
Chancellor of the Exchequer

DEAR SIR,—The liner *Modasa* arrived at Middlesbrough with 450 tons of heavy oil in her fuel tanks, and prepared to leave for London for repairs.

But the Customs demanded the £1 a ton tax on oil prescribed by your Budget. If the company does its duty to shareholders, it will send the liner abroad for repairs. And if other companies followed suit, the gravest damage might be done to our already badly-hit shipyards.

I am sure you didn't think of this when introducing the Budget. And I hope you'll put things right.

JOHN BULL.

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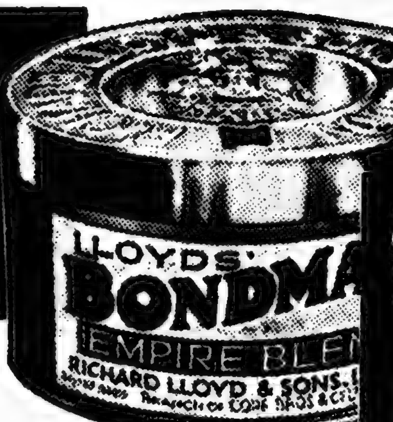

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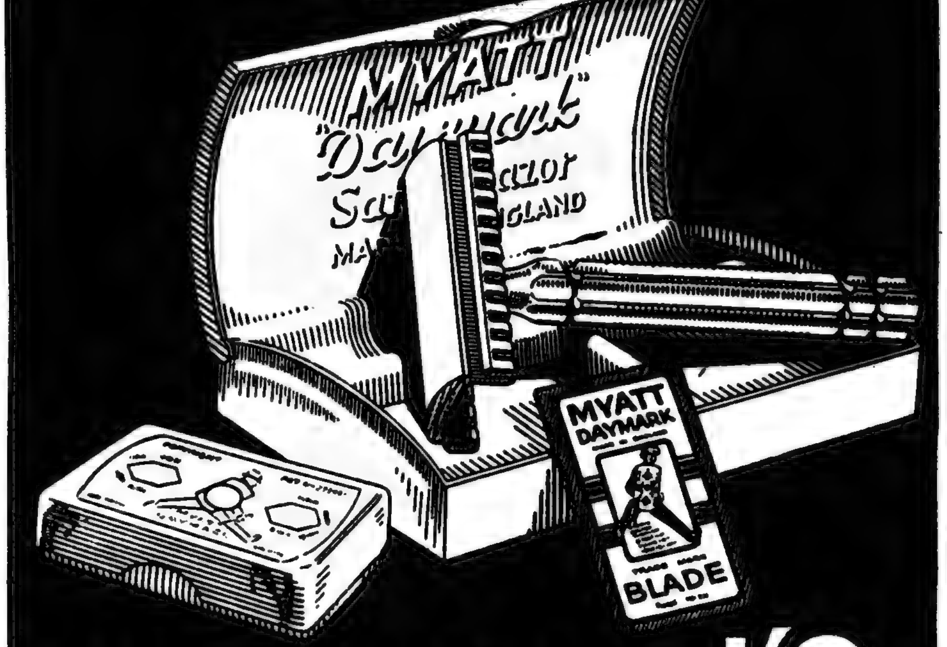

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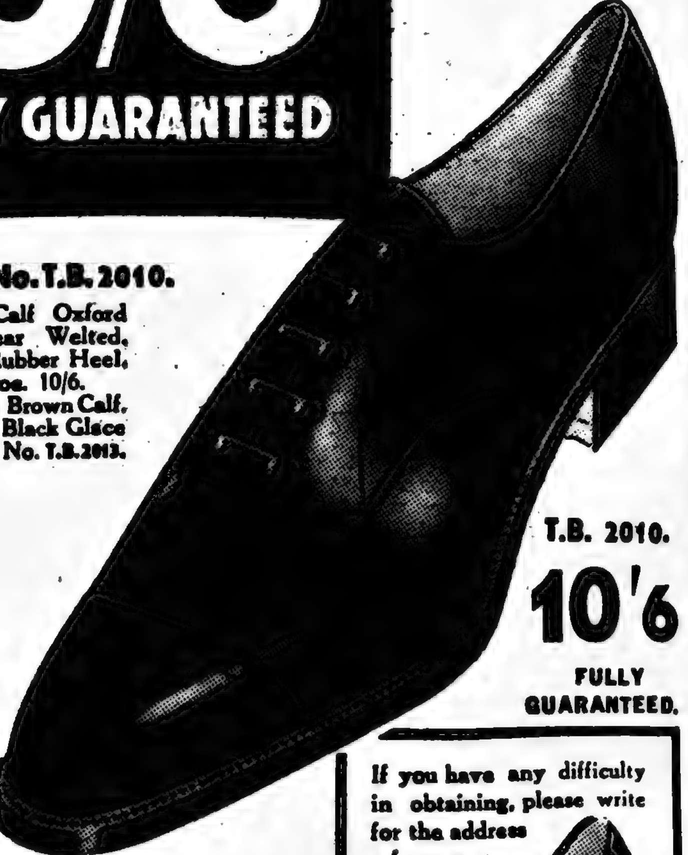

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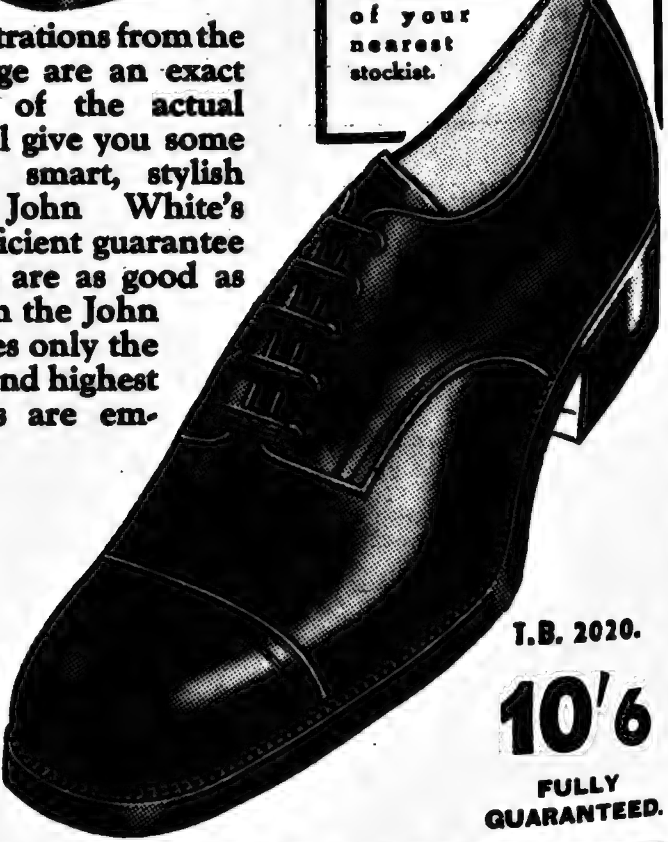

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DRINK in the House of Commons

Dr. Salter is a real crusader, but "the way to stop the scandal is not by sensational speeches in public"

by

A. G. GARDINER

DR. SALTER, the Labour Member for Bermondsey, is a courageous man and a sincere man, but I do not think he is a discreet man. He has been "talking out of school," and giving some of the scholars a very bad character indeed.

Twice within the last ten days he has, at Glasgow, levelled a grave indictment against unnamed Members of his own Party, and generally against the fame and honour of the House of Commons, of which he is a member.

His general charge is that there is far too much drinking in the House, and his particular charge is that Labour Members are among the worst offenders.

"We have seen Labour Members in the House of Commons," he said, "drinking night after night. We have seen another group go into the smoke-room and soak themselves until they were stupid And we have seen Labour Cabinet Ministers come into the House in a condition in which they could hardly stand."

This is not the first time that Dr. Salter has made these allegations. He was called before the House for a "breach of privilege" in 1926 on account of similar statements, and on that occasion he stood to his guns and offered to substantiate the charges before a Select Committee. He is apparently prepared to do the same now. I respect him for his courage, but I think his methods are mistaken.

Exaggeration

As to the accuracy of the charges I am not in a position to offer a confident opinion. I am much less familiar with the House of Commons and its goings-on upstairs and down than I used to be, and I cannot say whether its habits are better or worse than they were when I was in and out of it daily.

But the evidence of Members I have consulted on the point leads me to think that the standard of conduct is very much what it was, and that Dr. Salter, in the vehemence of his teetotalism, gives an impression of widespread intoxication which goes far beyond the facts

Do not let me be misunderstood. A great deal of drinking does go on at the House of Commons, and always has gone on. So long as drink is allowed it will continue to go on.

In other days, before your "three-bottle man" had become more or less extinct, drunkenness was a commonplace which would not have called for comment. Walpole's father made young Robert drink more than he himself did at dinner on the ground that no son ought to be sober enough to see his father slide under the table.

And the younger Pitt, when Prime Minister, delivered many of his most famous speeches from the Treasury Bench when he was "three sheets in the wind." But this was according to the habit of the time, and no one thought the worse of him for the fact.

Things have changed since then and I do not think that any front bencher to-day would command or retain the respect or tolerance of the House who systematically affronted the sense of its decencies.

It used to be said of the House of Commons that it was "the best club in London." I always doubted whether it was true, but I never doubted that if an M.P. wanted to drink he had every facility for so doing.

Unless a Member has active official duties to keep him employed, or intellectual or professional interests to occupy him in the library or the writing-rooms, the temptations are great.

The hours are long, and much of the business of the House is formal and tiresome. It is easier to wait for the division bell down below or on the Terrace than to sit in a stuffy chamber listening to the droning of speakers which often have no more significance than the crackling of thorns under a pot.

It is fatally easy for Mr. Pott, who has been translated from his counter or factory or farm at Pottlington, and who has no hope of cutting a figure in the House, to drift into the habit of spending his afternoons and evenings gossiping in the smoking-room. And if he mixes his gossip with a more frequent bending of the elbow than is good for him, the fact is not surprising.

Whether Dr. Salter is justified in suggesting that the Labour Members are especially culpable in this matter I do not know. It may be that he only singles them out because he is particularly concerned for the credit of his own Party.

But in that case I think his method of correction is wrong. In so far as he is alluding to his colleagues, the affair is a domestic matter. The Party dirty linen ought not to be washed in public, and the House of Commons should not be held up to opprobrium as a place strewn with men "soaking themselves stupid." That I believe is a gross and unwarrantable travesty of the facts.

But if Dr. Salter has a case against his fellow Labour Members, the place in which he ought to ventilate it is the Party meeting That is what, according to Mr. Lansbury, he has not done, although the Party meets every week.

Mr. Lansbury, who, like Dr. Salter, is a total abstainer, has now publicly invited him to take this course. "I hope he will come and name those Members and have the matter cleared up."

The proper move

That is what he should have done in the first place. He can hardly ignore the invitation (or challenge) now. If he does ignore it, he must in fairness to the House and to the Labour Party as a whole cease to make these general and unspecified charges in public.

If he accepts Mr. Lansbury's invitation, and the scandals which he alleges are not dealt with, then he would be justified in taking further measures, not in public but in private.

The proper authority for the preservation of the decencies of the House is the Speaker. An appeal to him would have to be sustained by very precise and indisputable evidence, but, if it were so sustained, a hint from him to the offending Members would not fail to have its effect.

Everyone will agree with Dr. Salter that the scandal (however infrequent) of a Member being reduced to such a state of helplessness that he has to be carried to a cab should be stopped. But the way to stop it is not by sensational speeches in public.

Nor is it by the drastic measure proposed by Mr. Lansbury, who says he hopes "that one day the House of Commons will be put out of bounds for the sale of intoxicants." That is strange doctrine from one who, as a Minister of the Crown, extended the sale of intoxicants in our pleasure grounds.

Mr. Lansbury knows that the House of Commons is about as likely to resolve to blow up the Houses of Parliament as it is to decide to go "dry." Nor is there any need that it should.

The disorders against which Dr. Salter is crusading can be corrected by simple disciplinary measures adopted by the Party organisations, or, alternatively, by the authorities of the House.

Not from the B.B.C.—Professor Otis Caldwell discourses on

LUCK and LOGIC

I'M Dr. Otis Caldwell, if the world has not had word of me
'Tis plain that I am not the one to blame,
For if you've read the papers you must certainly have heard of me
And my attempts to free man from the shame
Of that to which the ordinary person is a slave—
I speak of superstition—from the cradle to the grave.

Although you may perhaps resent my manner dictatorial,
You only have to look at me to see
That I am the embodiment of wisdom professorial,
From all degrading fallacies I'm free;
I'll pass beneath a ladder or will light three cigarettes
From a match and never feel the very smallest of regrets.

If thirteen sit at dinner you will find that I'm the pluckiest,
Since dark forebodings do not make me grieve;
And if I do not claim that I, of all men, am the luckiest
It's just because in luck I don't believe;
So even if you can't—since I'm a Most Distinguished Man—
Be altogether like me, be as like me as you can!

My investigations show that practically everyone is superstitious to some degree. The department of Columbia University over which I preside recently questioned 3,000 individuals on this subject and 98 per cent. of the women admitted that they are strongly influenced by what any wise professor knows are unfounded beliefs.

I have seen salt thrown over elegant shoulders at smart dinner parties, I have watched dowagers running after black cats, and have heard intelligent business men express fear because they had seen a new moon over the wrong shoulder.

Some people, I am aware, argue that many superstitions have their foundations in reason. They allege that the prejudice against lighting three cigarettes from one match arose during the Boer War, when a match struck in the dark served as a target for snipers and the time required to light three cigarettes was just about sufficient to enable a sniper to pick off one of the smokers.

It is also argued that a person who walks beneath a ladder risks something in the neck and that a woman who breaks a mirror may cut herself on the glass; but I have yet to hear any semi-logical explanations of superstitions such as "touching wood" or saying "God bless you" when a learned scientist sneezes.

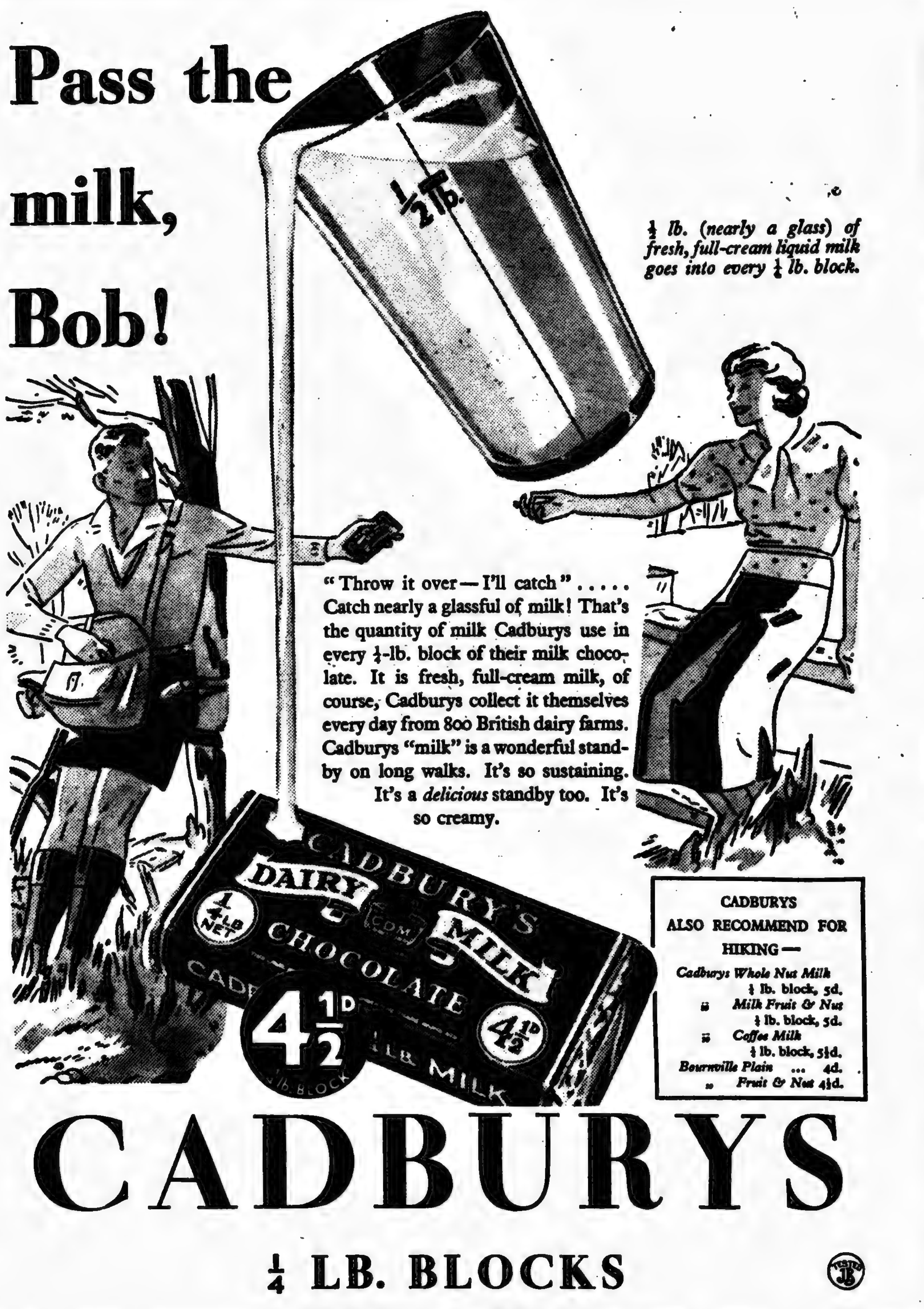
It is no more possible to explain absurdities like a belief in the evil eye than it is to justify such superstitions as the Gold Standard. Indeed, from this sort of thing it is only a short step to gross beliefs like the one which, I am informed, still prevails in parts of Cornwall, that a child with whooping-cough can be cured by passing it nine times under and over a three-year-old donkey.

It is in an effort to free mankind from such bondage to bunk that I have urged all mothers to be careful to tell their children nothing but the truth, cutting out everything else from the stork to the bogey man.

"Something borrowed, something blue,"
For a wedding is a clue
To the foolishness o'er which the wise must mourn;
And I hope to see the day
When mamma will shout "Hooray!"
If a child upon a Friday should be born.

It's an insult to each sage
In this most enlightened age
That on Peter Pan the young bestow applause;
Little Snowdrop is a curse,
And the stork is even worse,
And it's time that Science slaughtered Santa Claus!

Freed from such degrading myths,
All the little Browns and Smiths
To the prig's ideal of wisdom will be brought.
So I here and now demand
That all fairy tales be banned—
Except those that by scientists are taught!



Pass the milk, Bob!

½ lb. (nearly a glass) of fresh, full-cream liquid milk goes into every ½ lb. block.

"Throw it over — I'll catch" ..... Catch nearly a glassful of milk! That's the quantity of milk Cadburys use in every ½-lb. block of their milk chocolate. It is fresh, full-cream milk, of course, Cadburys collect it themselves every day from 800 British dairy farms. Cadburys "milk" is a wonderful standby on long walks. It's so sustaining. It's a *delicious* standby too. It's so creamy.

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£1,450 Won
in Crossword Competition No. 212.

In the above Competition, correct solutions were received from the following seven competitors, who share the £1,250 offered. To each of them, subject to the conditions of the Competition, a cheque for £178 11s. 6d. will be sent :—

B. Hammond, 85, Richmond Road, Freemantle, Southampton.
Mrs. L. Johnston, 35, Eastbourne Road, Blackpool, S.S.
A. Mitchell, 50, Strawberry Road, Retford, Notts.
F. Parsons, Blyton, Nr. Gainsborough.
F. W. Rickwood, 33, Heaton Street, Heaton Park, Manchester.
L. H. Smith, 239, Balham High Road, S.W.17.
Miss M. Smith, 1, Station Lane, Birtley. (Please send name of county.)

Any other entrant who claims to have sent a solution eligible for a share of this prize must demand a scrutiny by First Post, Tuesday, June 6, sending £1 Scrutiny Fee, copy of solutions and Postal Order number. Envelope to be registered, marked "Scrutiny" and addressed to the Competition Editor of "John Bull."

No scrutiny can be undertaken in connection with the Award of £100 to Runners-up. This prize has been divided between 62 competitors, from whom we received solutions containing one error and who will each receive £1 12s. 4d. A list of these winners can be seen at the "John Bull" offices, and all have been notified.

BONUS WINNERS IN CROSSWORD No. 210.—274 competitors qualified to share the extra £100 offered in this contest, and payments of 7s. 4d. each will be despatched accordingly.

Another splendid X-Word with a First Prize of a Life Pension of £100 a year and £500 cash, and prizes for runners-up appears on Page 44. Try your skill now!

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The Wolves are Here . .

THREE WORST SHARE TWISTERS

This "rogue" of the films is being seized as the trans-Atlantic ship arrives in England. It is in this manner that the police should deal with harpies such as Wood and his confederates

Weekly Informations from MAJOR-GENERAL Sir Wyndham CHILDS

TEN weeks ago I received almost simultaneously from New York and Ontario certain advices which, if correct, portended trouble for a good many investors in this country.

They were to the effect that a spectacular share-pushing raid on a scale never before attempted was being planned on the other side of the Atlantic to begin in Britain early this summer.

For two years, following firm, if somewhat belated, action by our authorities, the only foreign share bandits left in England have been behind prison walls.

But the number of them now serving sentences is comparatively few compared with the host who were able to anticipate the police activity and to escape overseas with their plunder. They took away millions of pounds—the harvest of nearly three years' unchecked robbery.

Invasion begins

Since they returned to America, these fugitives have had their operations there completely stopped by the financial upheaval on that continent.

No criminals, however, are more tireless and relentless in the pursuit of wealth than the salesmen of worthless shares, and, with the enforced cessation of their business in the West, they have again turned their eyes upon Britain.

My early information about their plans has proved to be accurate. The first pack of the wolves is already here—and a dangerous, devouring lot they are.

In this new invasion, the share-hawkers, I have good reason to state, intend to treat the British police with much the same contempt as they did when they first came over five or six years ago.

There can be no doubt that on the last occasion the authorities dealt too leniently with these marauders. This time, I believe, the rogues will find quickly that their sense of security has been false.

I wish particularly to bring to the attention of the police the presence in this country of three individuals.

They are Charles A. Wood, who landed in England recently with a Canadian passport; Addison Gatling, believed to be the son of a banker from New York; and Count Goullett, an American-Hungarian, who has also been known in the name of Bohn.

Bandit chief

Wood has had his headquarters at Windsor House, Victoria Street, and a flat in Pall Mall, London, and for the purposes of the conspiracy which they are now working with him Gatling and Goullett have hired accommodation addresses in Conduit Street and Albemarle Street in the West End of London.

Wood, who is the leader of this team of bandits, uses his own name, but the other two are calling themselves J. Howard Stewart and Robert Vann Dussen upon their present mission of pillage.

Wood since his arrival has lived in the highest style in London, and is often to be seen in the company of bejewelled women.

He and his satellites have lost no time in launching by far the most audacious and ingenious campaign in the whole history of share-pushing.

Already I have found their trail carried in a few weeks across ten counties.

They have adopted the amazing method of attempting to sell huge quantities of valueless shares by offering in the first instance to buy in any of these shares already held by their prospective victims!

I will show how this is the biggest confidence trick ever played upon British investors.

Years ago thousands of homes in this country were made poorer when, it is believed, not less than ten million shares were sold to them in a concern named the Bloom Lake Consolidated Mines of Canada.

These mines, which were described as capable in some strange manner of producing both silver and gold, were supposed to exist in a remote forest wilderness.

If they do contain precious metals, they have certainly never been worked, and the shares of the company are worth nothing.

The multitude of shareholders in Britain had long since abandoned all hope of ever being able to realise or profit from their investments.

Then, some months ago, all of them received from Toronto a letter, couched in quiet and unpretentious phrases, informing them that at long last development of their properties was about to begin in consequence of the Government having provided roads and hydro-electric plant in the territory.

One adjoining property, it was also mentioned, was now feeding the Mint with immense quantities of gold.

It was positively confirmed in a subsequent letter that all the money required was in the company's treasury and that sufficient new capital had been raised to carry on the full development programme and to instal a diamond-drilling plant.

This was the first move in playing the elaborate confidence trick. Every shareholder had reason to believe that his holding had at last acquired value and that, moreover, no more funds would be needed.

TELL "JOHN BULL" About It

THE exposure of fraud, inhumanity and injustice in JOHN BULL is but a small part of the service this paper renders to its readers.

Cases, too numerous for us to print, are dealt with regularly through the medium of the post and letters of gratitude are constantly reaching us from people we have been able to help.

This same comprehensive service is available to every reader of JOHN BULL. So, if YOU are the victim of any wrong, if you consider you have been duped or swindled, or if you are in doubt about any enterprise involving financial outlay, do not hesitate to write to us about it.

Or, if you live within easy reach of our office, call in for a confidential chat. We are always glad to see readers and to endeavour to help them in their difficulties.

The big bluff

Next came an announcement from Canada that the company would open offices in London to provide facilities for trading in the shares and that Mr. Charles A. Wood, described as a man of "keen discernment," would be sent to Britain to advise the shareholders.

Some weeks ago Wood duly arrived and he sent out happy messages of greeting to everyone whom it had been planned to rob.

But Gatling and Count Goullett had first to play a part in the extraordinary game.

These two suave individuals, skilled adepts in the art of bluff, have been visiting separately the numerous unfortunate holders of Bloom Lake shares.

They represented that they were acting on behalf of a great financial syndicate in Brussels which had become aware of the development of the Canadian mines and was out to acquire possession of the properties.

If a shareholder owned, say, 2,000 shares, Gatling and Goullett pretended to believe that the number was 10,000 and offered to buy them all at a princely price.

Baited trap

They expressed disappointment and went away when they were told that they had been misinformed about the size of the holding.

The shareholders next received a letter from Gatling or the Count regretting that the number of shares they possessed was too small to interest the syndicate.

Mr. Wood then appeared—merely, of course, by coincidence and to give counsel.

In his conversation he hinted at the operations of rival groups to obtain control of the mines, but declared that he and the company were hostile to them.

He pretended to have no real knowledge of the prices they were offering for the company's shares.

Casually, he mentioned that large blocks of unissued shares were still available. *And the price at which he innocently offered them was very much less than that at which Gatling and Goullett had said they were prepared to buy.*

Of course, anyone buying the cheap shares would be disappointed upon trying to sell them to the Belgian syndicate. It does not exist.

So, all over Britain in the last week or two the trap has been baited and laid.

More coming . .

During the investigation of this astounding swindle I have been able to save a number of people from entering the trap. I believe this warning will reach the general public in time to end the activities of Wood and his confederates.

These men are, however, only the forerunners of a battalion of clever rogues who will soon be in Britain.

They would be effectively checked if Wood is quickly and appropriately dealt with.

JUST OUT!

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by MYRNA
PICTUREGOER
GREATLY ENLARGED BIRTHDAY GIFT Number
2
GREAT PRESENTATION AUTOGRAPH ALBUM for EVERY READER

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Inside every copy of "The Picturegoer" greatly enlarged Birthday Number—just out and on sale everywhere—there is presented to every reader, absolutely FREE, a magnificent 20 page Book of Fortune, entitled "DESTINY—what the months Foretell"—an entirely original book of mystic information that will give you and your friends many thrills. Myrna Loy herself has written and autographed this amazingly frank and faithful guide to character and ability. It reveals scores of fascinating and startling facts regarding the influence of each month on ambitions, tendencies, professions, friendships, marriage, health, early training, and contains the names of lucky Birthstones and Flowers. The book is illustrated with delightful engravings, symbolical of the chief characteristics of people born in each month and bears a superb glossy art portrait of Myrna on its handsome cover.

ALSO

in this brilliant issue of "The Picturegoer" is a stupendous Birthday Presentation offer, which is extended to every reader of "John Bull," of the most fascinating Autograph Album for personal use ever produced. It is the

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HURRY! Don't miss this wonderful opportunity. The demand for this astounding Birthday Gift Number of "The Picturegoer"—now on sale—is colossal. Your newsagent is selling out fast—NOW—at this very minute. Get your copy AT ONCE before it is too late!

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This amazing Book of Fortune—Free inside every copy of "The Picturegoer" now on sale—is the first of "The Picturegoer's" Birthday Gift Set of three fascinating books. You must have them all.

The next two issues of "The Picturegoer" will be further splendid enlarged Gift Numbers. Next week every reader will be presented FREE with the second "Book of FORTUNE"—"LUCK" by Constance Cummings, and the following week the third "Book of Fortune," "PROPHECIES," by Richard Dix, which will complete the most amazing set of books of their kind ever presented to readers of any journal. Be sure to get "The Picturegoer"—now on sale—AT ONCE and make certain of future issues by placing a standing order for regular delivery with your newsagent TO-DAY.

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Health Clinics to Watch

AN epidemic of health movements has broken out recently, and an investigation into some of their operations reveals a disquieting state of affairs. It shows that any unauthorised person may establish so-called clinics for medical treatment with astonishing ease.

There are at least four organisations with supposedly high ideals which are bogus in every way, and which, if they are allowed to extend their activities may easily do untold harm.

Chief among these is the Health League, of 105, Elmhurst Mansions, Edgeley Road, Clapham, which is now planning to open a new clinic in Ledbury Road, Bayswater, London.

There are very good reasons why this clinic should never be opened.

Though the Health League boasts titled patronage and professes to be public-spirited in its aims, we can show that it is nothing but a quack organisation designed to impose upon the public.

It also boasts a Latin motto: "Mens sana in corpore sano"—a sound mind in a sound body. But it is certainly not established on sound lines.

Unknown

Pending the opening of the proposed clinic the League holds its meetings in the open, and at these gatherings a banner is displayed naming Lady Fisher as one of its patrons.

But it does not say which Lady Fisher is referred to. There are several distinguished ladies bearing this title, some being now resident abroad.

Among other things it claims that, after deductions have been made for propaganda expenses, the proceeds of the League are devoted to charity.

It would be interesting to learn what institutions have ever benefited in this way, for the Charity Organisation Society has no knowledge of any grants being made by the Health League.

But it has received more than one enquiry regarding its queer activities!

The secretary of the Health League is a person who sometimes goes by the name of "Dr. Harding," but who at other times does not mind being addressed as plain "Mr." Goodman.

His medical qualifications are doubtful and he certainly does not enjoy the privilege of being included in the Medical Register. In other words, he is nothing but a quack.

At the same time, through his precious Health League—which is not even registered as a business name—he professes to be able to treat all kinds of ailments.

Sufferers from catarrh in particular are led to suppose that a potion dispensed by the Health League will be especially beneficial to them.

It is said to include a mysterious substance named "Derigo," found "on the banks of the Nile," eucalyptus oil, pine oil, and a secretion obtained from the Australian puff-adder.

In lecturing to members the League's officials do not disguise their contempt for the legitimate medical profession.

Some of the claims of this queer League of Potions sound too ridiculous to be taken seriously, but the fact remains that sufferers of all kinds are always ready to try new remedies.

The more desperate their plight the less cautious they are likely to be, though the danger of submitting to treatment at the hands of unqualified practitioners cannot be overestimated.

Quack potions

Another strange organisation is the Health Propaganda League, which has its headquarters at 128, Edgeley Road, Clapham.

This is simply a five-shilling Business Names registration for three people, Cyril Reginald Barrett, Alice Betty Barrett and Hector James Ernest Park.

The particulars lodged in the official file are vague in the extreme, for it is merely stated that the business for which the League was formed is "lecturing."

Actually it is engaged in the indiscriminate sale of quack medicines to members who are enrolled on payment of a shilling fee.

Pills and potions are dispensed to members on payment of further fees without any attempt at diagnosis, and no medical qualifications are possessed by the three principals.

• • •

Then there is the Back to Nature League, of 32, Hamilton Road, Golders Green.

The organisers are two men named Williams and Brett, and though there is a mysterious "Dr." Anderson in attendance sometimes, we can assure the public that he is not a genuine medical man.

Indeed, it is extremely doubtful if any of the enterprising individuals connected with this League have the slightest qualification for treating illness or disease.

One of the unique potions which it dispenses is known as "Health Wine," and it is prescribed for afflictions of the stomach, liver, kidneys, blood and nerves.

It is said to consist of some fourteen ingredients, including skull cap, juniper berries and rhubarb bark.

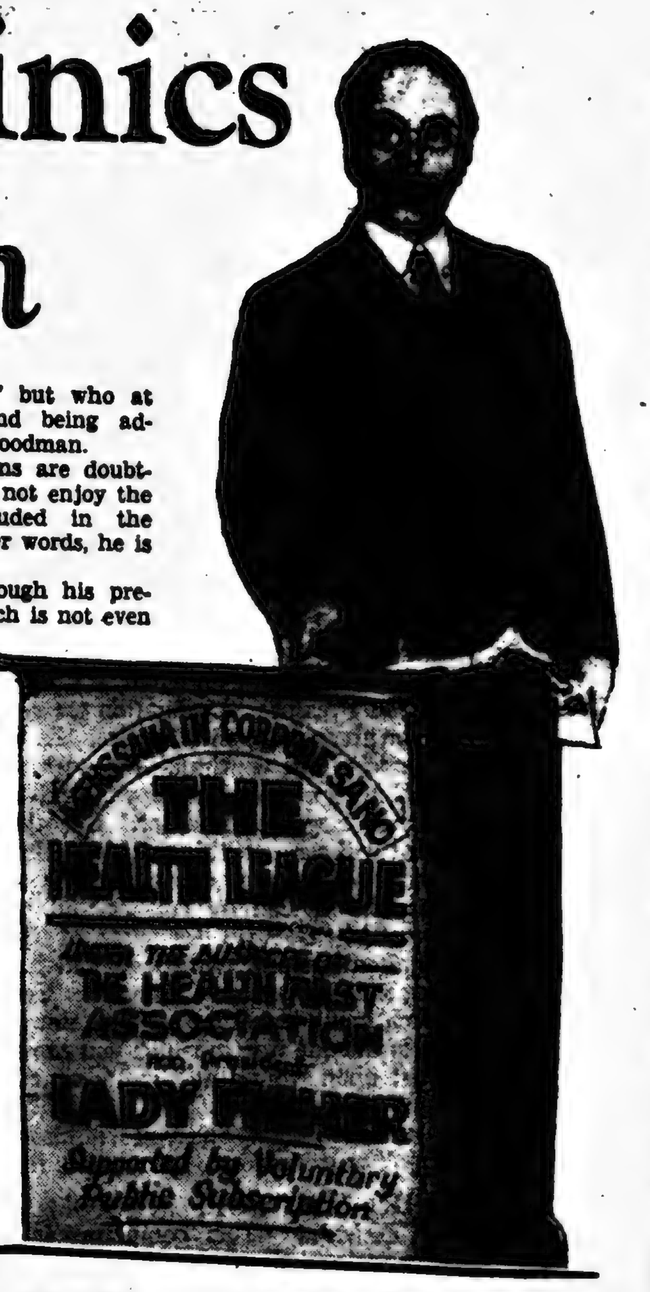
"Cure-alls"

Finally there is the Health Crusade League, which seems to have had no fixed headquarters since the principals decamped from an address in South London without paying their rent.

Here again all sorts of ailments are prescribed for, though the so-called "doctors" in charge are really quacks.

Although, as we say, there is a big urge to sufferers to turn in desperation to any supposed new "cure" that is offered to them, we advise everyone to leave these queer Leagues of Potions severely alone.

The family doctor's methods may be less spectacular, and his medicines may possess less high-sounding names, but at least his patients need be in no doubt as to the exact nature of his qualifications.


MENS SANA IN CORPORE SANO
THE HEALTH LEAGUE
UNDER THE AUSPICES OF THE HEALTH FIRST ASSOCIATION
LADY FISHER
Supported by Voluntary Public Subscription

An official of the Health League addressing a recent open-air meeting. Note the impressive poster

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THE GOOD NEWS Trick

CRUEL frauds are being practised in various parts of the country by a trickster calling himself "Mr. Humphreys," and who pretends to his dupes that he is the bearer of good news.

Smartly dressed in black morning coat, he passes as a member of the legal profession, and tells a story to the effect that he is seeking the next-of-kin of a wealthy client just deceased.

He always contrives to arm himself with intimate information about prospective victims beforehand. Then he cross-examines them in a way which suggests that he is really trying to establish whether they are the people for whom he is seeking.

* * *

Having established confidence in this way, he announces that, under the terms of his client's will, they are to inherit a certain estate.

One woman victim was told recently that she was entitled to £1,600 and a charming country cottage.

Convincing details were furnished and legal-looking documents flourished before the victim's eyes.

Later came a demand for preliminary fees to establish her claim.

The woman trustingly paid over the sum asked for and was assured that she would hear from Mr. Humphreys in the course of a few days.

But from that moment complete silence has reigned.

With stories of this kind Humphreys has recently found numerous dupes, many of them being women.

Sometimes he even has the audacity to masquerade as an official from the Probate Department at Somerset House.

His own appropriate inheritance should be a cell.

Homely Wisdom by

Canon R. J. Campbell, D.D.

INWARD POWER

A JOHN BULL reader, crippled as the result of an accident, sends me a letter expressing sympathy with the older man I mentioned in this column some time ago, and bidding him be of good cheer. Speaking from his own experience of life, he feels sure things will take a turn for the better when they seem to be at their worst.

It is a brave letter that he has written lying on his back, and it contains one passage in particular that compels admiration, though at first sight it seems rather sad. It runs as follows:

"I have to confess that I have been feeling rather depressed myself during the last few days. I generally do at springtime, when life starts up anew from the midst of death. From my window I can see the trees blossoming gloriously and the flowers in full bloom in my own little garden and those of my neighbours.

* * *

"The very birds appear to be bursting with joy, and the love-songs they trill to their mates are delightful to listen to in the early morning. It is good to be wheeled out into the sunshine for an hour or two and gaze at the smiling face of nature and up at the blue skies.

"Why, then, do I feel pensive? I don't know, unless it is that one cannot help contrasting the lavish beauty and abundance around one with the sense of weakness and want within.

"And yet, no sooner have I said so than I recall the marvellous fact that I have never been happier than when a gush of gladness has risen like a fountain from the depths of my soul after a period of darkness and strain."

* * *

I have copied this passage out in full because it illustrates something that I have found to be true of many lives. The late John Galsworthy used to say that the sight of the beauty and splendour of springtime always gave him a heartache.

Was it because he knew that pain and death lurked behind it, or was it that he could not help contrasting it with the limitations and unsatisfied longings of poor humanity?

At any rate, it is clear that he shared the feeling of the good fellow I have just quoted.

The concluding sentence of the latter's testimony is a real message to anyone who feels downhearted in presence of the uprush of new life in woods and fields in the merry month of May. It is the realisation that there are still greater resources of life and power within ourselves. As the Bible says, "Though our outward man perish, yet our inward man is renewed day by day."

A dear old friend of mine bought a cottage near me, but, to his dismay, found that the well soon ran dry. He got experts down from London to sink the well deeper or bore elsewhere for a better supply. They looked about for a long time in vain, till at length one of them crossed a stream at the foot of the property and turned to look back at the house.

Suddenly he shouted "What are we all doing here? There is a pipe discharging into this stream from your garden carrying water enough to supply the needs of the whole village."

* * *

Amid loud laughter and many congratulations to my friend, the visitors packed up their plant and took their way back to town. To this day that leaping spring of pure, cool water is drawn upon without stint both for house and garden.

Reader, within you is a constant spring of the water of life for your refreshment and strengthening. Draw upon it with confidence. It cannot fail because it comes from God.

BAD LEGS, VARICOSE VEINS, SWOLLEN LEGS, ECZEMA, PAINFUL and RHEUMATIC JOINTS

SOUND ADVICE TO SUFFERERS. By "VERAX."

AMIDST the multitude of remedies there is one Treatment which stands supreme; I refer to the Tremol Treatment. By its thousands of genuine successes, by its long triumphant record, it stands unchallenged and unrivalled. It is the Treatment for leg troubles "Par excellence." Let it be your treatment! "By their fruits ye shall know them," says the Scriptures. Any remedy that brings NO result is of NO use to you, but a Treatment that can prove results is "beyond all praise." The founders of this great method of Treatment have devoted a lifetime of research and expert service to the successful Treatment of leg troubles. They know everything that is real knowledge about Bad Legs, and about Varicose Veins, Eczema and Rheumatic Joints. Thousands of Testimonials to this Treatment from thousands who have been cured have been published, and ***in every case the name and full postal address of the person has been given as positive proof.*** Remember! This Treatment is also the cheapest Treatment. It saves you money because it brings you the results you want to get. Why waste time and money? My advice to you is: Fill in the coupon. Send for the free illustrated Book mentioned below which explains everything, and treat yourself in your own home.

Tremol Treatment is based upon over 30 years' practical day-by-day personal experience in treating and curing leg sufferers. ***Practical Experts who see bad Legs every day and have personally brought definite relief to thousands of sufferers are behind the Tremol Treatment.*** They know best! Practical results are what you want.

"JOHN BULL" READERS PRAISE THIS GREAT HOME TREATMENT.

The whole of this issue of "John Bull" could easily be filled with unsolicited testimonials to the Treatment. Here we give a few typical extracts from grateful readers of "John Bull" who have been cured by the treatment. Please note that in every case the full name and address is given. Beware of so-called testimony that does not give these particulars.

MRS. H. HUNT, 152, ALBERT ROAD, HORLEY, SURREY, says:—"I am most grateful to say that my leg is wonderfully well, thanks to your splendid Treatment. My friends know all that you have done for me, and it is a great recommendation for your Treatment."

MR. T. DAVENPORT, 57, MATLOCK RD., COVENTRY, WARWICKSHIRE, who suffered on and off for thirty years from leg ulcer caused by a kick from a horse, says:—"Your Treatment cured the ulcer, and I shall always recommend it."

MRS. F. DAVIES, CORNHILL FARM, KINGSLAND, HEREFORDSHIRE, says:—"My leg is completely healed, and I shall not fail to recommend your Treatment to anyone I know suffering from a Bad Leg."

Mrs. Davies had previously suffered from white leg and ulcers.

MRS. DAY, 2, CORDWELL PLACE, MAIN ROAD, ARMLEY, LEEDS, "I am delighted to say that after only five weeks of your Treatment my leg was well again, not a sign or mark left at all. Before having your Treatment I had to be helped to get about the house, but at the end of the five weeks I went on holiday."

Each of the above cured patients filled in a "John Bull" Coupon when sending for particulars of the Treatment. It was their first step towards recovery. Follow their wise example, and send in your Coupon, printed on this page, to-day.

We will also send you names and addresses of your neighbours who have benefited by the Treatment.

CONSIDER THAT OPEN WOUND ON YOUR LEG. Don't tinker with it any longer. Don't waste time and money and suffer needless pain. Do not let a wound which commences small as a pin-prick become as large as your hand. A small sore on your hand or arm may easily heal. Not so when it is your leg. A leg ulcer, however small, is a sign of Internal Blood Pressure. Under this pressure the veins have given way, and the ulcer has formed. This pressure will continue—the surrounding veins will keep on breaking down, and the ulcer becomes larger and larger. Get the treatment that will conquer this trouble! Have done with those daily leg dressings!! Get your leg soundly healed by correct and proper treatment!! Get rid for ever of the pain, inflammation and irritation, and have a sound leg same as you used to have. You must have Treatment sometime! Why not get it now? It is the one way in which you can soundly heal that open wound and make your leg stronger and your health better. Write for the Book mentioned below and you will know how. The Book is priced 3s. 6d., but it is free to you.

DO YOU SUFFER FROM VARICOSE ECZEMA? This complaint is first cousin to a varicose ulcer. It arises from the same cause. With proper treatment Varicose Leg Eczema quickly disappears. All the itching, irritation, smarting and pain soon go away. Permanent relief is effected. I have seen hundreds healed by this Treatment. Why not you? There is no reason why you should continue to suffer. Fill in the coupon below and get the Book. You can start the Treatment immediately which will take away every trace of your Eczema and make your leg thoroughly sound and healthy. The Book tells you of a new method of Treatment for Varicose Eczema. This new Treatment is scientific but simple and easy. It is the Royal Road to get your Varicose Leg Eczema quickly healed.

DO YOU SUFFER FROM WEEPING ECZEMA? The pathological process of this distressing trouble is as follows. Owing to the congestion of blood in the surface veins of the leg, the skin becomes fiery red and inflamed. The thread-like surface veins and cells rupture under this congestion, and discharge watery fluid. This is Weeping Eczema. Prior to this weeping, the itching, irritation, and burning have been intense, owing to pent-up fluid under the skin irritating the nerve endings. The leg goes on weeping and with the escape of fluid the itching and irritation become relieved. The escaped fluid dries and forms scales on the skin. These scales seal up the pores and cells of the skin. More fluid accumulates under the sealed-up skin, and the terrible itching and irritation begin once more. This is only relieved when the vessels and cells burst again through the eczematous skin. Such is a typical case of Weeping Varicose Eczema, and perhaps it is your case. If so, you must get lasting relief. Sign the Coupon below and get the Book.

PSORIASIS AND ECZEMA PATCHES. What of them? The state of the blood and defective circulation is the cause of those skin patches. Those scaly eruptions on the knees, arms, and body and legs. Psoriasis may cause little irritation, but it is unsightly and every sufferer needs a cure. In other cases there is itching, irritation, smarting and intolerable daily annoyance. Get rid of all this now. Get a new clean skin that functions healthily, same as you used to have. This is quite easy and simple. The Book tells you how and costs you nothing to get it. Sign the coupon and write for it to-day.

N.B.—There is a special Treatment which is highly successful for those who suffer from Pruritis and the agony of intolerable constant itching and irritation of both the external skin and mucous membrane. There may be no eruptions but the irritation is dreadful. The cause is disordered blood circulation. Write for the book, state your complaint, and get instant and lasting relief.

THOSE SWOLLEN LEGS OF YOURS. What do they indicate? Fluid has accumulated in the deeper tissues and caused the swelling. You may think they look unsightly! That may be, but the end is worse than looks unless you get proper treatment. Very soon the swollen leg will be at bursting point and an open wound and Bad Leg result. Trifling remedies are useless. You must get those swollen legs properly treated before it is too late. Get at the root cause. The Book mentioned below tells you how to treat your swollen leg at home in comfort and with ease. Sign the coupon below and write for the Book and start your cure at once.

THOSE VARICOSE VEINS. The dangers from Varicose Veins are Phlebitis, Varicose Ulcer, Thrombosis, Eczema, Rupture of the Vein Walls and Hæmorrhage. The stages in the development of Varicose Veins are:

(1) Simple Dilatation. (2) Loss of Elasticity. (3) Dilatation in all directions. (4) Shrinkage and Atrophy of the Vein Valves. (5) Thrombosis with swelling, ulceration, or Varicose Eczema.

If neglected, Varicose Veins become incurable. Then the greatest Specialist in the world could not cure them. Operations are of little use, for if they are cut out, the other veins, having more work to do, will become varicosed too. Injections are of little use, because unfortunately the hopes based upon injection Treatment have not been realised. In the majority of cases the veins again canalise, and the Treatment involves risk of Thrombosis, Ulcerations and Eczema. Sufferers from Varicose Veins should take the trouble in time. Treat the veins while they retain their elasticity and contractile power. Get the Book and learn how. It is free to you if you suffer from Varicose Veins.

CONSIDER THOSE SWOLLEN, PAINFUL KNEES and JOINTS. They require correct and proper Treatment before it is too late. If there is a gnawing or cutting pain at the joint, if the knee is tender and swollen, if the joint cracks and creaks with movement, if it is stiff when you arise and walk after resting, it is high time you gave the matter serious attention. Possibly your trouble is Synovitis, Rheumatism or Arthritis. It is important to know and act. Fibrosities may be growing around the joint to fix it like a vice. Then it will be too late. There is little hope for a fixed ankylosed joint. The ravages of prolonged Arthritis can never be undone. Some joint troubles can never be cured. There is, however, an earlier stage of hope. Do not let joint troubles grow worse until too late.

A limited number of copies of this interesting Book with all particulars of the Treatment will be sent free to sufferers. If you suffer from **BAD LEGS, SWOLLEN LEGS, ECZEMA or PSORIASIS LEGS, VARICOSE VEINS, or SWOLLEN and PAINFUL KNEES and JOINTS,** write to-day before the Books are exhausted.

Sign the coupon below and get the Book. If your case is a curable one the Book will tell you how it can be quickly effected.

Address your letter to Superintendent,

NATIONAL COLLEGE, WARD B.L.,
GT. CLOWES STREET, BROUGHTON,
MANCHESTER,

and the Book will be sent by return of Post

FREE COUPON **Ward B.L.**

ADDRESS: — NATIONAL COLLEGE, Great Clowes Street, Broughton, Manchester.

Please send valuable book and all particulars of treatment free of charge.

Name..
(Mr., Mrs. or Miss)
Address..
....
....
State Complaint ....

National College of Health Ltd.

A Warning to those Looking for a job

GIRL who LOST her LIFE'S SAVINGS

After a weary wait in her prospective employer's office, the girl realised that she had been tricked. "Disappointed and penniless, she must now resume the hopeless quest for work"

UNDER the heading "A Gang of Bloodsuckers," we recently declared that more than 90 per cent. of employment-with-investment advertisements are sheer frauds.

That we did not over-estimate the extent of this evil is confirmed by the overwhelming number of complaints which have reached us from unemployed men and women who have been cruelly victimised when seeking work.

In the past few weeks our postbag has contained countless heartbreaking examples of the ruin and misery brought about by the ghouls who prey upon people already engulfed in misfortune.

One of the most poignant of these stories is told by a Doncaster young woman who recently answered an advertisement offering a secretarial post.

As she had experienced a long and bitter spell of unemployment she was overjoyed when she received a letter from a Major Robert de Carteret O'Neill, inviting her to call for an interview at a leading local hotel.

She was received by the major with great courtesy and found him to be a most genial person. When he had explained that he had returned to England after years of service with the Indian Army, he told her that he proposed to open an accountancy business.

In general conversation he intimated that he was deeply interested in educational and social work.

He painted such convincing pictures of his business prospects that the applicant felt at once that she had been lucky indeed to have fallen in with such an enterprising employer.

Crushing blow

The conditions of employment offered seemed ideal except that Major Robert de Carteret O'Neill insisted that the new secretary must deposit at least £250 with him as security.

The position, he argued, was one of great trust, but she need entertain no doubts, as her money would be fully secured and returnable as soon as a stipulated "trial period" had been completed.

By dint of great thrift this woman had put by a certain amount of money, and by straining her resources to the limit she succeeded in raising the £250 asked for.

But on the day when she was supposed to commence her new duties she received a crushing blow. She reported for work punctually, but the genial major was not there.

After a weary wait she realised that his genial smiles had been but a mask for a ruthless rogue.

She never saw her prospective employer all that day, and when she made enquiries it was to discover that he had left the district.

Disappointed and penniless, she must now resume the hopeless quest for work which she had thought was ended.

Further investigation shows that she is the victim of a practised rogue who has defrauded a number of other employee-investors in this cruel way.

His claim to the rank of major is impudently assumed for no other purpose than to impress his dupes.

The tales he has told have been many and various.

Sometimes he has posed as an officer of the Royal Engineers; at other times he has claimed to be a chartered accountant and the secretary for a social movement in the North of Ireland.

Poorest robbed

Another rogue who is preying upon unemployed people in a slightly different fashion is a man who calls himself Harry Valentine.

He does not pose as an individual employer, but chooses to operate under the high-sounding title of The North of England Sales Service.

But he is a particularly heartless rogue because, under the cloak of this supposed company, he sets out to rob even the poorest people who answer his advertisement snares.

Complaints have arisen in which numerous unemployed men have paid sums ranging from £10 to £20 in the expectation of receiving jobs in various capacities with his dummy concern, the headquarters of which were in Thornton Road, Bradford.

As soon as he had got as much money as he could in this way Valentine vanished, leaving a trail of misery behind him.

Automatic swindle

From the Blackpool area come other sad stories of similar disillusion on the part of numerous job-seekers who have been deceived by a bogus employer named Arthur Lathom.

He pretended to be engaged in distributing automatic machines on a vast scale and engaged men who were to be given posts as "supervisors." Many of them invested for the privilege, some parting with £60 or more.

But Lathom disappeared without giving them any real work, and has since caught other dupes in different towns.

An advertisement which attracted a number of applicants recently emanated from a concern called Modern Sales and Service, of First Avenue House, High Holborn, London.

Described as "advertising and office service specialists," this company called for male clerks prepared to invest £50, which was to be "fully secured."

Saddened investors

Several unemployed clerks who invested their hard-won savings in this venture soon discovered that their money was anything but fully secured.

A typical example is that of a young man from Leytonstone who was engaged at a salary of £2 10s. a week, plus commission.

All went well for about three weeks, for though there seemed little work to do his salary was paid regularly.

Then followed four weeks during which he received nothing, and a protest only brought forth the excuse that the unfortunate state of the business made it imperative to close down.

There was talk of "re-opening" later, but the office is still closed and several saddened investor-employees are now seeking the principal of Modern Sales and Service—a certain Mr. Noel Sydney Harrison.

Nothing happened . . .

One of them who had the temerity to complain was fobbed off with a letter in which Harrison wrote: "I very much regret delay in the payment of your salary. You cannot desire a settlement more anxiously than I, but owing to the state of business at the moment, I feel I cannot possibly pay you for a week or so."

The week or so went by, but nothing happened. And now the weeks have passed into months, and the silence remains unbroken. All the investors can discover is that Harrison has run two other businesses from the same office which have also closed down.

It would be possible to give endless instances of employment traps which have plunged workless people into further hardship and despair, but the foregoing stories show clearly enough how widespread and persistent these heartless ramps have become.

And they should provide a forceful warning to others to view all offers of employment-with-investment with distrust.

It Won't Hold Water!

PEOPLE who have any regard for their money will think twice before entertaining a proposition now being put forward in the name of the North Wales Water Company, Ltd.

A prospectus relating to an issue of £20,000 6½ per cent. debentures is now in circulation among investors already interested in a group of companies which has come under our notice on more than one occasion.

We refer to the various enterprises associated with the First Mortgage Co-operative Investment Trust.

There is a report from a surveyor at Rhyl, but it cannot be said to be very helpful in enabling ordinary members of the investing public to form a just estimate of the property's value.

It is suggested, in view of possible development, that the business has a value as a "going concern" of £19,500, but this is followed by a candid admission that no figures are available as regards past revenue.

At the same time it is hopefully surmised that future revenue will produce enough within five years to cover the debenture interest two and a half times.

Meanwhile, this interest is "guaranteed" by another concern called Kinmel Bay Estates, Ltd.

Altogether the prospectus is about as vague as it could be. The exact nature of the undertaking is left in the air.

Presumably it has something to do with providing a water supply in North Wales, but the exact area involved and the actual source of supply are not revealed.

In the opinion of financial experts no ordinary water company would dream of offering 6½ per cent. on debentures; but then, this is certainly no ordinary company.

Though it is endeavouring to raise £20,000 in the circumstances described, its nominal share capital is £6,000, of which £3,500 is subscribed.

As it has agreed to pay £17,000 for the "existing undertaking" which it proposes to take over, £14,000 must come out of the debenture issue.

The actual vendors of the property are the Kinmel Bay Estates, Ltd., which, as we have pointed out, are to guarantee the debenture interest.

The history of this concern is anything but encouraging. It is itself a reconstruction of another estate development company which was unsuccessful.

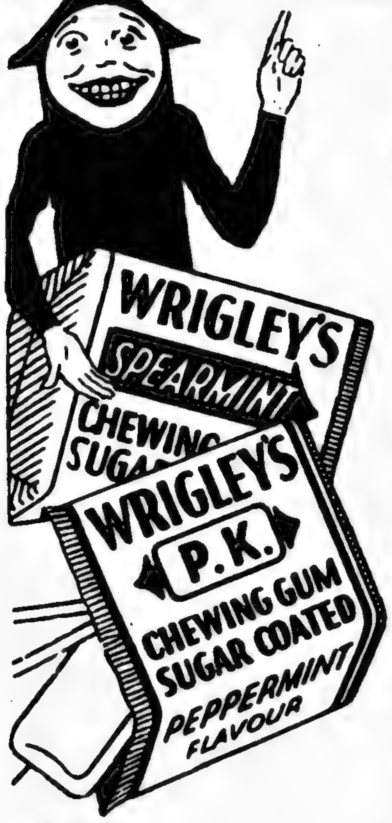
Both are linked with the First Mortgage Co-operative Investment Trust, whose tangled affairs were commented upon by us as recently as May 6.

It is interesting, therefore, to find that the directors of the new North Wales Water Company are selected from the same old crowd who have figured in these interlocked ventures throughout.

They include Lord Teynham, C. W. Neville and Geoffrey H. Crispin.

The reason why detailed figures relating to the water company cannot be given is stated to be because it has not been previously carried on as a separate concern and "has only been carried on by the vendors for less than one year."

But in view of the unhappy past record of many of the companies in this group, investors would be foolhardy indeed to plunge in the present water works scheme.



After every smoke—freshens the mouth

1d PER PACKET

TESTED JB

Spearmint also obtainable in 3d. packets of six sticks

Used between smokes, Wrigley's, because of its delightful lasting flavour, cools and refreshes the mouth, relieves that parched dry throat which comes from continuous smoking. You'll be surprised how delicious your next smoke tastes after Wrigley's.

It is the ideal sweetmeat for everyone—pure wholesome goodness—the finest quality and value a penny can buy. It's good for the children too.

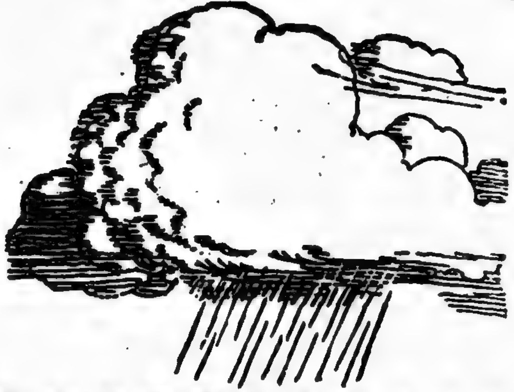
In two famous flavours—P.K., pure double-distilled peppermint flavour, and Spearmint, with the pure mint leaf flavour.

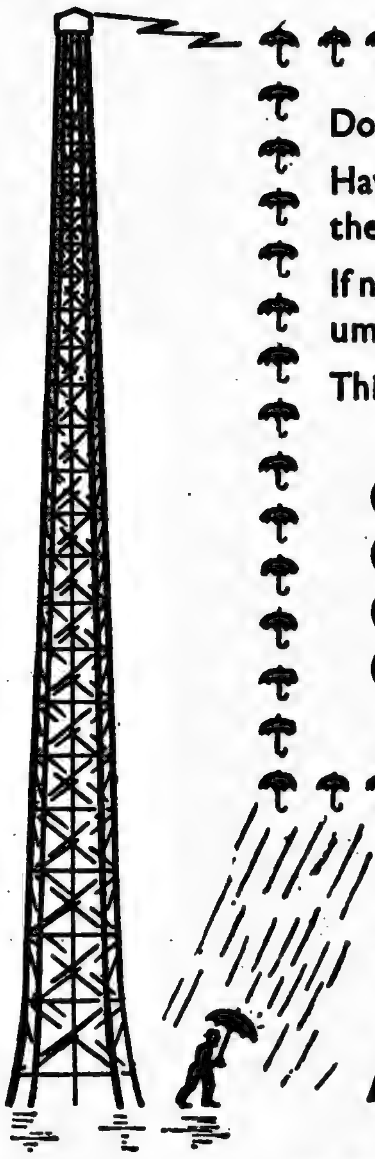
BRITISH MADE

F.N. 4.

WRIGLEY'S

FURTHER OUTLOOK UNSETTLED





Does that sum up your future?

Have you made provision for the "rainy day"?

If not, come under the "Pearl" umbrella.

This is the kind of shelter you get:—

(1) £1,000 at age 60;
(2) Bonuses in addition;
(3) Income tax relief;
(4) Full protection for dependents.

SECURE YOUR FUTURE WITH THE HELP OF THE

PEARL

ASSURANCE COMPANY LTD.

To THE JOINT MANAGING DIRECTORS, PEARL ASSURANCE CO. LTD.,
HIGH HOLBORN, LONDON, W.C.1.

My age next birthday is__________ Please send me particulars of how I can obtain £__________ at age__________

Name____________________
(State whether Mr., Mrs. or Miss)

Address____________________

____

(7) J.B. 27-5-33

AN ENQUIRY WILL INCUR NO OBLIGATION.

JOHN BULL'S GREAT PEN OFFER!

Cash the Coupons

JOHN BULL PEN COUPON. VALUE 3D

This coupon with P.O. for 2/9 plus 3d. postage and insurance entitles holder to receive a "John Bull" all-British self-filling Pen with **14 carat solid gold nib, iridium tipped, guaranteed 2 years.** Additional coupons up to four (any dates) may be saved and are acceptable in part payment, each counting as 3d. off the price. **You may send five coupons and P.O. for 1/9** plus 3d. postage and insurance. *State if fine, medium or broad nib. Pocket clip 3d. extra.* Address: "John Bull" Pen Department, 27, Floral Street, London, W.C.2.

A FILM VOICE Impostor

Parents were deluded into thinking that their children would become highly-paid film actors like these members of the famous "Our Gang." But Loraine merely made magnanimous promises, collected their money and quickly faded out

ONE of the most ambitious persons who ever trod London pavements must be John Loraine, an alleged film producer, who, until recently, was running the International Amusement Syndicate, at Palace House, Shaftesbury Avenue, W.

His chief assets are a smooth tongue, unbounded optimism, and ready flow of talk about his projected film productions which never seem to materialise.

Parents whose children have shown some ability for film work are persuaded by Loraine to pay him fees for fruitless film test and tuition in the art of acting for the films.

In the early stages, Loraine talks hopefully of a new film he is about to produce, and suggests possible salaries for the budding film stars ranging from eight guineas a week upwards.

But all this—as many have found to their cost—is just talk. Once the preliminary fees have been paid, Loraine becomes less optimistic. This fake film king has shown a tendency to "fade out" with surprising frequency.

Our investigation shows that during the past few months he has been connected with the British School of Talkie Technique, Commerce House, Oxford Street, the British and Continental Film Co., of Carlton House, Regent Street, and the International Amusements Syndicate, of Palace House, Shaftesbury Avenue.

He has also rented for short periods small apartments which he describes as "studios," at Old Compton Street, Soho, and at Regent's Park.

"Child-kidder"

Wherever Loraine opens up in business, whether it be in studio or office, he soon closes the premises and his disappearance is followed by a long procession of indignant parents, whose children have been deluded with hopes of film engagements as a result of his "training."

When Loraine was operating from Carlton House, he inserted the following and similar advertisements in London and provincial newspapers:

> "Wanted, children and adults with good speaking voices for Talkies. Write for appointment, British Continental Film Co., Carlton House, Regent Street."

The result of this and similar advertisements was that parents and friends of children believed to possess potential film talent were attracted from all parts.

As an illustration of Loraine's methods we will take the case of a ten-year-old boy living with his widowed mother at Farnborough, Hants. This youngster had appeared with considerable success in a local production of "Oliver Twist."

His mother, who is a poor woman, made a special journey to London with her small son, and they were granted the privilege of an interview with Loraine.

Callous deception

He listened thoughtfully while the boy recited an excerpt from his part in "Oliver Twist," and then expressed satisfaction at his ability, saying that he would put the boy in his next big film production, "Our Kids."

But *only* if a film test proved satisfactory. And the cost of a film test would be £2 18s. 6d.

This sum was scraped together by the poor widow, and a few days later the child was filmed at a wretched little "studio" at Regent's Park.

The illusion of reality was given to this test by the boy appearing in tattered rags, with bowl and spoon "asking for more."

Loraine again expressed delight at the boy's effort and, presumably forgetting that he had said that his next film was to be "Our Kids," told the mother that her son would be given a part in his great forthcoming film, "Jazz Babies."

When the delighted mother raised the question of salary, Loraine's eyes twinkled benevolently through his horn-rimmed glasses, as he replied, "Twelve pounds a week, I think, at the start, but the boy must live in London while the film is in production."

Picture this poor widow returning with her beaming son to Farnborough that evening. Hopes were high and prosperity seemed to be within reach. With that picture in your mind you will realise the callous nature of the whole proposition.

Two weeks later Loraine crashed this poor widow's hopes with a letter saying that unfortunately the "test" had proved that her son was unsuitable for the film he had in mind. All of which meant just this—that Loraine had snatched another fee from a deluded parent who could ill-afford to lose the money.

Fade out...

Whether or not the films "Jazz Babies" or "Our Kids" have been produced by Loraine we do not know, but at any rate they have served as pegs on which to hang his convincing talk.

Loraine may change the name of his precious companies with astonishing frequency, but he does not change his methods of snatching fees.

Our own postbag shows that he has disappointed clients at Cambridge, Pembroke Dock, Manchester, Milford-on-Sea, Tadworth (Surrey), Cardiff, Ipswich and Glasgow, in addition to those in various London districts.

There is no limit to his activities, and his advertisements appear in newspapers which circulate throughout the country.

When, quite recently, he failed to pay his rent at Carlton House, Regent Street, the bailiffs appeared on the scene—but they found little of value in the office of the British and Continental Film Company.

For several weeks a procession of people called at this office anxious for a heart-to-heart talk with Loraine. These included tailors who had supplied clothing, and even the optician who had supplied him with a pair of horn-rimmed glasses

All the people who submit themselves for film tests seem to receive identical "report sheets," and all are of a favourable nature until the fees are paid.

Then Loraine's enthusiasm wanes and the victim is usually told that his or her voice "lacks rythmatic cadence"—whatever that may mean.

Quite recently Loraine was living in good style at Eccleston Square, Victoria, but here again he "faded out" as usual, leaving a trail of debts behind him. Among the items outstanding are rent, electric light, telephone and other bills, amounting to £60.

Sufficient then to say that anyone with film aspirations should avoid Loraine, who is never likely to produce a film, but has shown himself an expert in snatching fees.

The Human Machine

Leave Well Alone

IT is very easy to get a spurious reputation for cleverness. All you have to do is to go about searching for the flaws and imperfections in the people and things around you. You'll find plenty; and for a time people will think you very wise and very clever.

For a time—until they begin to get a bit bored with you; and after they've begun to find you boring they'll quickly come to the conclusion that you're a positive nuisance. Then they'll begin to dislike you, and they'll end by calling you an interfering fool.

It's remarkably easy to see the weaknesses of the other fellow. Anyone can do it, for they mostly stick out a mile; but to go searching for them isn't clever a bit. It's only playing the fool with life. Yet how many people do it! How many people take a fiendish joy in criticising their fellows, and pointing out to anyone who will listen to them how foolish and misguided they are!

They little know what they're doing, for, quite apart from the injury they are inflicting on others, they are doing incalculable harm to themselves. No habit can twist and warp the character so quickly, and so surely, as this one. No one can keep a sane and wholesome mind who is always on the look-out for imperfections.

Our thoughts shape our very souls. As we think, so we are. Is there no beauty in the world? Is there no good in our fellows? Why not look for the best instead of searching for the worst?

The "seat of the scorner" is not a comfortable throne to occupy. It makes the occupant a mark for the very weapons he is so busily using.

A wide tolerance is a wiser attitude. For like breeds like. Sympathy and understanding beget their kind. Scorn and criticism never yet bred anything but hate.

'Thank Heavens!' Said the Engineer. .

"I wondered if I was dreaming"

"I AM one of those with no 'dole' or National Health Insurance to look forward to in time of trouble—one of those whose nightmare is 'What will happen to wife and children if a crash comes!'"

These are the words of an engineer who has just won outright the First Prize of £1,250 cash (or £500, followed by £100 yearly for life) offered in our 211th Crossword Competition.

"Thank heavens, this nightmare now goes overboard!" continues Mr. Montague Downing, "Montford," Sutton Park Road, Kidderminster.

"I wasn't at all excited myself," Mr. Downing tells us. "I thought it must have been an easy Crossword and probably about fifty others shared the prize."

"I've had my ups and downs, you see," he continues, "especially since my war experiences. And my disappointments have included months of unemployment.

"I cannot say that I wasn't excited," he goes on, "when, on leaving business, my wife met me and produced that wonderful telegram from JOHN BULL.

"I really did wonder if I was dreaming, because to win outright had been furthest from my thoughts."

After winning numerous small awards in *Bullets*, Mr. Downing records, he had been analysing the answers his wife sent in to our Crossword problems, comparing them with the correct solution and taking notes of the guidance in our free weekly guide for Crossword entrants.

"It was entirely due to the *Crossword Gazette* and its hints that I commenced Crosswords and also that I found a correct solution so quickly"—that is the winner's tribute to the encouragement derived from the columns of the absorbing little journal, entirely devoted to competitions, which JOHN BULL will gladly put on your breakfast table each Thursday.

Remember—somebody who reads these words may well receive a thrilling Crossword telegram on Thursday, June 8. If it is to be you, solve this week's entertaining problem on page and see that taining problem on page 44 and see that June 1.

Huge Insurance C

WATCH your National Health Insurance stamps!

JOHN BULL issues that warning today to the millions of people all over the country, employers and employed alike, who come under the National Health Insurance scheme.

The reason is that we are able to reveal the full and sensational story behind the activities of a gang which is selling, as new, "cancelled" stamps.

The fraud has, in fact, reached such enormous dimensions that, at a conservative estimate, it is stated on high authority that the Ministry of Health is being swindled out of at least £50,000 annually.

Swift action has followed the accidental discovery by the authorities of the existence of a "selling gang," whose job it is to dispose of the "cancelled" stamps once they have been submitted to a certain process by which they are made to appear as though they have never been used.

As most people know, when a stamp is affixed to a National Health Insurance card, which entitles the holder to medical benefits, it must be "cancelled" by the employer by dating it with the date of the current week it represents in contributions.

Most large employers of labour get over this difficulty by using a rubber date-stamp, and this has been the thieves' opportunity.

Strange hauls

It is thought by those in charge of the investigations which are going on feverishly up and down the country that someone made the discovery that by using a simple, household cleansing liquid the cancellation on these stamps could be eradicated without the slightest injury to the design itself.

This liquid can be purchased in any chemist's or hardware shop, so that the thieves have no difficulty whatever in obtaining supplies without arousing suspicion.

Not long ago Scotland Yard began to be worried by a series of unusual thefts from large offices. The burglars in every case took nothing but the Health Insurance cards from the places they entered!

No one could explain the motive for such thefts. But they continued at an alarming rate, and it is confidently stated that something like 370 such burglaries have taken place in the Metropolitan area during the past few months.

Then, one day, an astute clerk in the Ministry of Health happened to notice a peculiar smell about a batch of insurance cards that had just come in for final cancellation.

They were correctly stamped—but the strange odour puzzled him. Then it occurred to him that it was like the smell of a disinfectant he used in his own home.

The hunt begins

His suspicions were aroused, and he passed them on to a superior. It was this accident—and the astuteness of the junior—which first led to enquiries being made.

Certain cards returned for cancellation were placed in various acids to see to which they would react. Finally, tannic acid did the trick, and before the astonished eyes of the experts, what had been a perfectly stamped insurance card now showed unmistakably *two* date cancellations—and both differing by months!

Hastily, further tests were made with returned cards, and it was found that in hundreds of cases "cancelled" stamps, treated with the disinfectant, had been sold again to unsuspecting employers.

The expert aid of Scotland Yard was then called in, and special men were detailed to hunt for possible clues to the mystery.

Meantime, it had become known that "cheap" insurance stamps were being hawked about in the streets in the East End of London.

Tobacconists' shops retailed them—in most cases at about half the previous cost of the stamps—the 9d. stamps selling for 4½d., and the 7d. for 3d.—and there was a brisk demand for them.

In no case do the police believe that those who purchased them knew that they were "cancelled," but, at the same time, as business was none too good, they were a "bargain," and so the buyer paid over his money and asked no questions.

Their own burglars!

It was, at all events, apparent that they were not forgeries—and that was all that seemed to matter.

The sellers—that is the individual sellers—were not hard to trace. But they knew nothing of the *real* gang. Supplies had been offered them, they had bought "on spec"—and that was all they knew about it.

The police, despite their best efforts, were at a dead end, when once again luck came their way.

A motor driver was arrested one night for a comparatively trivial offence, but when he was searched, there was found in his possession a pocket-book containing a long list of telephone numbers. In no case was there a name or address against the numbers. He was asked to explain this, but refused to do so.

Immediately the machinery of the law was set in motion, and within a short time the full names and addresses of the people owning the telephones were known to the authorities, and picked men set off to interview them.

This was the means of rounding-up the "sellers' gang," who had been responsible for the distribution of the "cancelled" stamps.

It has since transpired that, in addition to the gang's own "burglars," who, of course, are in the swindle and whose job is to get hold of large batches of insurance cards, there are clerks in big offices whose loyalty to their employers has been seduced by the payment of heavy bribes.

It is customary for one clerk to take over the entire charge of National Health Insurance card stamp "cancellations," and he is given a cheque each week to cover the cost of the very large quantity of stamps he has to buy.

Audit trick

Members of the East End gang have got hold of many of these trusted employees, and by holding out to them the promise of glittering profits, they have in many cases been able to bend them to their will.

The method was simplicity itself.

The clerk confederate would be met by a gangster with the necessary supply of "washed," but outwardly new-looking insurance stamps every Friday.

In return the clerk would hand over the agreed proportion of the money he had received to buy genuine and new stamps from the Post Office, and he would return to his own office to stamp and cancel each card in turn. But the profits of this ingenious swindle did not end
there. When the time came
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ds FRAUD

FAKED STAMPS GANG Unmasked

Insurance cards have been stamped up to date and correctly cancelled before the cards are posted off to the Ministry when they are full.

The Ministry of Health discovered, however, that there were many complaints developing from the alleged non-delivery of parcels of cards from various large firms.

Enquiries were, of course, made, but no solution was forthcoming. The Ministry officials therefore had to accept the word of the auditors that the cards had been duly completed, and therefore there was no reason whatever why they should not have been returned when they were full up.

This is exactly what the gang had relied on. They were very careful, indeed, to adopt this method only where they knew that an auditor's signature could be obtained to prove that the cards had been completed.

But the reason why the cards had never reached the Ministry is a very simple one —they had never been posted!

The clerk "in the know," and taking his share of the profits, simply handed over the cards to a confederate, who in turn sent them back to the gang's headquarters, where once again the stamps were removed from the cards, given a bath in the disinfectant solution, left to dry, then regummed . . . and there they were all ready to be used again . . . at a truly marvellous profit!

The Ministry of Health—of which the National Health Insurance Department is, of course, part and parcel—should be proud of its "junior" ratings. Once more it was a comparatively humble employee who tumbled to this dodge.

He is a newly-appointed inspector under the National Health Insurance Department, and was sent to make enquiries following a complaint about the non-receipt of a batch of cards from a factory.

When he reached the works—very well known indeed in the engineering world—he was received by an under-manager, who explained that the system of internal auditing prevented there being any possibility of fraud, and that the error must be either at the Ministry itself, or that the Post Office in some mysterious manner had mislaid the parcel.

Just a joke . . .

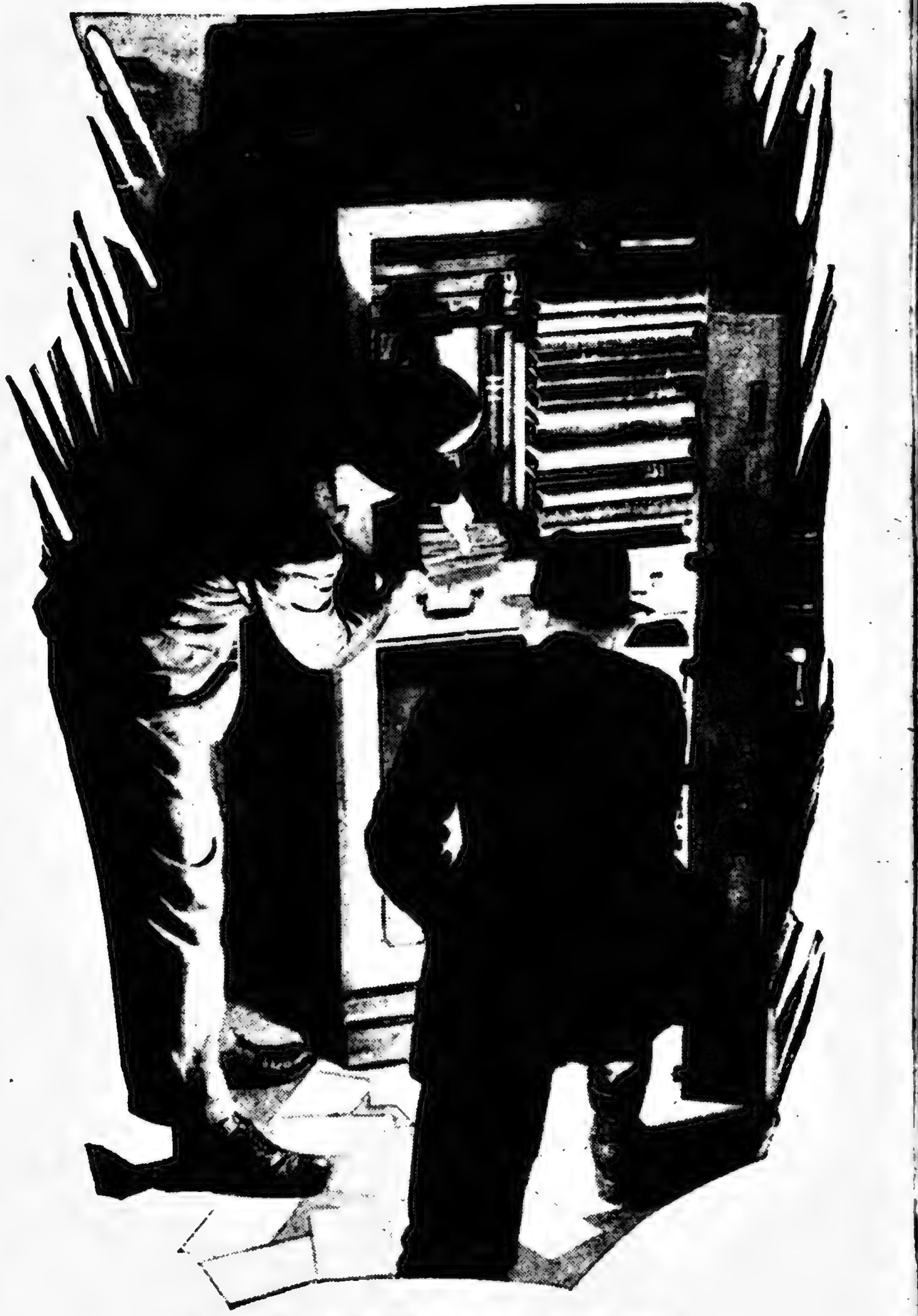
The young inspector listened. He knew the reputation of the firm—indeed, it is world-wide—and he knew that there could not be the slightest possibility that it would connive in any underhand methods to avoid its duty.

He rose to go with a word of thanks to the under-manager for his explanation. Then a sudden thought struck him.

"While I am here," he said, "perhaps I might look at the current cards . . . if there *should* by chance be any trouble about them, well, I'll be able to say I saw them all stamped up to to-day's date." . . .

And he and the under-manager shared the joke!

In a few minutes, however, the firm's representative returned and told him that the clerk whose particular job it was to stamp and cancel the cards was on a day's holiday, and had taken the cards with him.



"Scotland Yard was worried by a series of unusual thefts. The burglars in every case took nothing but Health Insurance cards . . ."

The inspector thought this curious, and suggested that he might see the managing director in person. He did so, and the latter agreed at once that it was a most extraordinary thing for the clerk to have done.

A telegram was sent off post-haste, telling the clerk to report for duty at 9 a.m. the following morning, bringing all the cards with him. Next day a letter arrived from him.

In it he admitted the defalcations. The telegram had taken him off his balance, and the fact that he had been told to bring the cards with him had convinced his coward conscience that everything had been discovered.

Large sums lost

"Cancelled" stamp frauds have become so enormous that the *total* losses cannot even be comparatively estimated. Thousands upon thousands of cards which, once having been checked in, are not kept by the Ministry can never be tested to prove the genuineness of their stamping, merely because they have, as is the custom, been destroyed.

It is known, however, that in the last two years alone the revenue from National Health Insurance stamps, which should go to swell the sick funds from which the insured benefit, have fallen off alarmingly—notwithstanding that the number of insured had varied very little indeed.

Many employees, whose National Health Insurance cards are their sole protection against sickness and disease, have anxiously questioned their local committees to discover how they stand in the event of it being discovered that their cards, without their previous knowledge, have been stamped with "cancelled" stamps.

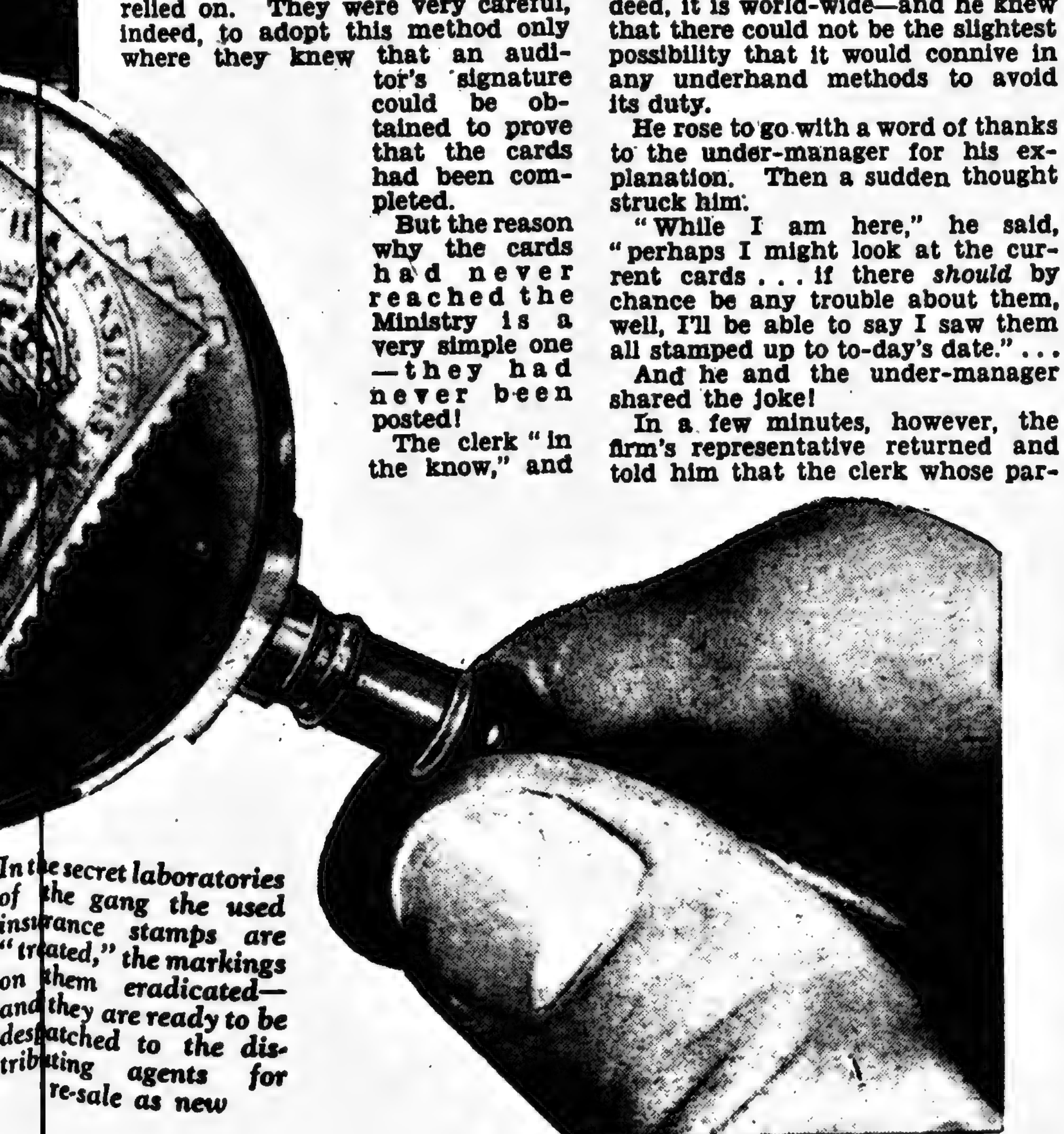
The view of the Ministry, given officially, is that in all cases the employers are liable, if the employees can prove that they did not purchase the stamps on the card.

If any employee has any reason to believe that the stamps on his or her card are not genuine new ones, he should report it to the Ministry of Health in Whitehall by letter.

Of course, if the Ministry—in the case of very large sums—cannot regain the money for the stamps from the employer, then the employee will be held personally responsible for making good all "cancelled" stamps that may have been used to stamp his or her card.

All employers, therefore, should take care to examine the Health stamps they use. In the event of any doubt, a visit to the nearest police-station will be welcomed.

It may prove yet another accidental link in the chain which is slowly but very surely being forged to place the leaders of the gang concerned in this fraudulent traffic safely under lock and key.



In the secret laboratories of the gang the used insurance stamps are "treated," the markings on them eradicated—and they are ready to be despatched to the distributing agents for re-sale as new

Almost a Murderer!

"JOHN BULL" Readers' Stories

37

WHEN I opened my eyes I believed that I had killed a man. Clearly I had been caught red-handed and locked up, for I saw bars facing me and my revolver had gone.

Moreover, before capture I must have put up a terrific fight; I could feel congealed blood all over my face and the back of my head bore a wound which still oozed horribly.

It is not very pleasant to believe that you are a murderer, especially when you have no defence to put up and justice is administered by rough-and-ready New Englanders. That was my plight.

I had gone out to America for a year, and, in the spring before my intended return, I went to the Rangeley district, in the State of Maine, to fish for landlocked salmon. Good sport was provided. On that score I had nothing to complain of, though the fishing was hindered at first by the ice.

My "camp" was a rough frame-built cottage, overlooking Salmon Lake, in a clearing surrounded by pines. I had a man with me, an American, I will call Morton, whom I much disliked as I grew to know him.

He was ungrateful, unsporting and unmanly—what Americans themselves would call a skunk. As I had brought him all the way from Philadelphia, and as no one else was available on the spot, I had reluctantly kept him on.

The camp was some distance on foot from Rangeley Village While there was no ordinary road, a tiny, narrow-gauge railway, which connected Rangeley with the first main line station nearly fifty miles away, was close at hand.

Sometimes I used the little train—held it up and stepped aboard When it was not running, I walked in to the village on the track.

IT was all quite novel and interesting. I had two canoes, one a Canadian "Peterborough," and the other built of cedar and very light.

The latter, by the way, was identified with a true fish story, of which I was the hero or the victim. I used to go out in it alone, sitting at one end so that half the little craft was out of the water.

One day, in casting, I attracted the biggest trout I have ever seen. Though it was the size of a 20 lb salmon, there was no mistaking the blue and red spots which I saw quite clearly when it rose, to disappear in the depths with my fly.

For a few seconds it pulled the canoe sideways. Then the gut snapped. In my chagrin I must have moved jerkily. The next thing I knew I was in the water with a quarter of a mile to swim to reach the shore.

When I arrived at the camp, dripping, Morton seemed disappointed. I think he would rather I had not been quite such a good swimmer.

Yes, there was distinct ill-feeling in the man—obviously so much of it that I confess I soon began to hate him. He had such a venomous temperament that no one seeing him daily could well have escaped becoming hostile.

Often I was tempted to thrash the life out of him. But he was a sickly fellow and not my weight by four or five stone. I always controlled myself in time and refrained.

One of the features of Prohibition, now being modified by President Franklin Roosevelt, is that poison can be called drink.

At Rangeley excellent beer might occasionally be bought secretly. It was probably smuggled from Canada, which borders on Maine. The liquor known as whisky was not so good. If you asked for brandy or gin you got the same thing. It was just alcohol—and deadly.

I am not a drinking man—quite the reverse. But I did take some of that Rangeley spirit one night, really out of politeness, and so did Morton.

Murder was the result.

When I go abroad I generally carry a revolver, something small and reliable. I possessed a Smith and Wesson, a hammerless .32, at Rangeley.

Just as Frenchmen go about armed, though they rarely draw on you, the revolver was always in my pocket. I used to practise with it in lonely spots.

ONE day I remember hitting a coin fastened to a piece of timber at 17½ ft., on drawing and firing suddenly. It was only a fluke, of course. Still, I am not a bad shot, I suppose, on the whole. Good enough, anyhow, to kill a man with ease.

If Rangeley is rather a long way from anywhere, at least it is in the extreme eastern part of America. I mention this because revolver-carrying and shooting down one's fellows are suggestive of the "Wild West."

As far as I know, the inhabitants of the district are quite law-abiding and depend for a living on peaceful summer visitors from Boston and New York. There are several lakes, the smallest of which is the one where I had my camp. Now and then in the night I could hear the undergrowth being trampled about by some stray wild animal, but I never saw a bear, and only once did I catch sight of a deer, a peculiar variety.

However, there were no other habitations nearer than the village. And that, as I have said, was a fair walk from my place.

THERE was nothing at Rangeley itself to draw me there in the evening. I preferred to read or write by the lakeside. Morton remained at the camp, too. He was afraid, I fancy, to attempt night-prowling alone.

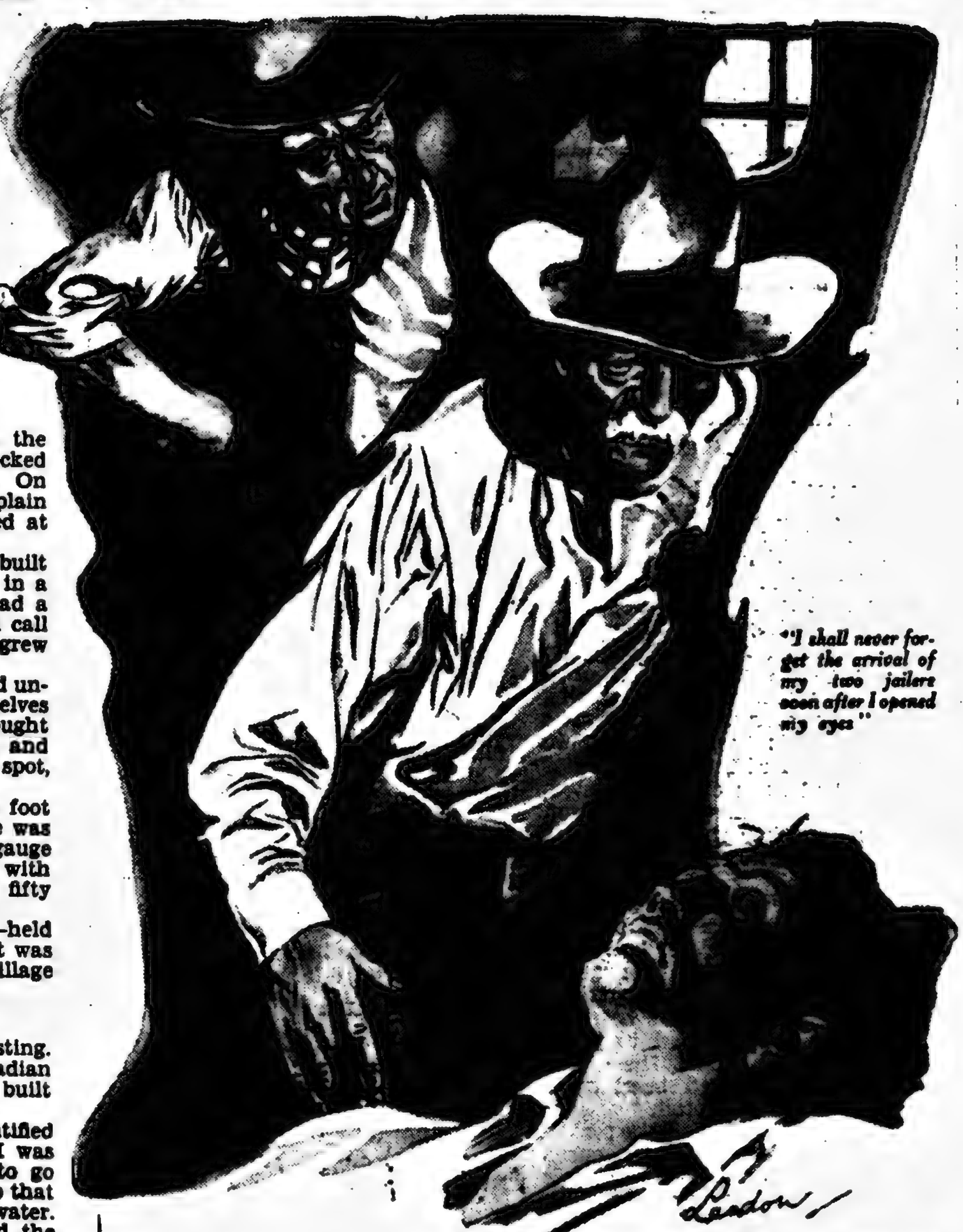
It may have been the danger of breaking his neck in the darkness that held him back, or he may have feared meeting a bear or a tramp. He never told me, and I don't know. Very rarely did we go into Rangeley after dark—perhaps three times altogether.

The fateful evening when we went, but failed to return, had no more serious beginning than a desire to buy a case or two of bottled beer.

We picked our way along the narrow railway line in silence. I walked ahead. We had had our supper, bacon and eggs and coffee, before starting.

My mind was occupied with thoughts of England, where I expected to be

(Continued on page 28)



"I shall never forget the arrival of my two jailers soon after I opened my eyes"

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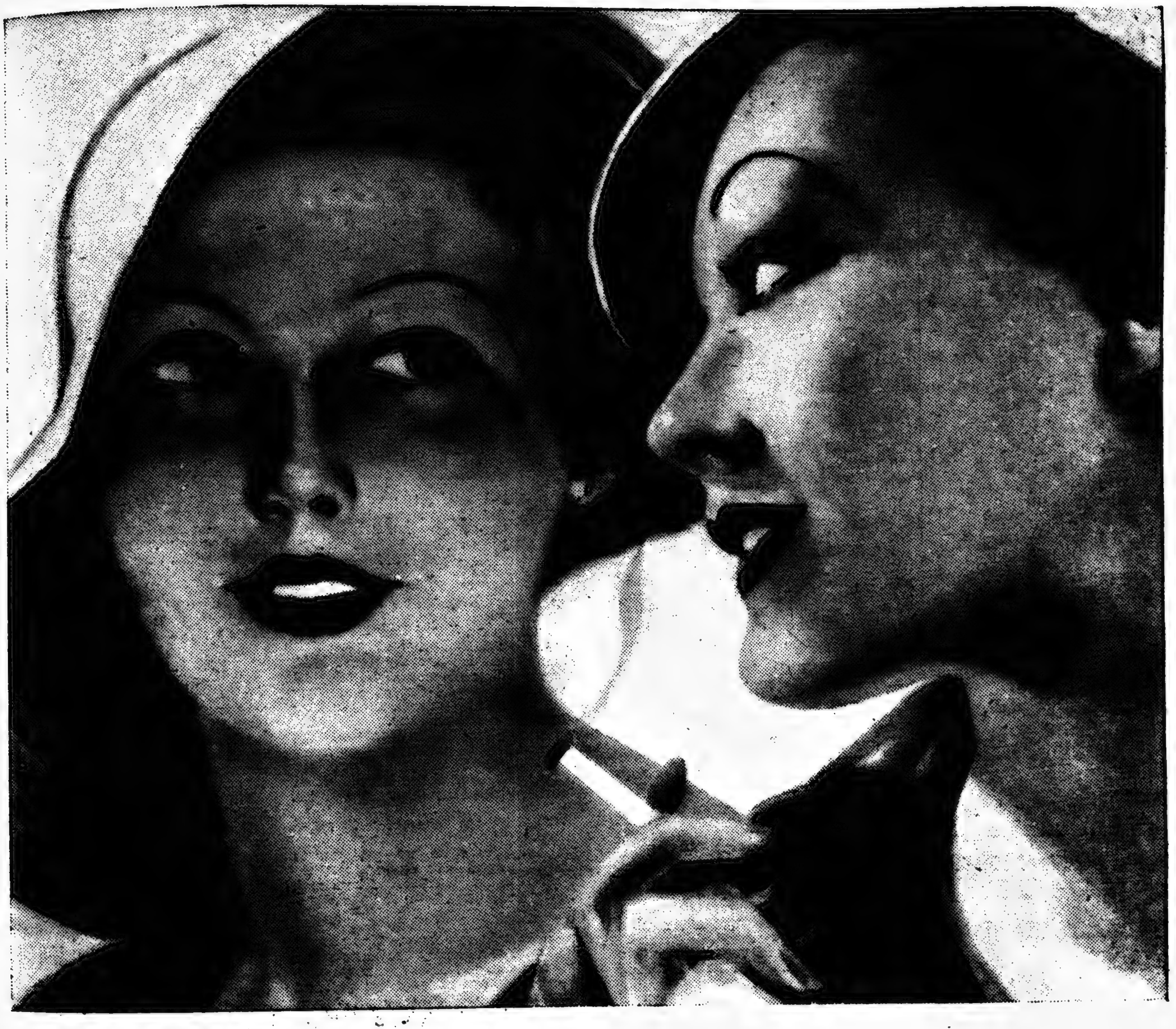

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COOKED CORNED BEEF
Your grocer will supply you

LCB 29-109

My Grim Jail Awakening

(Continued from page 26)

within a few weeks. I was tired of America, and there was nothing to keep me there. I had spent months in New York and Philadelphia, as well as a week in Boston. London was more to my taste.

The man with the beer was a breezy giant, with the features of a Red Indian, but the blood of European immigrants only. He was rough, hardy and hospitable.

"I've got something better than beer," he said with a wink, when the business had been completed.

"What's that?" I asked with assumed interest.

He leered a little.

"You try it and see," he advised.

Morton was standing by my side. I noticed that he was looking more animated than usual. He had been less trying during the day, and I had no fresh grievance against him.

Even the accumulated rancour of many other days had faded appreciably from my mind just then. My hatred had become dormant, if not extinct. I disliked him still, though not very consciously.

I suppose I simply felt indifferent where he was concerned.

"What have you got?" he asked the affable beerseller. "Not Bourbon, I guess?"

The man grinned knowingly.

"That's sure a secret," he said. "But it's worth nine dollars a quart. Say, boys, you're going to have a treat."

HE went to a cupboard and brought out a yellow bottle without a label.

"You just taste this," he added, fetching across three glasses from a shelf as he spoke.

"Gee, it's grand—yep, better than anything in the State."

He proceeded to fill each glass with a colourless fluid, which I half imagined was gin.

I was about to protest that I would dilute mine, when he swallowed his at a gulp.

Then, not to be outshone, Morton did the same. I, like a silly fool, followed suit.

The kick in that drink was indescribable.

I could rely on my keen sense of taste to be assured that it was unlike any drink I had ever tried before. It went so quickly and so completely to my head that I had no opportunity to decide whether it was worse or better than a noxious medicine.

I must have passed from absolute sobriety to hilarious inebriation in a few seconds. There was no appreciable period of transition. I was drunk in a flash.

My host, I vaguely remember, refilled my glass Then we all three began to quarrel.

An opaque curtain, a product of that strange drink, conceals from me to this day what happened next. I recall only that Morton sprang forward unexpectedly, seized me by the shins, and toppled me over.

From that moment all is blank . . . until the next morning when I woke up in a cell.

* * *

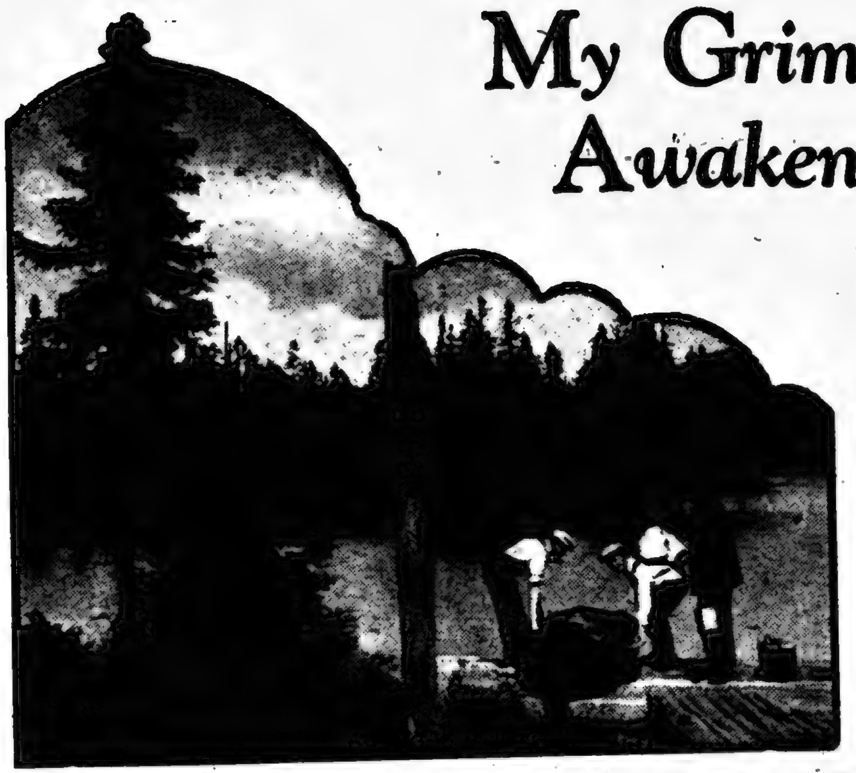
I shall never forget the arrival of my two jailers soon after I opened my eyes

One, a local trader, was tall and old; the other was about forty, with a very red nose and a lean face.

I think their titles, respectively, were sheriff and deputy-sheriff, but I was too concerned with their undoubted custodianship of me to bother myself about their status.

I was their prisoner.

Their faces were grim and disconcerting. I could, without difficulty, imagine what they were thinking, and it terrified me



Our reader started out on a peaceful fishingtrip in this lovely lake country in the State of Maine. But he was persuaded to take a drink with a kick in it, and then . . . !

I was quite convinced that I had shot Morton. I didn't question the point.

It had seized upon my mind with the force of an obsession. It was just as strong, or even stronger, than ever when I beheld my captors, hard-looking and hostile in the extreme.

"You're going to Farmington," the elder remarked "You put up a big fight before we took you. I guess my deputy just missed being killed himself before he hit you on the head with his club."

"What is the charge?" I asked anxiously.

"You'll hear when we get you to Farmington," was the reply.

"Where is Mr. Morton?" I hesitated, with downcast eyes.

THERE was no answer. My agony of mind increased. The silence was ominous. Evidently they considered there was no need to answer: I must know myself that I had killed him.

Farmington, as I believe the place is named, is about forty-eight miles from Rangeley, at the end of the narrow-gauge railway.

On the way I was guarded as if I had killed the President. Fortunately, my mood made the indignities heaped so lavishly upon me of little effect.

I was dragged before a magistrate, asked my name, and then charged—*with being intoxicated and defying the representatives of justice!*

I almost whooped with joy, until the judge, as my captors called him, suddenly addressed me on the gravity of my offence.

I then began to fear being made the victim of the man's prejudices. He had a face like a gorilla—and all sorts of power to imprison alcoholised citizens. I apologised for disturbing the peace, for troubling the sheriff, and for making it necessary to have my skull nearly smashed open. In the end I was fined thirty dollars.

Secretly, I was still haunted by thoughts of Morton. Would I find, on getting back to Rangeley, that his body had been discovered riddled with bullets from my missing revolver?

WHAT really had happened, as I afterwards learnt, was very different. Morton had picked up my revolver, which had slid from my pocket when he knocked me over.

I had immediately left the house of the beerseller and started wildly off on my own. Morton had remained behind to drink.

He departed, according to our host, shortly before dawn. He was in a very evil humour, when, at last, he left. He must have been too drunk to find his way.

He wandered into a wood, encountered a tramp—that was probably soon after sunrise—and in a panic, as he explained himself, shot the man dead.

In England I expect he would have been hanged for wilful murder. In Maine they accepted the plea of justifiable homicide—killing through a misapprehension.

NEXT WEEK: *A reader who endured incredible suffering in the dread chain-gang describes the most barbarous punishment in a civilised world.*

The "Greatest of These—" Fund

Under Two Swords

Violet

A LOAD of trouble crept into nine-year-old Violet's home last December, when her mother was taken into hospital, where she gave birth to a still-born son. She was on the danger-list for over five weeks, her husband being many times called to her bedside.

He, an ex-Naval man, who got his free discharge after going through the Gallipoli campaign, had not only to bear the anxiety of wondering whether his wife would pull through, but his money dropped to 21s. a week, paid in cash and in kind, on which he had to keep the home going, with three of his children.

Violet and a brother aged six were placed in homes, and the sensitive little girl was thankful to return home when her mother was discharged from hospital.

Her dad's troubles did not end there. His rent had fallen into arrears, and at the county court he was ordered to pay a shilling a week off the outstanding £10. This brings his rent to 14s. 3d., which all but swallows up the 15s. he now receives in cash—17s. being allowed in kind, on which to support himself, his ailing wife who is still under the hospital, and five children, the eldest of whom is twelve years and the youngest two.

If the rent should fall behind, he knows he will be evicted. "That," he said grimly, "is always hanging over our heads."

There is another sharp-edged sword hanging unpleasantly over his head. At a time of stress, he borrowed £3, and a friend of his stood security. The money is now demanded with interest, and his friend, who cannot lay down this sum as he is on half-time, is threatened with distraint.

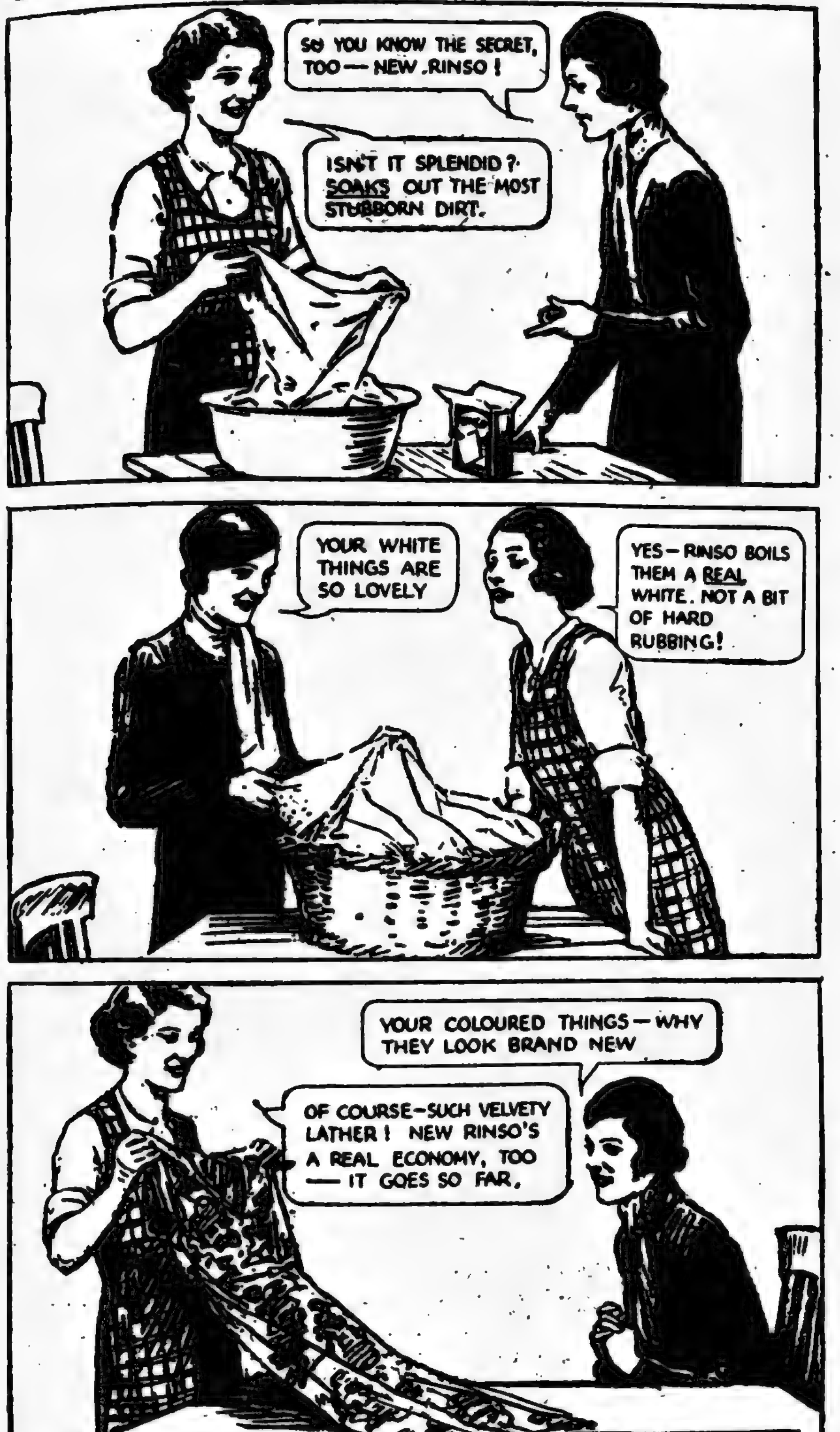
Violet's dad has good characters from his employers, and would take any kind of work.

Which of our readers, we wonder, will come gallantly forward, and help to cut down these threatening swords before they destroy Violet's home, by sending donations earmarked "Violet"?

All donations should be addressed to The Hon. Secretary, JOHN BULL War Sufferers' Fund, 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2, and will be acknowledged where names and addresses are given.

We are deeply grateful to "Sympathiser" (Cornwall) for £20.

THRILLING NEWS FOR HOUSEWIVES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YES — RINSO BOILS THEM A REAL WHITE. NOT A BIT OF HARD RUBBING!
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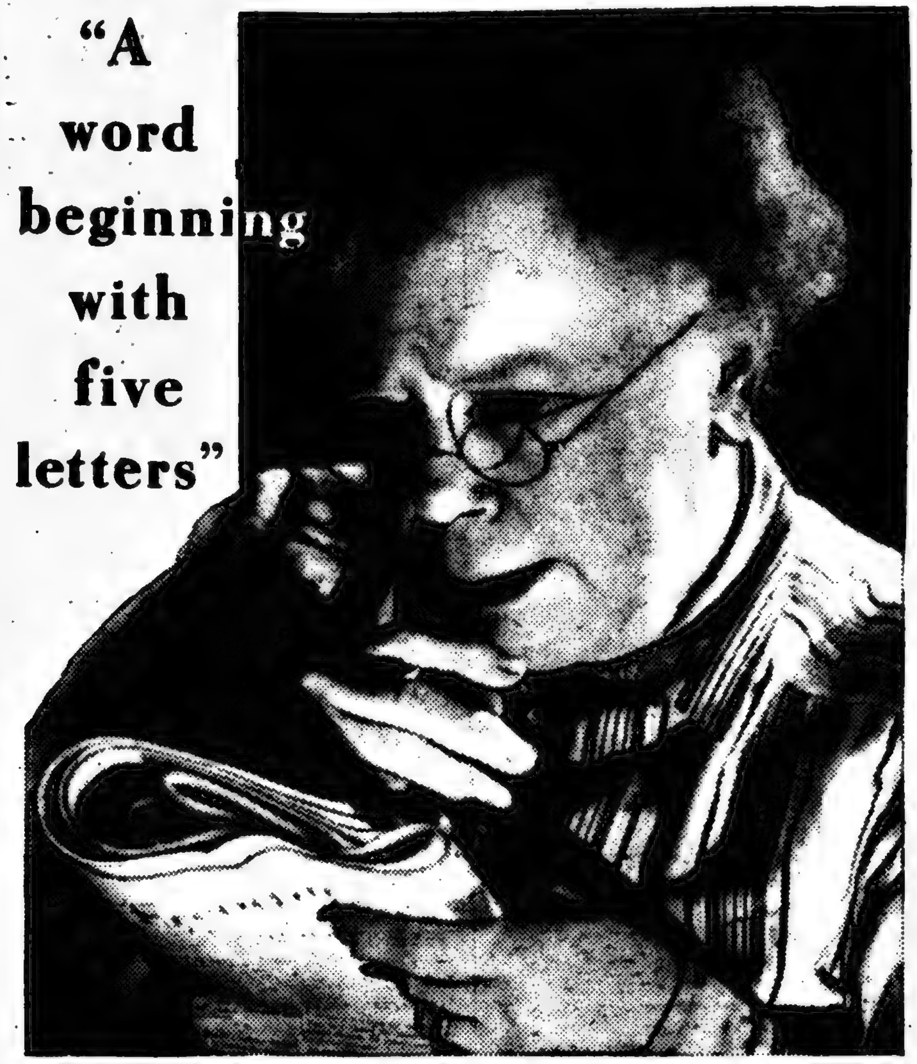
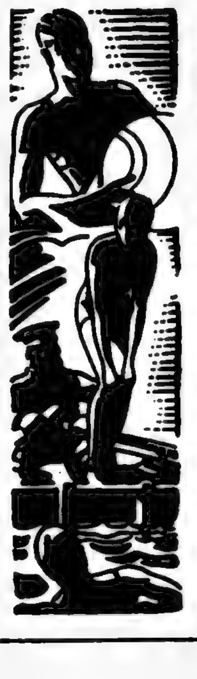


'and the first letter's an R . . . perhaps it's one of those funny Australian birds they're always coming out with . . . and a rook isn't long enough. Now then, Emma Rawlins, use your 'ead a bit! That word across . . . "—and lemons" it says. That's oranges! R and O . . . R and O . . . raven . . . redbreast . . . why, of course it's Robin. Me to forget that and Robin Starch 'as been the making of me. Why, I'd be flummoxed without Robin. There's no sticking with my iron and it does me good to look at the finish I get . . . and I've even time for these dratted cross-word puzzlers.'

ROBIN STARCH *is mixed in a wink. The gloss is in it—you add nothing but water. With either hot or cold starching you get a professional finish.*



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WHAT TO DO WITH—

The VIOLENT Husband

"Some folk are like walking volcanoes . . they are liable to break out into violent eruption at any moment . . ."

MANY people who are spared the great troubles of life are inclined to magnify the little things that irritate and annoy them. That is the meaning of the injunction, "Don't make a mountain out of a molehill."

One of my women readers writes to tell me about her husband. "He's good-tempered; easy to get on with, and, in fact, has none of the ordinary vices. *But* he is lackadaisical; has no ambition. . . ."

Now, I am not saying that this woman is complaining needlessly. What I want to stress is that in every case good qualities should be balanced against bad ones. I would go even further. I would emphasise the good points and minimise the bad ones.

"My husband is good-tempered," says my correspondent. Well, that is something to be devoutly thankful for. At least another of my readers would endorse that. For here is her letter:

"My husband and I have been married three years and we have a sturdy little son of two. The darkest spot in our lives is my husband's uncontrollable temper.

"Now and again a very little thing will send him raving mad. When he is like this he throws the furniture about and once he hurt me so badly that I was ordered to hospital. Recently he had another outburst. He broke some of the furniture and china and ended up by smashing in the bedroom door.

"I am, of course, terrified of him when he is like this, and should be so grateful if you could tell me what is the wisest thing to be done. I love him dearly and do not want to leave him."

* * *

THERE are some folk who are just like walking volcanoes. And it is terrifying to be near them because they are liable to break out into a violent eruption at any moment. On the other hand, most of the time these people can be reasonable and even delightful companions.

It is obvious that in this particular case the husband is normally quite a good fellow. Otherwise he would not have succeeded in retaining the love of his wife in spite of so much provocation.

It is when a man is not quite himself that such acts of violence occur. The cause may be one of many things. It is a well-known fact that people who suffer from a certain condition of the heart are subject to fits of ungovernable rage. Minor forms of epilepsy, too, manifest themselves in this way. Any small cause, then, serves as an outlet for the pent-up emotions.

Now, in cases of this kind, what is required is the help and counsel of a medical man. I would therefore urge my correspondent to find a way by which her husband can be seen by a doctor.

She should, if possible, see the doctor first and explain just what has occurred. For her husband naturally will not be inclined to go into details. In fact, it is possible that when the attacks are over he remembers little about them. That is often the case. And if the doctor who is consulted is sympathetic and understanding he may be able to suggest some treatment that will strengthen the nerves or in other ways deal with the malady.

* * *

AS for my correspondent, I admire her greatly. Many people would have become "fed-up" long ago. After all, violent assault is a legitimate cause for separation. But this woman does not desire that. I only hope a cure may be effected which will make her sacrifice and devotion well worth while.

Like most other failings, there are varying degrees of bad temper. It is not always the destructive kind like the case I have just quoted. One brand that is equally bad, and probably far more common, is the sulky variety. And this time it is a man who is the victim.

"I have been married now for eleven years," he tells me, "and if I had the time to come over again I honestly believe I should want to marry the same wife. Up to a year ago we were ideally happy, and we should be now but for one thing. Without any apparent cause my wife has fits of sulkiness which last for days at a time.

"When they happen I might as well be living with a deaf and dumb mute. For she never says anything to me of her own accord, and if I speak to her I get no reply. It seems so strange, as ordinarily she is of a happy disposition. Even when these fits are on, if neighbours or friends come in to see us, she is perfectly all right so long as they are present. But as soon as the door is closed behind them she recedes into her shell again."

Now, if I had to make the choice of having to live with a person who sulks or with one who has a quick temper, I should certainly select the latter.

The flash of temper is usually like a flash of lightning, it does not last for long. But sulkiness frequently persists, as in this man's case, "for days at a time."

There is one strange feature about his case. It only started a year ago, after ten years of happy married life. It therefore seems almost certain that there is some definite cause for it.

A likely one is that this woman's nerves have become rather frayed, and her husband does something, it may be very trifling, that irritates her. Instead of this trouble being rectified in its early stages it was allowed to develop. There can be nothing really serious, because when other people come along she is perfectly normal.

When this woman emerges from one of these attacks her husband should have a sympathetic chat with her. He should try to discover what lies behind it. If he succeeds, he may be able to put it right. If he fails, then there is only one other explanation. There must be some physical defect. There are many likely causes which it is impossible to discuss on this page, but which a good medical man would detect and put right.

* * *

NOW let me take the case of the wife with the irritable husband. Such a one writes to me:

"My life is becoming a misery because of the grouses of my husband. Nothing I do seems to please him. If I get something nice and tasty for his supper he is likely as not to push the plate away and tell me he's sick to death of having the same thing over and over again, though I may not have given him that particular dish for a month.

"Yet in the mornings and at the week-ends he is all right, and he can be as good a man as one could wish to have."

Now, there is one significant fact about this letter. That man is all right in the mornings and at the week-ends. It is at night-time that these fits of temper occur.

The evening is often the most trying time of the day for a man and his wife. They have both been working hard, and, fagged out, their nerves are on edge. The man comes home too tired to notice that his wife has been busy washing or cleaning all day. The woman, perhaps, has no conception of the worries her husband has had to meet.

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Under these conditions a flare-up on either side is so easy.

At such times it is strange what a word of understanding or appreciation will do. The happiest homes are those where the motto is "Each for both and both for each."

Just one final word to my correspondent. Her only bugbear seems to be the eventide irritability. Whilst I hold no brief for the man who suffers from a perpetual "sore head," there are worse vices than an occasional outburst of temper. A thunderstorm is never pleasant, but it clears the air.

The real danger is that this woman's trouble will develop unless she takes care. She seems to be taking things very much to heart.

And with the husband irritable and the wife miserable—far worse consequences are likely to follow.

Think carefully, I beg both of them. Let them take as their motto the fine words of the poet:

"Be to our faults a little blind,
And to our virtues always kind."

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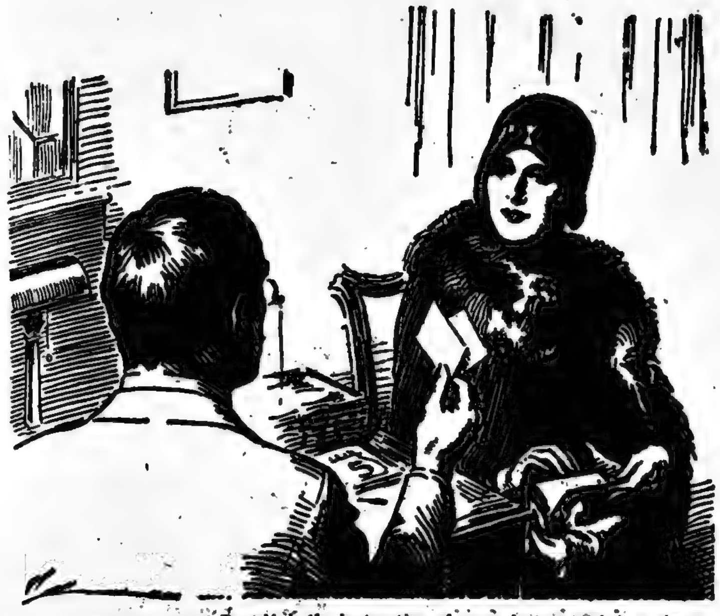

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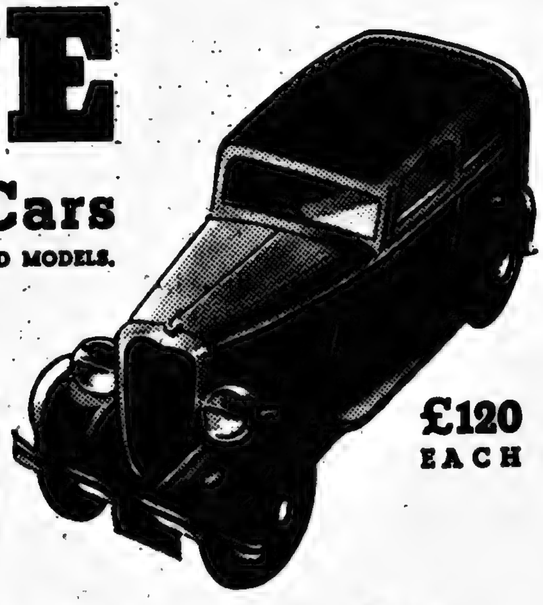

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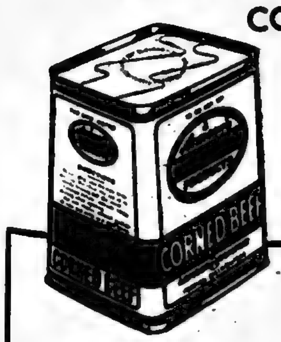

Armour's 'Veribest' Corned Beef is the most nourishing and economical meat food obtainable to-day. Ask also for Armour's 'Veribest' Ox Tongues—they're delicious.

FREE entry form from your grocer

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Change from heavy foods

Wouldn't you welcome something extra crisp and refreshing? Well, serve Kellogg's Corn Flakes with cold milk or cream and add tinned fruits or honey.

The flavour and crispness will delight you—and you'll feel better after eating these easy-to-digest Corn Flakes. No cooking required. Sold by all grocers in the red-and-green packet.

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CORN
FLAKES

7½d. per packet
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285

You MUST PURIFY YOUR DOGS BLOOD in Spring

For the next four months his health depends on what you do NOW!

WHEN a dog-owner forgets to condition his dog in Spring, he forces him to suffer the miseries of impure blood all through Summer.

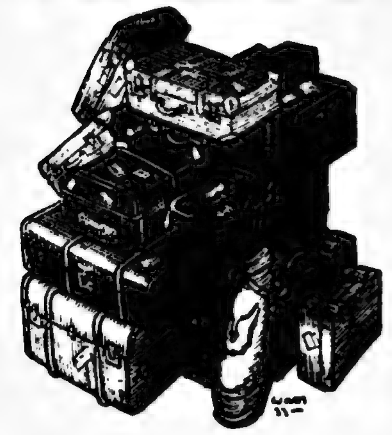
Food impurities are continually infecting your dog's bloodstream, and as his skin is non-porous he cannot purify his blood by perspiring. On warm Spring days, when his blood begins to overheat, these impurities develop rapidly, and soon he suffers such blood ailments as **loss of appetite, listlessness** and **continual scratching.**

All thoughtful dog-owners are Spring-conditioning their dogs now with **Bob Martin's Condition Powders.** By doing this you will go a long way towards keeping your dog in perfect health all through Summer, for **Bob Martin's Condition Powders** remove every impurity from the blood and so tone up the whole system.

1/- boxes of 21 powders, and 6d. packets of 9 powders from dog biscuit shops, chemists and big stores.

That is why

BOB MARTIN'S
TASTELESS
CONDITION POWDERS
KEEP dogs fit!



Bound for
NORTH WALES

Which of us that has ever been to North Wales but wants to see "Colwyn Bay" or "Llandudno" on the holiday luggage once more? This year there are Summer Tickets to take you there by any train for a penny a mile and stay as long as you like up to a month. And a Holiday Contract Ticket will give you the run of this beautiful region, to go anywhere, by any train, as often as you like for a week for 10/-.

"Holidays by L M S" (the comprehensive resorts and apartments guide)—6d. (post free) from L M S Stations, Offices, Bookstalls and Booksellers. Get a copy of "L M S Cheap Fares" and Illustrated Folder "North Wales" (free) from any L M S Station or Office.

L M S
LONDON MIDLAND AND
SCOTTISH RAILWAY

"White Magic" of the DOWSERS

TO London's list of queer societies a new one was added the other day, when about forty people met, under the chairmanship of Col. A. H. Bell, of Lindfield, Sussex, to form the Society of Dowsers.

Similar societies exist in other European countries, and quite recently a National Congress was held in Italy, attended by nearly 500 "dowsers" from all parts of the world.

"Dowsing," or divining, for water or minerals and other subterranean deposits by means of hazel wands and metal rods is taking itself seriously. From being a little-known art practised by a few gifted but obscure "magicians," it is now applying to be listed among the sciences.

It has, indeed, acquired a long scientific-sounding name for itself. Rhabdomancy it now calls itself. "Dowsers" are rhabdomancers.

More than that, it is now disputing the authority of science in some fields of enquiry and providing proof after amazing proof of its right to do so.

Take, for instance, the extraordinary faculty possessed by Mr. Frederick Stone, the middle-aged Cornish gardener whom South Africans are now calling "the electric man."

MR. STONE has been famous in Cornwall for years for his powers of divining water, and was often employed by farmers on "dry" land. A few years ago he discovered that his peculiar sensitiveness extended to metals as well.

Armed with a clock spring instead of a hazel wand, he found that he could not only detect gold, silver and other metals, but could also indicate the depths at which they were placed with an astonishing degree of accuracy.

This strange gift of his eventually came to the notice of the Geological Survey Department in far-off Rhodesia.

On an invitation, Mr. Stone proceeded there, and the department, still sceptical in spite of the invitation, gave him a thorough test.

First they buried bags of sand, and bags of sand mixed with a little gold, at various points beneath a large field. Mr. Stone, with his clock spring, was able to decide which were the gold places and which were not.

SIDE-SLIPS

Examples of unconscious humour from the current Press are welcomed. Actual cuttings must be sent. 2/6 is paid to the sender of each item published. When the same "slip" is sent by more than one reader, prize is awarded to first opened.

SOUTH WALES EVENING POST:—"Defendant was offered BAIT."

PULP AND PAPER OF CANADA:—"Montagu Norman STARTED the world by his marriage."

DEAN FOREST GUARDIAN:—"Apples, 2d. per BUNCH."

NORTH-EASTERN DAILY GAZETTE:—"Mr. Maclean asked the Government what action it intended to take since the ALTERCATION necessary to make the Bill workable had been rejected."

SOUTH WALES ARGUS:—"HOSE, Portion, to Let; bath, etc."

SUNDAY GRAPHIC:—"Hunt, in the centre, was as usual a live WIFE."

HULL DAILY MAIL:—"Detective-Constable B—— stated that —— was a married man with LIGHT children."

BRADFORD DAILY TELEGRAPH AND ARGUS:—"He had a suspicion that the company was INSOLENT."

THE GUIDE:—"He had reserved his BIRTH, paying a deposit to the tourist agency."

NORTHAMPTON CHRONICLE AND ECHO:—"Lady Astor arrived about 9.15. She found her favourite place still unticketed and placed her CAR on it at leisure."

MIDLAND COUNTIES EXPRESS:—"The trees near by were swollen with young BIRDS."

CORNISHMAN:—"The church was beautified with pink and white roses by the GIRLS' Friendly Society, of which the bride and BRIDEGROOM were members."

Over the sunken gold bags the spring held in his two hands writhed and curled upwards. Over the bags of sand it stayed still.

Next a mining company took him down six shafts which had been sunk in a fruitless search for a gold vein.

In two of the shafts gold had been placed for test purposes by the company. Mr. Stone's clock spring registered it infallibly. In the other shafts there was no response.

But not only did Mr. Stone find the deliberately hidden gold in one of the shafts; he also stated that a gold vein ran several feet beneath the bottom of this shaft, a fact of which the company was unaware.

The interesting point about all this is that the Cornish "dowser," with his clock spring, was able to register accurate impressions of the hidden gold when all the latest scientific apparatus, like torsion balances, hot wire seismographs, and other devices, had failed to register anything at all.

There are dozens of so-called explanations of the "dowser's" mysterious gift. Some authorities class it as a psychic quality, such as mediums possess. Others ascribe it to a particular physical sensitiveness to the electrical properties of matter buried beneath the surface of the earth.

Mr. Stone himself believes that his power is due to an excess of electricity in his body. When practising his art he wears rubber shoes and silk socks to insulate him from earth.

There are plenty of people who possess this apparent superabundance of electric force in their bodies—men whose wrist watches rapidly become magnetised and refuse to keep time; women whose hair crackles violently when they brush it; thousands more to whom a new wool covering, like underwear or blankets, is almost unbearable. They are all potential "dowsers."

Are you a "dowser" without knowing it? Try it for yourself by copying the "dowser's" methods. It is very simple.

YOU get a witch-hazel twig about a foot long, forked at one end like a boy's catapult. Hold a prong in each hand, pointing the other end slightly downwards. Hold the prongs tightly, pulled outwards a little, the palms of your hands upward, thumbs outward, elbow turned inwards, a rather uncomfortable position.

Stand with it over a well or a tin of buried coppers. If you are a "dowser" you will feel the rod turn in your hands as if it were alive, as though a power were passing down your arm, tightening the muscles, forcing the end of the twig upward against your chest.

With some people the movement of the twig is so violent that it takes the skin off their fingers. Sometimes the twig snaps off at the prongs.

This may sound absurd, but there are scores of "dowsers" practising in England to-day, proving it to be true.

Among them is sixteen-year-old Joyce Prosser, of Hardwicke, near Gloucester, who has had the faculty since childhood and is already finding employment in places where there is a water scarcity.

Mr. B. Tompkins, a Norfolk water diviner, rendered great assistance during the disastrous typhoid epidemic at Malton, Yorkshire, last year. When polluted reservoirs were being closed down throughout the district, he discovered a spring in the Denby Dale district capable of yielding 100,000 gallons of water a day.

The stick points . . . Mr. John Clark at work at Knaresborough, Yorkshire

Mr. John Clark, the seventy-year-old Leicestershire "dowser," even claims to be able to locate drowned bodies in a river, and police in various parts of the country have called upon him several times this year to aid them in tracing missing people.

Recently he found four bodies within a fortnight. His last discovery cleared up the tragic mystery of the disappearance of the six-year-old son of Mr. and Mrs. H. C. Keyworth, of Gainsborough. The child's body was located by Mr. Clark in the River Trent after he had directed the police along its banks for many miles.

IN his search Mr. Clark simply used a hazel fork and sometimes a piece of spring wire held at each end. In one hand he also clutched a piece of the missing person's clothing.

"White magic," call it what you like, the "dowsers'" art is still a mystery. A few centuries ago its practitioners would have been burned at the stake for sorcery.

Even as recently as the end of the last century, when one of our county councils, shortly after they were formed, employed a "dowser" and paid him a fee, the official auditors disallowed the payment, and won the case when the matter was taken to court.

To-day the testimony as to the genuineness of the "dowsers'" claims is so abundant that science is trying to discover some rational explanation.

But, so far, science has failed.

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Sponge Sandwich

that melts in your mouth

when it is made with **TREX**

TREX, the new cooking fat, has a lot of wonderful qualities. But most wonderful of them all is the way it makes things lighter. That's why it makes the most gorgeous sponge cakes—so light, so delicate, so fluffy that they really do melt in your mouth. Just try it. (Remember that TREX is a perfect frying fat, too —*and* a perfect shortening.)

Try this sponge sandwich. Take 5 ozs. TREX, 6 ozs. sugar, 2 eggs, 8 ozs. flour, ¼ teaspoonful salt, 1 teaspoonful baking powder, 3 tablespoonfuls milk. Cream the TREX and sugar with a wooden spoon until they become a light snowy mass, and whilst still creaming add the well-beaten eggs slowly. Now very gently stir in the mixed flour, salt, and baking powder, and then the milk. Bake in a moderate oven. Split and put jam, lemon cheese, or cream in the middle.

TREX IS DEFINITELY MORE DIGESTIBLE than the usual cooking fats. Many people who have to avoid cakes and dishes containing fat find they can eat them safely when TREX is used.

Would you like a TREX Cookery Book containing 100 really useful everyday recipes? Send 2d. in stamps to J. Bibby & Sons, Ltd., Dept. W.22, King Edward Street, Liverpool. If you have any difficulty in obtaining TREX, write to the manufacturers, giving the name and address of your grocer.

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ECONOMICAL FAMILY SIZE

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Lavender, Lily of the Valley, Verbena, Essence of Flowers and Pine. ★ *2d. each, and in cartons of 3 cubes for 6d., or 6 for 1/-*

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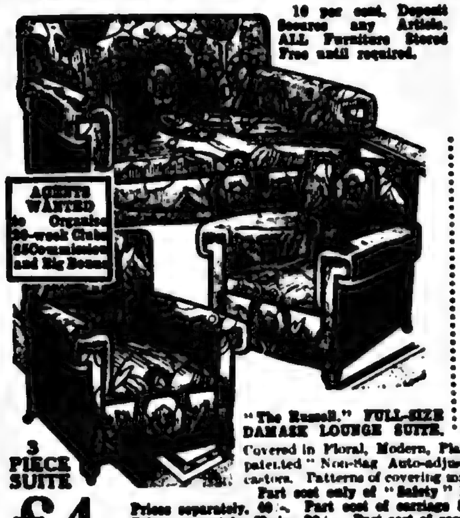

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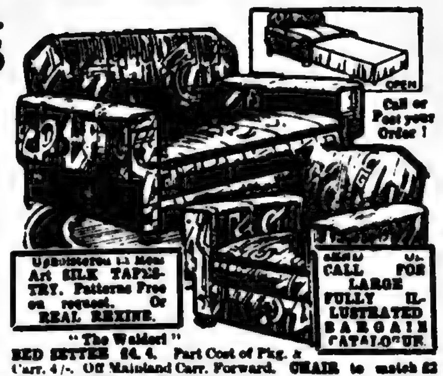

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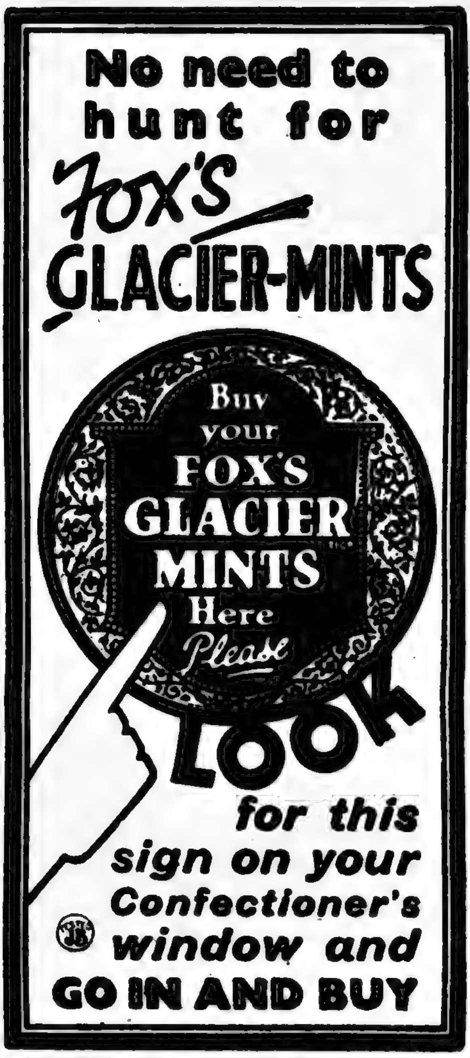
HOW TO AVOID HOLIDAY DANGERS

Holidays can do you just as much harm as good. Taking unwonted exercise, tiring yourself out, straining yourself are very real dangers if you're not fit to start with. Yet who wants to spend the holiday sitting all day like an invalid?

So, here is what doctors are advising people all over the country. Start now by taking three glasses of Wincarnis a day; the first thing you notice will be how much better you sleep. The very first night you'll sleep more soundly than you have for months. You will wake refreshed and reinvigorated.

Then you will find yourself getting stronger and stronger. You will tire less easily, have more zest for work and play, be more alert more determined.

Remember, Wincarnis is not a drug or a medicine. It is simply the purest of wine, with the great added advantage of the highest-grade beef and guaranteed vitamin malt extracts. Try Wincarnis to-day.



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"Elswick" CYCLES

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Sheldons

Rescued—

Relief at last for the marooned men. "Nearer and nearer the boat came . . . our excitement broke out . . ."

—by Shackleton!

IF you had lived for six months on an ice-floe which was slowly melting and breaking up under your feet as it drifted to warmer latitudes. . . .

If for all that time the only thing between you and death by starvation was what you could capture from the sea. . . .

If, when at last you managed to land on a desolate island, you had to keep alive somehow against almost hopeless conditions of hardship. . . .

Well, if that happened to you wouldn't you think the hour of deliverance the greatest hour of your life?

I am sure every one of the twenty-two of us whom Sir Ernest Shackleton rescued from Elephant Island on August 30, 1916, felt and still feels that the hour we had in which to embark on the ship that had come to save us was the most thrilling hour of our lives.

Certainly I did.

We had left civilisation, immediately after the war began, on Sir Ernest Shackleton's expedition to the Antarctic in the *Endurance*. After only a few months among the ice the ship had been crushed to matchwood before our eyes between two gigantic ice-floes.

We could see that the catastrophe was going to happen, and fortunately were able to salvage three small boats, tents, and a few provisions But once stranded on the ice, how pathetic our equipment seemed.

Perilous pitch

We knew we had landed on a huge floe, which was slowly drifting to warmer waters, where it must inevitably melt.

How we ever got off it alive was just a series of miracles. Time after time the ice cracked and parted right through the middle of our camp, and at least once it broke under one of the tents in the middle of the night. But that is another story.

Eventually we managed to land on Elephant Island, and Shackleton, with a small party of men, set out to get help from South Georgia.

No one can possibly imagine what it meant to us all to hear Marston, one of the party, running up the beach one day shouting "Ship!"

It was four and a half months since Shackleton had left. We were weak and emaciated. We had had no proper food for nearly twelve months. We had all had scurvy.

As week after week went by it seemed almost impossible that we should ever come out alive. We did not even know that Shackleton had not perished in his attempt to get help for us.

We were even talking of sending out another party in one of the boats, though there was little hope of men in our condition being able to stand the long exposure and the exhausting work of manning a boat.

Wild, who had charge of us, had been splendid in keeping up our spirits. My old banjo, which Shackleton, in an inspired moment, had insisted on saving from the ship, saying "If we can't save any food, we *must* save that banjo; it's vital mental medicine," had also been a great help. Every Saturday night we had a sing-song and *every* man contributed something to the programme.

A Greatest Hour

described to "John Bull" by

Dr. L. D. A. Hussey,

Meteorologist to Sir Ernest Shackleton's Antarctic Expeditions

Then, just as everyone felt we could not keep on much longer, the miracle happened.

I remember we had prepared what seemed to us a rather wonderful midday meal. We had unearthed a few old seal bones from somewhere, a few bits of seal steak, some seaweed, about 100 limpets (a very great luxury), and stewed them all together in one part of sea-water to four of ice. Does it sound particularly appetising to you? Well, to us it was a feast.

But that meal was never eaten. Because just as we were going to sit down Marston, whose turn it was to keep "watch," came running with the news.

The excitement of that moment and the next hour is something that can never be explained.

"Ship!"

In our rough hut, fashioned from two upturned boats and the tents, we all stood still for a moment to make quite sure that our ears were not deceiving us—that what Marston was really calling out was "Ship!"

Then, when we were quite sure, there was one wild rush for the door. Those who couldn't get through it broke through the canvas walls. They had to get out somehow quickly.

The ship was there all right, but as we stood watching it, it seemed to be going too far, as though it would pass us by. Our hearts sank at the thought.

Then the ship stopped. We could see a boat being lowered and our excitement broke out afresh.

Wild tore the coat off the man nearest to him, poured some of our precious stock of petrol over it, and set fire to it for a flare. Dr. Macklin, another of the party, climbed up a flagpole and tied his waistcoat to it for a signal.

We were all so excited that our voices actually went. I do not mean that we could not speak for emotion, but our voices were reduced to husky whispers as though we were suddenly suffering from laryngitis.

Nearer and nearer the boat came, and then, before it was near enough for him to land, Shackleton threw us packets of cigarettes.

How typical of his care for his men was that little act of thoughtfulness. We had been living for nearly a year almost entirely on seal—no bread, no tea, no tobacco And tobacco, I think, was what we missed most.

Some of the hardened smokers used to try and smoke old bits of dried seaweed or even dried pieces of seal, but the craving for tobacco never died even after all those months.

Momentous date

When Shackleton landed he told us it was his fourth attempt to save us, and he ordered us to hurry. The ice was coming down on us. We might have an hour, or an hour and a half at most, before it caught us. If we were not away before then the ship would be unable to get clear.

We abandoned our camp just as it was—or, rather, I did bring away my old banjo, which now hangs in my home, autographed by the whole party.

It took us just about an hour to get everybody to the ship, and as we sailed northwards we could see the ice less than half an hour behind us.

The next thing was to have a square meal—the first civilised meal we had had since the *Endurance* was crushed a year before.

That was the most wonderful hour I have ever lived.

Those of us who are anywhere near London on the anniversary of that 30th of August always get together for a little celebration. It always takes the form of a dinner—and stewed seal, seaward and limpets are *not* on the menu!

GUIDE CAPTAIN *saves home*

Mrs. Jeffers, of Dagenham, whose courage saved her home.

A LITTLE home at Dagenham might have been gutted by fire had it not been for the coolness and courage of a Guide Captain residing there, Mrs. Jeffers, of 463 Becontree Avenue.

Bravely fighting the flames until the brigade arrived, she prevented the fire from spreading.

In acknowledging JOHN BULL's cheque to cover the loss to household belongings, she writes modestly: "Being an officer in the Girl Guides, I knew what to do, but little did I dream that I should ever need to take advantage of your Free Insurance. JOHN BULL has proved to be a good friend and counsellor."

Our gallant reader has well lived up to the motto of her corps, "Be prepared." When fire, our deadliest enemy, visited the home, she knew how to combat it. By signing the registration forms for JOHN BULL's Great Free Family Insurance she was further "prepared," and her foresight has brought her a welcome cheque to replace the belongings which were destroyed.

Fire comes like a thief in the night. Should it steal upon you, see to it that you are covered by JOHN BULL's Free Family Insurance which covers cherished belongings up to £1,000.

The Registration Forms are below—sign them now!

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A Mother speaks—

"I feel I must write and say how very grateful I feel about "the *wonderful results* I have had since first giving my little "son Nestlé's Milk. It is undoubtedly the finest baby food "on the market. My baby now weighs 21½ lbs. at 7 months; "as he was only 5¼ lbs. at 5 weeks, when I first started with "Nestlé's it goes to prove *what a wonderful help your milk has* "*been*. I may say he is as firm a child as any mother could "wish, and *as happy as the day is long*. I have been able to "recommend your Milk to several of my friends just recently, "and will always do so whenever I can."

Mrs. R. H. R. . . ., WALLASEY.

The originals of hundreds of letters from mothers may be seen at Nestlé's office. Gratitude only has prompted them: never, never have Nestlé's asked for them.

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"it never disagrees"

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Every reader is invited to try Shavex Super Blades which give the most perfect shave. Few blades possess such excellent sharpness and yet in shaving have such wonderful smoothness. The sharpness of these blades is obtained by a secret process and every single blade is examined by experts before it is allowed to leave the factory. Now, every reader can get four of these 3d. Shavex Super Blades free, as they are being given away to every purchaser of a New and Patented Razor. The value of this razor is 5/- but we are offering it at only 1/-. It is beautifully plated, has a patent guard that prevents one cutting oneself and can be cleaned in a second. If you are not satisfied with the Razor and blades you can send them back within three days and your money will be refunded, also postage. Send 1/- to-day for Razor and 4 free blades to SHAVEX ZEE-KOL CO., Ltd. (Dept. J.B.), 40, Blenheim Road, Upper Holloway, N.19.—[Advt.]

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Soothes and Relieves Tired Feet.
40 tablets 10½d.; trial size 6d.
Stocked by all chemists.

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Fits any Cycle.
7/8 Complete with 3 batteries.

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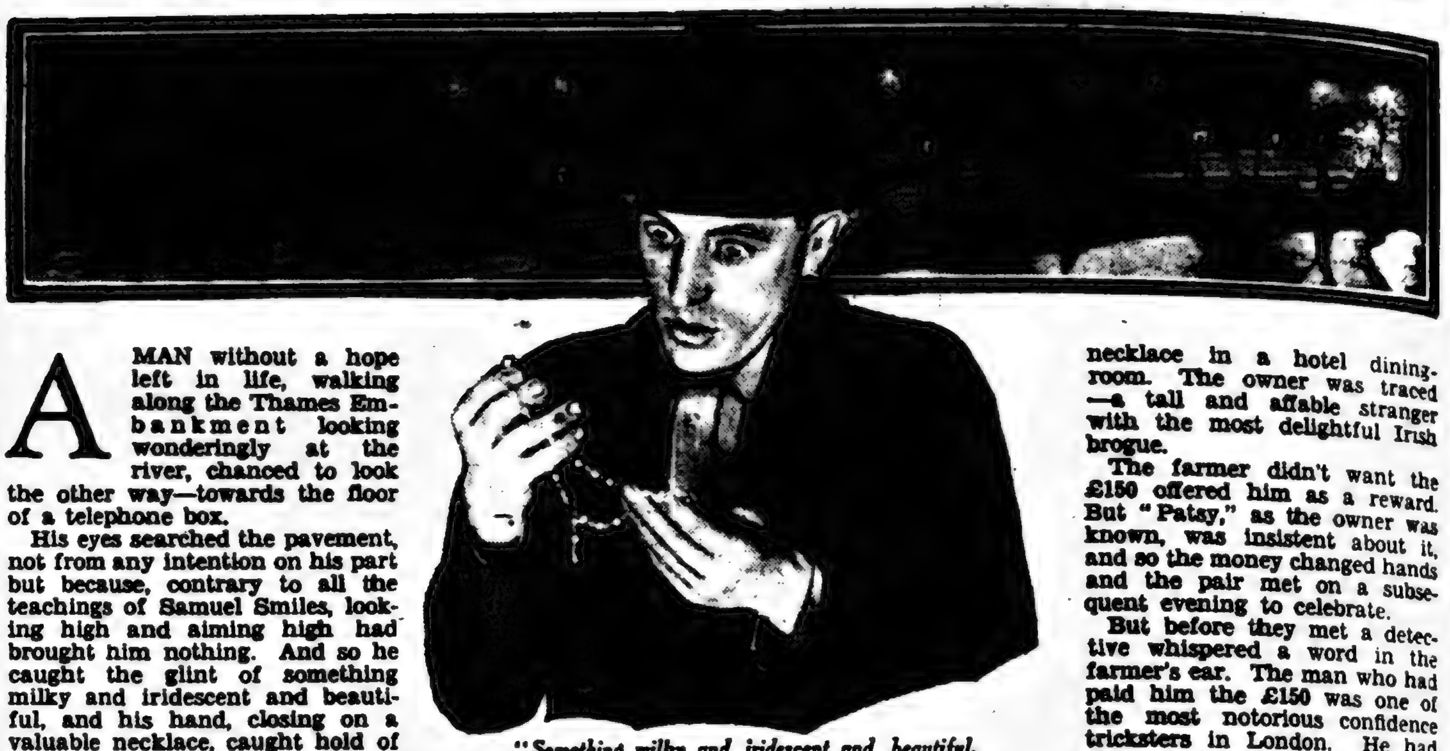
A REWARD is Offered . .



"Something milky and iridescent and beautiful, and his hand caught hold of Life itself . . ."

A MAN without a hope left in life, walking along the Thames Embankment looking wonderingly at the river, chanced to look the other way—towards the floor of a telephone box.

His eyes searched the pavement, not from any intention on his part but because, contrary to all the teachings of Samuel Smiles, looking high and aiming high had brought him nothing. And so he caught the glint of something milky and iridescent and beautiful, and his hand, closing on a valuable necklace, caught hold of Life itself.

The sum of £250 was what the assessors, who were offering a reward for the lost necklace, paid him just three days later.

Not a fabulous fortune in itself. Yet because he invested it wisely in a little business of his own that had no element of gambling about it, he is to-day assured of a small income for the rest of his days.

His was just another example of how careless people pay a tax to the honest—almost as if Life has its own system of fines for one and compensations for the other. Yet another of the many amazing stories behind the words: "A reward is offered for the return of . . ."

There are many such. You have only to bear in mind that a million pounds' worth of gems and other valuables is lost in the United Kingdom every year to realise how many.

Even if they are only rewarded on the basis of 10 per cent. of the value of the goods they find—and that, broadly, is regarded as the minimum that a loser can reasonably offer—they are entitled to £100,000 a year.

"It pays . . ."

But in some cases grateful people are unusually generous. In others the valuables concerned have a sentimental value far higher than their market price. Sometimes the valuables are not claimed—and go in their entirety to the finder.

And so, it is estimated, no less a sum than a quarter of a million pounds is the annual tribute of Forgetfulness to Honesty in this country alone.

Not always do the biggest rewards—and many between £1,000 and £5,000 are paid every year—confer the biggest benefit on the recipients.

A London baker's roundsman, pulling up his cart at the end of the pavement, found a gold tiepin with a ruby swinging from it.

The street was empty.

He had money troubles at home—troubles which this obviously valuable jewel would solve.

Yet, being an honest man, he drove to the police station, and received the sum of 37s. a few days later as the reward.

One thing he doesn't know to this day was that his honesty saved his good name—and was probably the means by which he escaped an unjust sentence of imprisonment.

For there had been defalcations at his shop, and, because he was known to be in money difficulties, suspicion had fallen on him. The actual thief, to divert suspicion from himself, had planted a coin in an old overcoat owned by this honest delivery man—which had accentuated the suspicion.

His employer, however, was sensible enough to know that an employee who did what this man had done in handing over the tie-pin to the police was not the kind of man to filch sixpences, and so, looking in other directions for the real culprit, found him.

Assessors who act for clients in the recovery of their lost jewels have paid rewards to some strange people.

A London financier, generally believed to be a millionaire, gratefully pocketed the sovereign he was offered for finding a wrist-watch in a city street.

A down-and-out who was sleeping on the Embankment at night refused £30 offered him for the recovery of a gold and diamond brooch, which seems strange even when one remembers that Scotland Yard's Lost Property Office alone had £947 worth of rewards refused last year. He refused it because there was the photograph of a soldier in the brooch.

"No, I couldn't take it," said the finder to the assessor. "I was in the war myself, and this chap whose picture's here was probably killed."

"He was," said the assessor. "That's why we were anxious to get it back."

"Well," asked the man, "do you think I want rewarding for giving a dead soldier's picture back to his mother?"

Instead, he got a job, but care was taken to prevent him from learning that it was given him in gratitude for his honesty. There's no knowing how far pride might go with such a man.

A wealthy South African farmer visiting his homeland found a diamond necklace in a hotel dining-room. The owner was traced—a tall and affable stranger with the most delightful Irish brogue.

The farmer didn't want the £150 offered him as a reward. But "Patsy," as the owner was known, was insistent about it, and so the money changed hands and the pair met on a subsequent evening to celebrate.

But before they met a detective whispered a word in the farmer's ear. The man who had paid him the £150 was one of the most notorious confidence tricksters in London. He had probably not lost the necklace at all, but just planted it where the wealthy farmer would find it with a view to creating confidence.

It might be, added the detective, that the loss was genuine. But if the loser began to suggest certain investments, or volunteered to make a show of money if the farmer would do the same, the finder of the necklace was warned to beware.

Sure enough "Patsy" started the usual prelude to the confidence trick—and the farmer was able to break off negotiations at a moment when he was £150 in on the trick!

Who, as a rule, are these careless people who pay their tax to the honest in the shape of 10 per cent. rewards?

It is a curious fact that most of them are either Hatton Garden gem dealers or wholesale jewellers. Used to tucking gems worth tens of thousands in waistcoat pockets, or carrying them about in office papers, they are just as apt to nod at some moment in their lives as Homer himself—and the remedy is expensive.

Throwing them about!

A Hatton Garden dealer visiting Manchester a few months ago dropped jewels worth £12,000 from his pocket. Another dealer put a package containing £10,000 worth of gems on the floor of a telephone box at Piccadilly station while he rang up a friend to make an appointment—and then walked away without the parcel.

A year ago the street sweepers of Westminster spent a frantic night sweeping and resweeping the streets round Victoria Street because yet another dealer had dropped gems worth £5,000 overnight on his way to Victoria station.

Twice in recent months hundreds of tons of rubbish at Rainham, where much of London's refuse is dumped, has been turned over in searches for jewellery worth £6,000 and £3,000 respectively thrown away in dust-bins.

Violet Duchess of Rutland spent three years seeking a priceless collarette of diamonds which she dropped in the streets at Oakham after attending a Hunt Ball. And when the gems were traced recently it was discovered that the finder had thought them to be glass and that his children had been playing with them in the streets.

Bad luck—good luck

"Honesty is its own reward," runs the old legend.

Yet if there were no careless or forgetful people in the world, no ill-luck in the shape of strings of pearls that break and brooches that become unfastened, there would be far less chance for honest people to demonstrate their honesty.

Honesty, in that event, would be the poorer, in this country alone, by a quarter of a million pounds a year!

Courage that Saved a Home

GIRL Guides, like Boy Scouts, are expected to keep their heads in time of peril and meet danger with courage. That is the lesson Mrs. Jeffers, of 463, Becontree Avenue, Dagenham, Essex, has had to teach as a Guide Captain.

The other day Fate asked Mrs. Jeffers to obey her own teachings, and right gallantly she responded.

Intead of getting flurried when fire broke out in the home, she calmly proceeded to fight it unaided, keeping the flames at bay until the fire brigade bells were clanging at her door.

The story of how she undoubtedly prevented what would have been a terrible tragedy is told on page 35.

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(REGD.)

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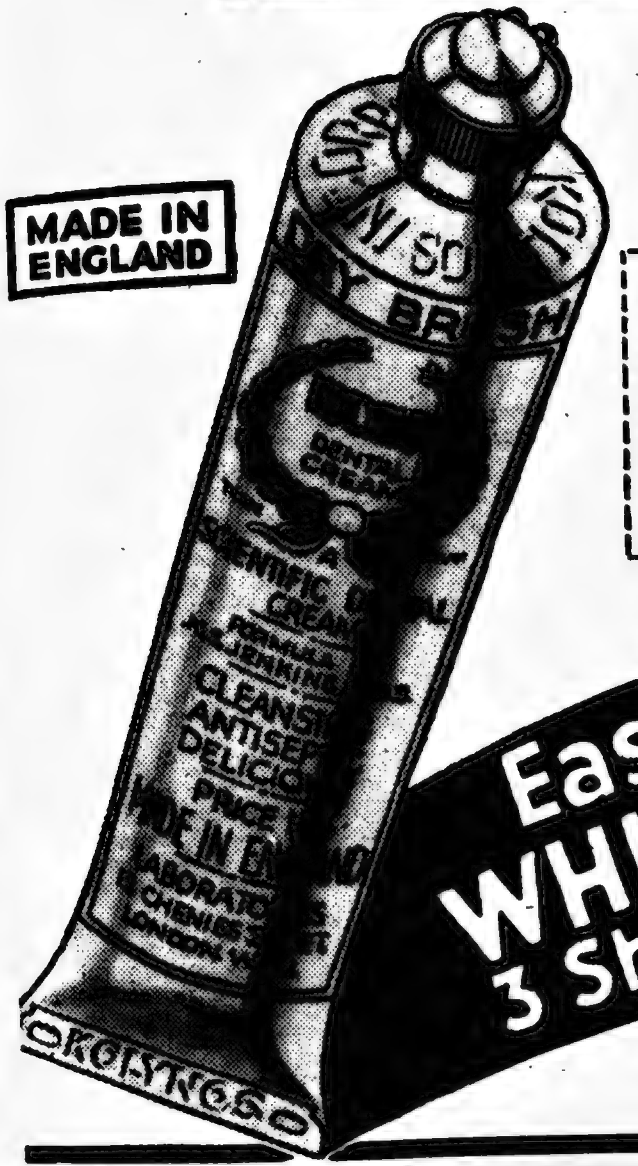
MADE IN ENGLAND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ANTISEPTIC
DELICIOUS
MADE IN ENGLAND

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NOW 1/-

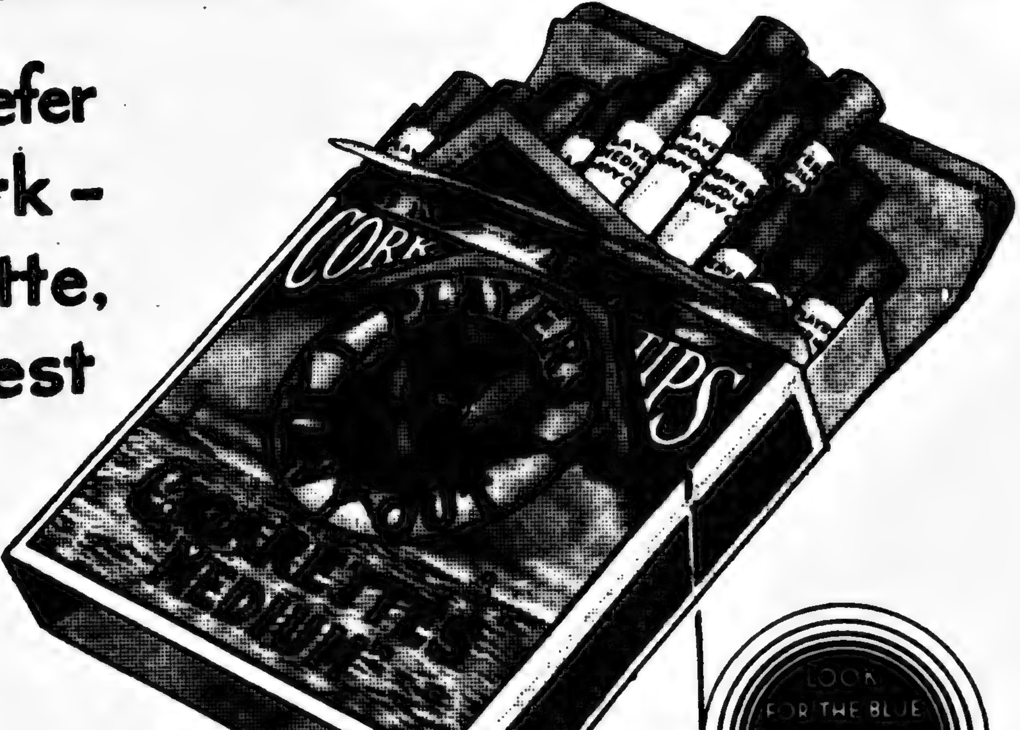
{SAME AS FORMERLY 1/6}

Easy Now to WHITEN TEETH 3 Shades Whiter

Also NEW LARGE SIZE 1/9

The above new prices do not apply to the Irish Free State.

Whether you prefer a plain or cork-tipped cigarette, smoke the best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Mrs. A. Westwood.

"My most memorable experience with this wonderful herbal ointment was when I was crippled with a poisoned foot.

"A shoe nail scratch became poisoned with stocking dye, causing sores to break out. There seemed no end to the discharge and throbbing pains. I tried many skin remedies but only Zam-Buk drew out the poisoned matter, stopped the terrible pains and swellings and grew new skin.

"For burns, scalds, and all sorts of children's knocks and bruises too, I've used Zam-Buk with the same success. After this all-round experience with Zam-Buk for my family of eight, I'm convinced there's no safer or surer preparation for the skin."

Mrs. A. Westwood

Zam-Buk cures because of the refined herbal oils which penetrate through the tissues to the roots of the trouble. Splendid for pimples, rashes, eczema, blotches, bad legs, piles, poisoned wounds, sore feet, cuts, burns, etc., 1/3 or 3/- box. All chemists and stores.

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Here's wonderful news for people who have suffered the miseries of indigestion. No matter how long you have suffered or how bad the symptoms, you can be cured.

All over the country doctors and hospitals are curing the most stubborn cases of wind, heartburn, flatulence, acidity and every form of indigestion with a formula so wonderful that it is actually avoiding operations for such serious dangers as gastric and duodenal ulcers.

You, too, can get the benefits of this discovery by asking your chemist for a bottle of Maclean Brand Stomach Powder, but be careful about one thing. Be sure you get the genuine Maclean Brand Stomach Powder under that exact name and see the signature "ALEX C. MACLEAN" before you buy. It is not sold loose, but only in 1/3, 2/- and 5/- bottles in cartons, of Powder or Tablets.

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Dr Scholl's Zino-pads

BRIDES who go into EXILE

SCATTERED over the far places of the earth, in the darkest heart of the equatorial jungle, the frozen silences of the Arctic Circle, and the savage hinterlands of unexplored kingdoms, there lives a devoted little band of women who have renounced all that most people treasure in life for the sakes of the men they love. Theirs is an exile of self-effacing heroism.

Take the slim, pretty London girl who recently changed her name from Petchy to Marsh.

Three years ago she met and fell in love with a young missionary, the Rev. D. B. Marsh, who was home on leave from the ice-locked wastes of the Far North.

In 1927 this adventurous young man had disappeared into the Arctic to take charge of a parish of some 40,000 square miles containing 400 Eskimo parishioners. With his own hands he built both a church and a house of timber, and for three years he studied the difficult Eskimo language. Then he came home on leave, met Miss Petchy, became engaged to her, and returned alone to Eskimo land.

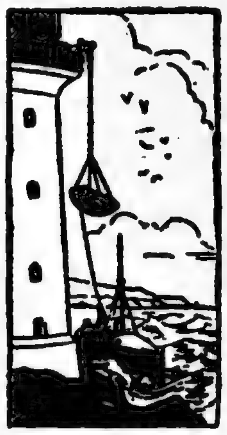
Early this year he came home again to marry her, and has now taken her back with him to the Land of the Midnight Sun.

Hers will be a hard and exacting life. For three years she will not meet a single white woman. She will look after 400 primitive people. During eight months in the year she will be living in perpetual darkness in a temperature falling to nearly 90 degrees of frost.

The countryside in which she will live is an old sea-bed. Fuel for heating is incredibly difficult to obtain. The nearest tree is 180 miles away, and coal, due to the difficulties of transport, costs £20 a ton!

For the past three years Mrs. Marsh has been training as a missionary. There will be plenty of work for her to do. The church, which holds sixty, is always full, while the parish takes two months to get round!

* * *



Scarcely less heroic are the women who marry the lighthouse keepers stationed in certain of the lonely watch towers illuminating our Empire sea routes.

Mrs. C. A. Myers, the young wife of the keeper of Cliffs Isle lighthouse, off Wilson's Promontory, the most southerly point in Victoria, scarcely sees a human being but her husband from one month to another.

Recently, just before her last baby was born, the weather was so stormy that no relief boat was able to go out for six weeks, so that she was without supplies.

One day a coastguard in Port Albert picked up a wireless message from the lighthouse: "Woman gravely ill. Medical aid required immediately. No fresh food."

At once a message was sent to Dr. Rutter, at Yarran, which is eight miles away. Loading his car with medicine, medical instruments, fresh butter, fruit and meat, the doctor drove at full speed into Port Albert, where a motor boat was waiting for him.

The stores were hastily transferred and the motor boat set out over the stormy waters. Would the doctor be in time? Who could say?

Mrs. Myers had already given birth and was in a state of collapse. She was lowered in a basket from a height of 40 ft., and back raced the motor boat to land. Within two hours she was in Yarran Hospital, where she recovered.

A close shave, but only one of the many perils which this gallant band of exiled brides faces as a matter of course.

* * *

Come now to a remote village called Bakere, which is the geographical centre of Africa.

To this unexplored spot, which is a clearing in the vast equatorial forest, there came some years ago an Englishman named Moules. He was the first white man the natives had ever seen. He built himself a mud hut.

Quite recently he came back to England and returned to Bakere with a young wife.

Few women, surely, can boast of a life so strange as hers. Except for her husband she is alone with a people so primitive that their only clothing is the bark of a tree.

The ruler of the district is a monarch named Misa, who has 400 wives and so many children that his courtiers are sometimes employed in counting them. He is a professed Christian, but owing to the activities of traders who have lately taken to hawking cheap spirits in his kingdom he has grave lapses into inebriety.

Near by dwell the treacherous pygmies, with their poisoned arrows. Leprosy abounds, but regardless of the danger Mrs. Moules helps her husband in managing a leper colony at Nala. Both man and wife have a sound practical knowledge of medicine.

As to society, if she wishes to set eyes on another white woman, Mrs. Moules must make a five days' trek through the dense tropical forest to Niapu, where there lives a woman who is a Canadian.

One of the few unexplored districts in the world, far from the ever-widening trade routes, is north of the Gold Coast in the basin of the Black Volta River, where young Mrs. Edgar Wood, an intelligent, cultured girl, has just gone out to live with her missionary husband.

Exploring a wild tract of some 5,500 square miles, they are trying to make friends with primitive tribes such as the Dugatis, Gonjas, Walas and Gurunsis, who have never before seen a white man or woman.

* * *

Then there is Mrs. Rex Bavington, who has recently joined her husband, and now lives a full fourteen days' journey from Srinagar in a remote district, known as Little Thibet, deep in the heart of Asia and on the roof of the world.

It is a country hidden in the mighty ranges of the Himalayas, where great unscaled peaks rise against the sky for hundreds of miles round. The people who live here, the Baltis, are so poor that most of them are half-starved, and even apricot kernels are saved for fuel. Many are dumb, a large percentage mad.

Completely cut off from civilisation during winter, Mrs. Bavington sees no white people except an occasional big-game hunter in summer.

Wearing sheepskins and mountaineering clothes, she remains devotedly with her husband in his log hut perched on top of a 7,000-ft. peak, assisting him with his social and medical work among the natives.

* * *

The woman who has just married Mr. William Lawrence, who is stationed at Edmonton, one of the last of the Canadian outposts of the Hudson Bay Company, will have a life which few women would envy.

Until eighteen months ago no one in these outposts came in touch with the world at all except when the company's steamship made its annual trip from Vancouver through the Behring Straits with a twelve months' supply of stores on board.

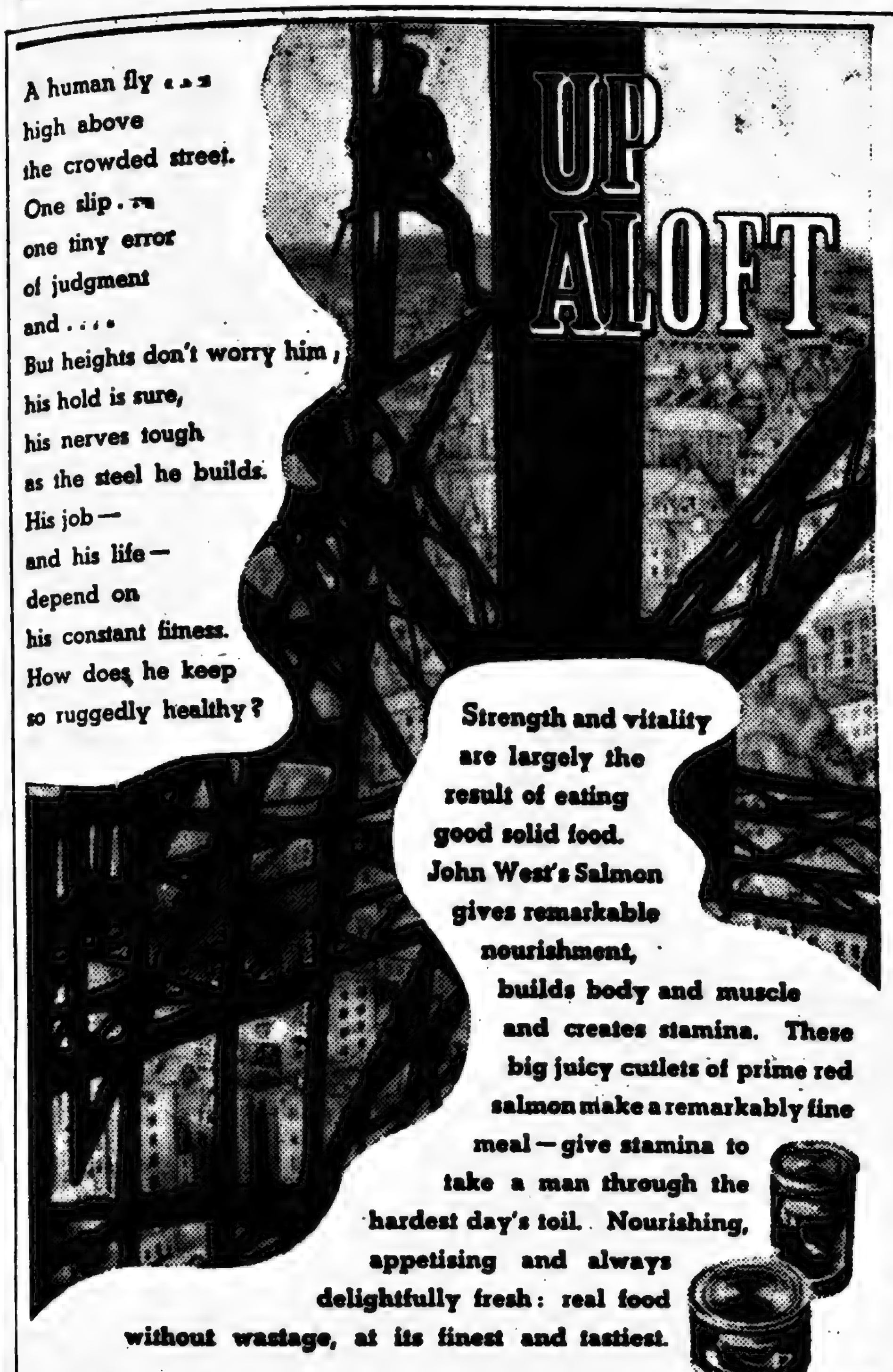
The trading posts along the Mackenzie River, such as Edmonton, Herschel Isle, Bernard Harbour and Baillie Isle, are hundreds of miles apart. The steamship takes back a year's haul of furs which have been brought to these posts from the far corners of the Arctic regions.

Formerly, if a post ran short of food someone had to make a long journey with sledges and dog teams to exchange furs for flour and bacon. This took many weeks.

But now things are different. In the winter of 1931 an airplane service to these outposts was started. The airplanes are powerful 800 h.p. Canadian Airways machines, fitted with skis for landing on the snowy wastes.

Instead of having to wait a whole year for news from her home in Lancashire, Mrs. Lawrence will listen for the drone of an aero engine—practically her only remaining link with civilisation.

Four years ago this Scots girl became Mrs. C. L. W. Bailey and sailed with her missionary husband to Baffin Land. Here at Lake Harbour she helps to teach the Eskimo children whose parents work at the Hudson Bay Company's post, and journeys to the little church across the creek where her husband holds his services. In this picture you see her outside her wooden house, with an Eskimo boy, Sam Padluit, her companion when her husband is visiting distant encampments



A human fly . . .
high above
the crowded street.
One slip . . .
one tiny error
of judgment
and . . . .
But heights don't worry him;
his hold is sure,
his nerves tough
as the steel he builds.
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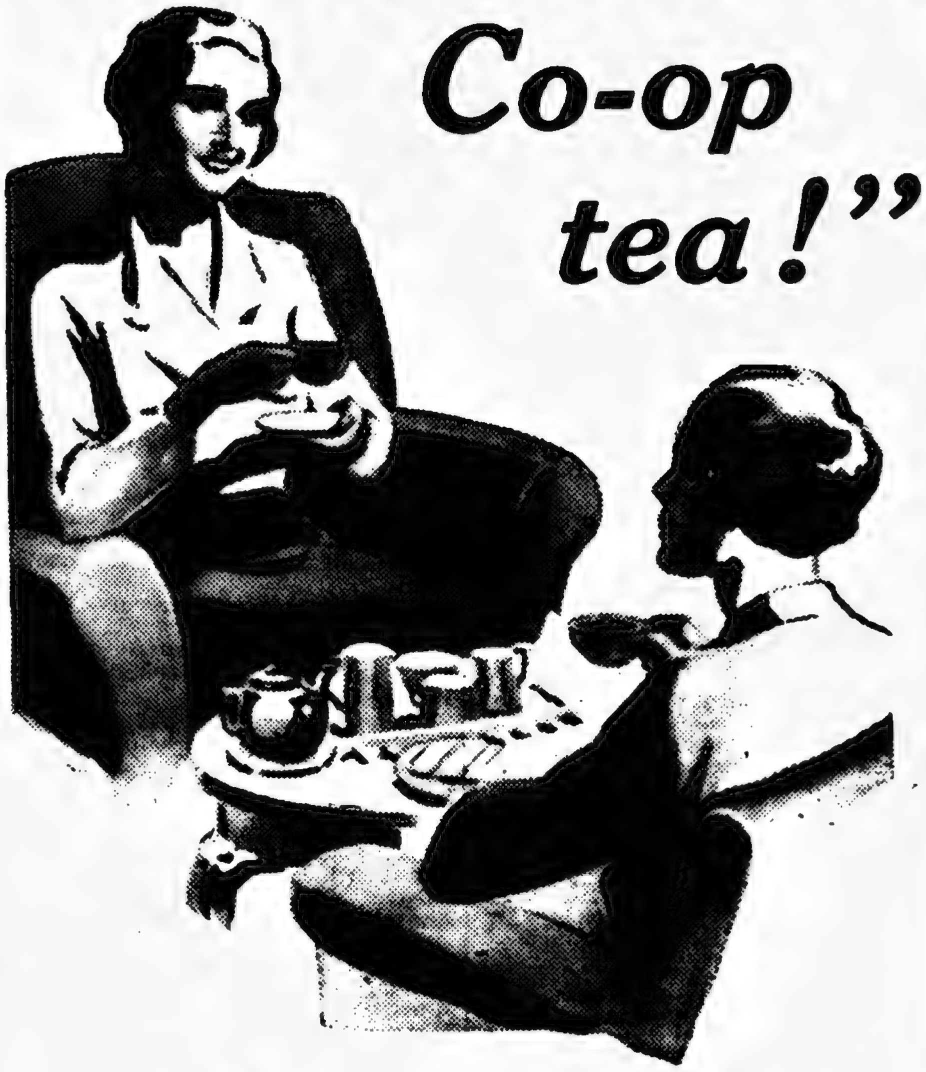

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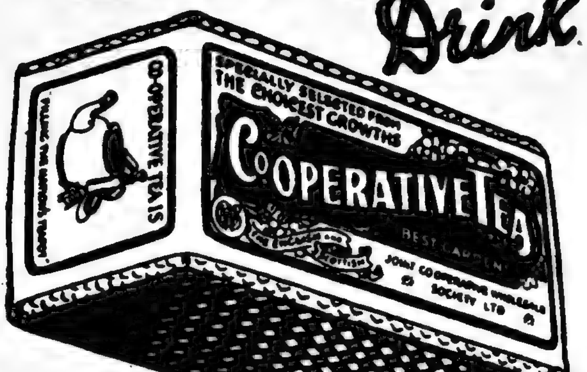
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INTELLIGENT ECONOMY

Attention is drawn to the "Kensitas" announcement on page 27, in which readers are given the opportunity to indulge in a good cigarette which is mild and satisfying, and at the same time have added to its enjoyment the advantages of obtaining, free of charge, so many useful and valuable articles from the certificates included in every packet they buy. The announcement, is, therefore, of special importance. In every packet of 20 "KENSITAS," made from the rich goodness of the choicest Virginia tobacco, are included 5 valuable certificates, which by consistent saving can be exchanged free for many additional things that would in the ordinary way cost you money. The makers of "KENSITAS" have issued a very beautiful book illustrating this intelligent economy. It contains hundreds of useful gifts of every description, all of sterling value. A copy of the book will be posted free to any reader who writes, mentioning "John Bull," to J. Wix and Sons, Ltd., 210, Old Street, London, E.C.1. Turn to page 27 now.

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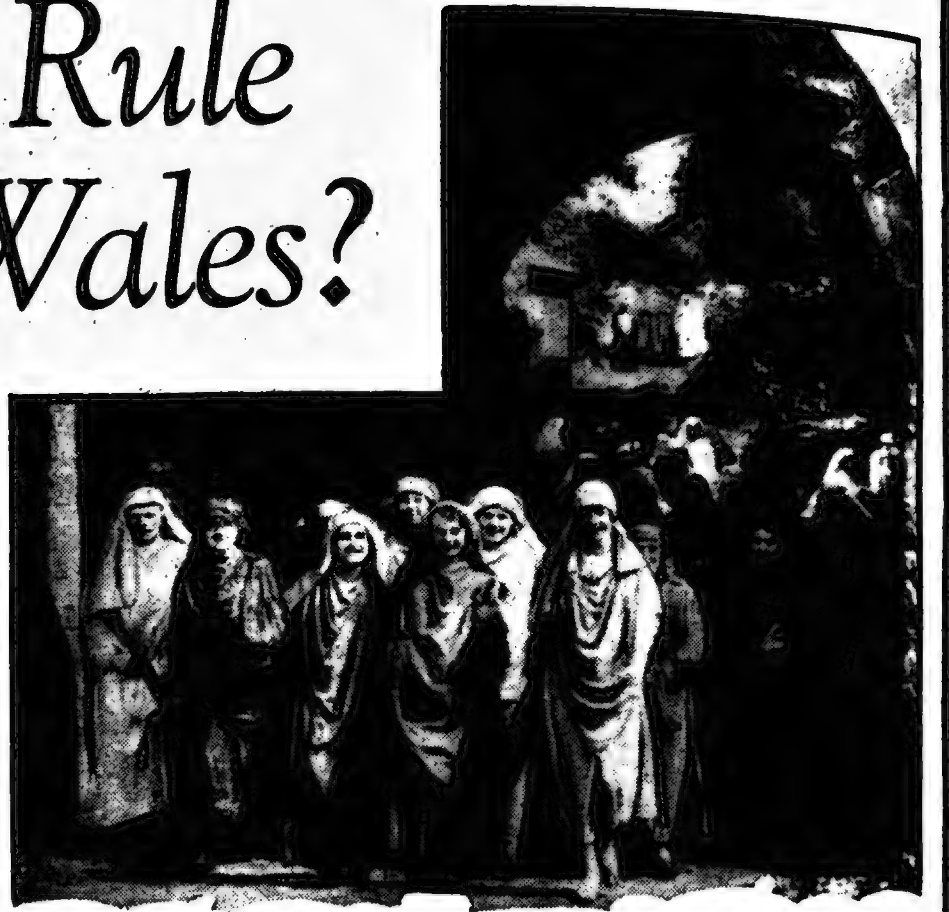
Shall We Welsh Rule Wales?

by A WELSHMAN



In no more definite manner do the Welsh display nationalistic fervour, their keen race-pride, than during the great Eisteddfod gatherings. Here is a picturesque procession at Bangor

THIS is the age of Nationalism. In Germany, in Ireland, in Italy, a vigorous and exclusive spirit of self-assertment in the race has come out on top, a spirit which has manifested itself, not so noticeably, naturally, but just as definitely, in minority race-groups like the Catalans, the Basques and the Bretons.

One has but to visit Barcelona, the Pyrenees or Rennes respectively to hear the uproar from these numerically insignificant but physically very energetic groups. The noise does not penetrate very effectively to the outside world, perhaps, but it is there, all the same; and it never stops.

It is not to be expected that a fiery race like the Welsh, with its independent spirit, its total cultural separation from the rest of the world and its immense intellectual differences from the English, should take no part in this world movement.

And the fact is that the movement for political separation from the Mother Country has never, perhaps, been so energetic and so insistent as it is in Wales to-day.

Ancient cry

It is not a new idea. Ever since Wales finally lost her independence to her Saxon neighbour, in the time of Edward I, there has been an element in her people which has cried stridently for a return to independence.

Owen Glendower nearly achieved separation.

Under him the whole people, for a time, felt and acted as one man; and nothing could hold them. But the movement cracked, and, cracking, came to ruins

Not until the end of the nineteenth century, with the end of the very long period in Welsh history in which Wales was dominated by the Nonconformist ministry, which still holds very considerable sway there, did the movement assume serious proportions again.

At that time there was in Parliament a group of Welshmen the like of which, for their intellectual achievements, their moral persuasiveness and their personal popularity, at Westminster and in Wales, she had never possessed before and probably never will possess again.

Their acknowledged leader was Tom Ellis, handsome in appearance, polite and reasonable in his demands, tactful, efficient and liked by all. In contrast to him was the fiery and pugnacious young Criccieth solicitor, David Lloyd George, already making a name for himself as a fierce opponent of corruption and abuse of every kind.

Others prominent in the party were Llewelyn Williams, Samuel Evans, Ellis Griffith and David Thomas—every one a man of brilliant gifts. Llewelyn Williams, fanatically a patriot, became a K.C., refused a judgeship in India—because he would not hear Welsh spoken there—lost his seat, and died a disappointed, but none the less a great, man.

A brilliant failure

Samuel Evans became Sir S. T. Evans, the greatest authority on International Law of his age, and one of its most famous judges.

Sir Ellis Griffith was the wittiest and handsomest lawyer of his day, a charming and astonishingly gifted man. But for him, too, things took a perverse turn; he also lost his seat and died a brilliant failure.

David Thomas, a rich and extraordinarily able business magnate, was created Viscount Rhondda; a life of incalculable value, particularly in the sphere of munitions, came to a sudden end with the loss of the *Lusitania*. Lord Rhondda never recovered from six hours' immersion in icy cold water.

Tom Ellis died at forty, mourned by all. And everyone knows what happened to Lloyd George. The turn of events swept him to the highest office in the British Empire, and the man who had fought his way to prominence on a platform of "Wales for the Welsh" found his true sphere in world affairs. Versailles was his climax.

And thus it was that the Welsh Nationalists in 1919 grieved at what was for them the very galling sight of the most famous living Welshman doling out independence to race after race, satisfying the desires of almost every minority race-group in Europe except his own.

Just what would have happened to the Welsh Nationalist Party of 1890-1910, if the Great War had not come, will never be known. Certainly it seemed to Wales that separation came nearer to being a reality then than it ever had before. It is one of the interesting "ifs" of history.

After the Great War, the movement had to start all over again. And since then its character has altered completely

It has become purely an intellectual movement in the colleges of the University of Wales and the more purely Welsh towns.

Its leaders are men of wide reading and broad sympathies. They are working quietly to an end they desire more than anything in the world. They progress very slowly, for they have very little power and very little money.

These men are quite unknown outside Wales, and not very well known in Wales.

For the newest movement for separation has so far quite failed to catch the imagination of the mass of the people of Wales. In the south, the miners, dock workers and tinplaters, many of them of English and Irish origin, show little interest, hang back cynically and prefer the more fascinating Communist doctrines.

In the agricultural areas it is making rather better progress, but even there there is noticeable apathy and passiveness.

Saunders Lewis, the official head of the Welsh Nationalist Party, is primarily a man of letters who has been driven by circumstances and by his own convictions to a life, far less attractive to him personally, of affairs.

No disloyalty

He is a brilliant writer in two languages and has a very high reputation in Wales as a critic and a scholar. He takes every opportunity of standing for Parliament in the Nationalist interest, but so far without success, though it is worth noticing that the margin of his defeat is smaller each time.

Behind him he has a band of intelligent and energetic men, mostly young men, men "not loud but deep." They have not yet got Wales behind them, but most great movements have sprung from a band of young theorists grouped round a table.

Lastly, it should be noted that the Welsh Nationalist Party is one of the most reasonable and constitutional nationalist factions in history.

It loathes force and detests playing to the gallery.

In its manifestos, it has made clear that it wishes Wales to remain a loyal and useful member of the British Commonwealth of Nations, that it offers sincere loyalty to the King-Emperor, and that the attempt to bring about separation is in no way determined by anti-English sentiment.

All it demands is the right, for Wales, to legislate for herself in the matters which concern her alone and to administer those laws herself—in short, Dominion status.

Mr. Saunders Lewis says he believes Wales must make an early choice between Communism and Nationalism. The future will show whether he is right.

The Greatest Presentation

This week on pages 4 and 5 JOHN BULL announces an amazing, entirely new Presentation that is the greatest ever made to its readers, and the first offer of its kind to be made by any weekly journal.

You are invited to accept a magnificent full-size twelve-volume library, consisting of twelve of the greatest masterpieces of literature in the world.

Just imagine these great masterpieces, these sumptuously produced works on your own bookshelves!

In the short time of twelve weeks only they can all be yours; secured in three sets of four volumes each.

The application forms on page 5 will definitely not appear again.

NO SOAP

SHAVEX

NO BRUSH

REVOLUTION IN SHAVING

Mr. RALPH LYNN,
the well-known actor, writes :— "I consider 'Shavex' really splendid for shaving. It leaves the face soft and sweet, also removes the beard better than any shaving soap."

Mr. LESLIE HENSON,
the famous actor, writes : "I use 'Shavex' every time I shave and think it is the quickest, cleanest and most delightful preparation ever invented for shaving."

A FEW years ago "SHAVEX" was unknown, yet it is in every part of the world to-day. Millions are now using "SHAVEX." "SHAVEX" is the most modern and up-to-date method of shaving. What is more simple than wetting the beard with water, smearing a little "SHAVEX" lightly over the beard, and then shaving? You will get the smoothest, cleanest, and best shave you have ever had and your skin will feel like softest satin. No wrinkles will appear, as "SHAVEX" is a skin food. It will also take only quarter of the time required with soap and brush.

The skin, after being shaved with soap and brush, often looks and feels sore, as the soap and brush have taken out all the natural oil and dried up the skin. "SHAVEX" gives the skin natural oils—all the creases smooth out with the use of "SHAVEX." Shavex is without doubt the most perfect method of shaving in the world. Shavex will give you the best shave you have ever had. Your face will keep young, as Shavex is a Skin Food.

JVLIVS CAESAR

Great men have all been vain of their appearance. We have traced all these men back to thousands of years and all have been clean shaven. Julius Caesar, one of the greatest, used vegetable oils for shaving, the same as we use in Shavex. All the old Romans used vegetable oils; records of this are in the British Museum. Fancy a great general with a ragged moustache and beard or a rough red skin in command of a great army. A man's skin should be smooth, refined and without blemish. Shavex will keep the skin in this condition and take away all wrinkles.

Never before has shaving been made so easy, so rapid and so pleasant. No after-lotions are required. Never before have men been given the true secret of youthful looks. "SHAVEX" is a Skin Food, Skin Tonic and Skin Preserver, preventing formation of wrinkles and lines, and keeping away the ravages of time. All wrinkles disappear with Shavex, as there is no soda in Shavex to dry up the skin. Your skin will feel as smooth as satin, and you will shave in a quarter the time you would take with soap and brush.

Travellers who when on a journey find themselves short of water can always get a perfect shave when carrying "SHAVEX" and look fresh. After being in the sun and wind and the face is rough and sore and you have to shave, nothing is more soothing than a "SHAVEX" shave.

Mr. LEON QUARTERMAINE,
the great actor, writes : "Once having used 'Shavex' I could not use anything else. Nothing I have used before has left the skin so delightfully firm and fresh and in such a perfect condition. I shave in a quarter of the time."

Mr. BRANSBY WILLIAMS,
the famous character actor, writes : "Your 'Shavex' is a marvellous preparation. I have given it a good trial at home and on tour, and find it wonderful. I get a fine, clean, comfortable shave and have a chapped face no more. What a boon for travellers, especially an actor on tour."

SEND THIS COUPON TO-DAY FOR FREE SAMPLE TUBE OF SHAVEX

Cut out this Coupon, attach it to a piece of paper on which your name and address are written plainly, and send with a 2d. stamp to the **Shavex Zee-Kol Co., Ltd. (Dept. R/11), 40, Blenheim Road, Upper Holloway, London, N.19.**

SHAVEX
is sold everywhere in
6d., 1/- & 1/6 Tubes and 1/6 Pots

WONDERFUL REDUCTION
SHAVEX SUPER BLADES
of all Chemists and Stores.
ONE BLADE 3d. instead of 4d.
Packet of 5 Blades 1/3.

SKIN DISEASES

Cured in a Night

WE HAVE A ROOM FULL OF TESTIMONIALS.

Many may promise a wonderful cure; there is nothing like Zee-Kol. Beware of imitations.

Zee-Kol is, without doubt, the most wonderful skin remedy of all time. The cruellest Skin Diseases, such as Ulcers, Eczema, Abscesses, Erysipelas, etc., are rapidly and completely banished, and Pimples, Blackheads, Boils, Rashes, etc., disappear like magic. Never was known any remedy like Zee-Kol. Where it touches, the skin takes on a finer and healthier glow. It destroys everything unhealthy to the skin. No skin disease can resist it. Forget it being a Patent Medicine. This is the only way we have of letting the world know of Zee-Kol's marvellous power of skin healing. We are supplying the big London Skin Hospitals, for there is nothing in the world to compare with Zee-Kol. Do not hesitate. Go straight to your chemist and get a box of Zee-Kol and rest absolutely assured that your skin trouble will speedily be banished. Zee-Kol cures, in record time, Eczema, all kinds of Ulcers, Hæmorrhoids, Chilblains, Bad Legs, Severe Burns, etc.

ECZEMA.
"I suffered from Eczema all over my face and body. I applied Zee-Kol and in three days the Eczema had gone."

SCALP IRRITATION.
Zee-Kol thinned with any oil and rubbed well into the scalp removes Dandruff and irritation.

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Zee-Kol instantly draws out all inflammation and the abscess is healed in twenty-four hours.

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This alarming skin affection will disappear in a few days with Zee-Kol applied night and morning. Its effect is marvellous.

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Zee-Kol takes all pain away and no blister will form.

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Boils cannot resist the wonderful healing properties of Zee-Kol, and in two days they disappear.

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"I always had Blackheads and pimples. Zee-Kol cured them in a night—they vanished."

LUMBAGO, STIFF JOINTS, ETC.
Splendid for this [illegible] rubbed in gently by the fire, and for Rheumatism.

ZEE-KOL

4 FREE GIFTS COUPON

For sample of ZEE-KOL Ointment and Pills send 2d. stamp for postage. If sample of ZEE-KOL Medicated Soap and Doge Face Cream are also desired, send 4d. for postage and packing. Write to the **Shavex Zee-Kol Co., Ltd. (Dept. Z.K. 18), 40, Blenheim Road, London, N.19.** Of all chemists : Zee-Kol Ointment at 1/3 or a large tin 3/-.

DOGE CREAM

THE NEW MARVELLOUS

COMPLEXION RESTORER

HOWEVER sallow or patchy your complexion may be, we guarantee to make it perfect with Doge Cream. Doge Cream is absolutely a complete restorer. It works miracles on the skin, and is the most ideal complexion cream on the market.

It is the most remarkable and the most perfect cream that has ever been blended into a face cream. It contains Almond Oil, and it does not grow hair. It preserves the skin and takes away all wrinkles, and leaves the skin smooth as a child's. It was taken from an old Venetian recipe.

We guarantee that there is not another cream in the world to compare with Doge Cream. It will make the worst complexion perfect. Send for a sample and see its marvellous results.

Doge Cream is not a vanishing cream, and does not dry up the skin, it keeps the skin supple, firm and youthful.

Per Pot - - - 1/-;
Large Pot - - 2/-;
Large Tube - 9d.
Obtainable from all Chemists and Stores.

When thinking of other face creams remember that Doge Cream is not like any of these. Try it and you will never go back to any other face cream you have ever used.

LADY HAMILTON

"I do believe, My Lady, your complexion grows more beautiful every day. It must be the Almond Oil in that Venetian Cream you have been using the last week. Your skin has the glow of youth and is as a young girl's. Why, those little wrinkles you had round your eyes have completely disappeared."

"I believe you are right, but fie, child! I wonder if Admiral Nelson will think so this evening. He is ever a flatterer."

Almond Oil is used in Doge Cream.

SEND THIS COUPON TO-DAY!

For Free Sample Tube of Doge Cream
For sample of Doge Cream send 2d. stamp for postage. If sample of Doge Soap is also desired send 4d. for postage and packing. Write to the **SHAVEX ZEE-KOL CO., LTD. (Dept. Do. 4), 40, Blenheim Road, Upper Holloway, London, N.19.**

HOW TO DISSOLVE OUT CORNS AND SOFTEN CALLOUSES

The thick, hardened skin of which corns and callouses are composed contains no nerves or blood-vessels. In fact, the upper layers are practically dead. In the case of a corn, it is not the top that causes pain; but the little pointed part which extends down into the toe and presses on sensitive nerves. Cutting the top off with a razor or burning it off with caustic liquids, pastes and plasters is not only useless but dangerous and may cause blood-poisoning. Instead of such purely temporary expedients, try soaking your feet in the *medicated* and *oxygenated* water, prepared by dissolving a handful of 'Reudel Bath Saltrates' in a gallon of hot water. This will so soften the hardened, calloused skin that corns are easily lifted out, root and all. As for callouses, they can be rubbed right off with a rough towel. This curative water also has a wonderfully refreshing and invigorating effect on sound, healthy skin. All chemists sell 'Reudel Bath Saltrates' at 1s. 6d. large YELLOW packet. Complete satisfaction is guaranteed or money refunded without question.

GRAVES DRESSES YOU WELL
AT VERY SMALL COST
Lovely Frocks, Costumes, Coats, Gowns, Sports Wear, &c., in latest styles & materials at money-saving prices on Easy Terms. Write to-day for full display of styles and Patterns Post Free. Unrivalled value also in Furs, Underwear, Young Ladies' Girls' and Infants' Clothing.
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MANZAN
ENDS
PILE TROUBLE

Man Zan is a remedy that attacks pile trouble right at the source. Immediately, it stops the torturing irritation, and as this soothing unguent is absorbed into the inflamed parts, so the piles heal up and entirely disappear. The parts are strengthened so that your trouble will not return. Man Zan is prepared for the one purpose only—to end the misery caused by piles. It banishes internal, external or bleeding piles for good. Sold in tubes, with special nozzle applicator, which renders this unguent easy to use. Price 3/-, of all chemists or post paid, in plain wrapper, from manufacturers, E. C. De Witt & Co. Ltd., Croydon, Surrey.

MANZAN
Brand PILE REMEDY

Constipation—De Witts Brand Little Laxaliver Pills will end this trouble quickly

GRAVES TENNIS OUTFIT
comprising British made Racket, bevelled frame, hollow wedge, finequality gut, weights 12½, 13, 13½ozs. Hardwood Press; Waterproof Head Cover, 4 Balls in carrying Net, rubber-proofed Covert Bag with pocket and straps. Price complete 20/- or 4/- monthly. No charge for Easy Terms. Catalogue of Sports Goods free.
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RHEUMATISM
can be cured. It is caused by excessive Uric Acid and when this poison is dissolved and removed from the system, rheumatism goes too. This is what URACE Brand Tablets do—quickly and safely, purifying the blood and banishing pain. Take them if you suffer from

Gout	Sciatica	Kidney Troubles
Cramp	Neuralgia	Influenza
Backache	Nerve Pains	Lumbago, etc.

1/3 3/- 5/-
WRITE for FREE SAMPLE to URACE LABORATORIES (Dept. 53), 53, Banner Street, London, E.C.1.
URACE BRAND TABLETS

OUR LETTER PARLIAMENT

MY BEST PET

THE dog is the best pet in the world, excelling all others in devotion, sympathy, alertness and intelligence. From the very beginning of history the dog has been man's closest pet, as the earliest records show.

What a friend he is! Poverty does not affect his loyalty. Age cannot wither his love, nor time affect it except to deepen it.

Useful as a guard, invaluable as a companion, brave as a lion, a splendid playmate, a friend who never alters or reproaches, he is faithful unto death.—*H. P., Wrexham.*

Almost Human

I once had a small Indian monkey. Wild and unruly, he changed after a few weeks' careful teaching, tempered with kindness, to a clean, intelligent, faithful and even affectionate pet.

Knowing right from wrong, he would play and laugh, and even cry when scolded. He would protect me if necessary, and what a guardian of my property!

He was something more than just a pet; he was almost human, as are all monkeys if properly cared for.—*Jock, Sheffield.*

Reprieved

My pet is a gander named Bob. He was never meant to be a pet, being carefully fed up to provide a Christmas dinner ten years ago. But he was so tame, so friendly, and so ingratiating that I could not kill him.

He follows me everywhere I go, except upstairs, and sleeps in the back kitchen. He gives shrill warning of the approach of any stranger, and no tramp dare enter the yard if Bob is about.

As for faithfulness and sense, no dog can equal him.—*J. D., Bangor.*

Burglars, Beware!

I must award the palm to my parrot. This wise old bird is an expert talker, and is so tame that it flies about the house. The family love its quaint little ways and its shrill conversational contributions.

It is the finest "watch-dog," too. When anyone approaches the house it cocks its head through the window and raises harsh cries of alarm.

Woe betide the burglar who attempted to rifle the room in which it is kept, for Polly can bite hard.—*Gag, Glasgow.*

He Knows

After driving a horse for the past three years, I regard it as one of my pals.

He knows all the stops, and crosses from one side of the street to the other with amazing sagacity. He will not pass certain houses until the customer gives him his daily "piece."

And when he knows he is on the home trek with visions of a feed of oats and a comfortable stable, one may forgive him if he shows a little impatience and takes high steps.—*W. W., Fife.*

Like a Child

I have had a rabbit as my pet for some time. Before then, I had a cat and a dog, but they never seemed real pets.

My little bunny, however, is wonderfully affectionate, and is so tame that I often regard it more as a child. Keeping my pet's little hutch in order is also a hobby in itself, while a careful study of diet has to be made.

Certainly my rabbit has proved itself more interesting, endearing and amusing than any other pet.—*R. J. Rich, Bristol.*

Sweet Melody

He greets me each morning with a song, my little yellow songster. Throughout the day, he fills my room with sweet melody. Arriving home, tired and depressed, after a weary day's work, Peter is always waiting for me.

After a "tweet" of welcome, he swings in his cage, and listening to the melodious notes pouring from this little mite, I forget my weariness and depression.

A business girl, I have no space for many pets, but Peter, my canary, occupies such little space, yet all my heart, that he is the best pet for me.—*Margaret Gibbs, Bournemouth.*

Prince Puss

A cat would be my choice. Coming in cold, wet and weary, what could be more cheering than to see puss curled up on the rug?

With his gleaming coat, paws neatly tucked in, and a gentle purring, he preaches the gospel of contentment.

He asks for little in the way of attention, never clamouring for walks just when you want to rest, but will lie on your knee or rub round your legs to show pleasure in your company.

Gentle, dignified quiet, companionable, aristocratic—the Prince of Pets!—*"Heather," Essex.*

Loyalty

Can anyone have better pets than the wild birds? A few breadcrumbs and bits of fat and you have won their love, which is well worth winning.

Throughout the summer months, be they ever so busy with their family affairs, they will find time to sing to you their matins and evensong.

When winter comes a loyal band will remain to cheer the dreary days. Others will go away; but will surely come back to you at the first call of spring.—*Edith Ferrers Elsworth, Dorset.*

Ringed Wingers

Pigeons can be bought cheaply, reared cheaply, and are lucrative. Add to this the pride of possession, the art of breeding, and the hobby of housing and feeding them.

They are the means, too, of bringing one into contact with a fraternity who have something in common, with whom the merits and demerits of different breeds can be discussed and friendships fostered.

Some birds can be "worth their weight in gold," and generally they provide clean, competitive and captivating sport.—*E. R. T., Rhondda.*

Blind Pal

The best pet to me was a little blind mouse. In the course of my duty in an old disused seam, I had to attend to a pump and was alone a good deal.

I found this poor little mouse, and he used to eat out of my hand and spent most of its time with me.

You will realise how I nourished and cherished the companionship of this little pet during the long stretches of loneliness.—*J. H., Tonyrefail.*

* * *

The best pet ever is two little hands, two little feet, a plump little body and a bright little face—a darling little baby.—*B. W. B., Eastbourne.*

My pit pony. Poor chap, he spends practically all his life in total darkness. But he knows his job almost as well as I.—*"Haulier," Treorchy.*

The tortoise is the best pet, and teaches a good lesson. He is a plodder; he may be slow, but he gets there.—*G. D. Murray, N.B.*

ORIGINAL letters upon the subject below, not exceeding 100 words, are invited. 10s. will be paid for each letter published, 2s. 6d. for "Shorts." Envelopes marked "Letter Parliament" must reach us by first post Tuesday, May 30.

When I was Most Sorry for Myself

Race with "Silver Ring"

DERBY 1, 2, 3

COMPETITION "fans" by the score have asked me to assist them in filling up their Derby coupons.

I have been told that Scarlet Tiger is the "pea" from Lambton's stable and Young Lover of Butters'. Manitoba is supposed to have run pounds below his best form in the "Guineas," and will have the inimitable Gordon Richards up. Rodosto's credentials are the best of any horse in the race, but he is by a sprinter, Epinard.

I am going to stand the selections I put up a few weeks back and place them:

HYPERION	1
LIGHT SUSSEX	2
HIGHLANDER	3

Competition entrants should mix up this trio with Young Lover, Scarlet Tiger, Felicitation and Happy Call.

Lord Astor is likely to register an Epsom "double" with Mannamead in the Coronation Cup and Betty in the Oaks.

The Lingfield executive will stage a new race, the Oaks Trial Sweepstakes, this week-end. So Quick or Gerrard's Cross may oblige for the Manton stable.

I like Claran for the Cosmopolitan Cup and Ka-Lee for the Oxted Plate.

"SILVER RING'S" CODE

The Code for this week is as follows. It covers the racing from Thursday, May 25, to Wednesday, May 31.

A	Q	C	93	B	94	M	P	U	X	Z	R	98	T	F	O
K	H	J	I	95	E	D	V	Y	97	L	W	N	96	G	S

In place of the letters or figures advertised in the *Sporting Life* and *Daily Herald* read those above or below.

MKO96YW would read DASTUR.

Where a double letter occurs in the name of a horse the figure 2 is substituted. R94Z29398F96S98 would read WELLINGTON.

SELO films for Success

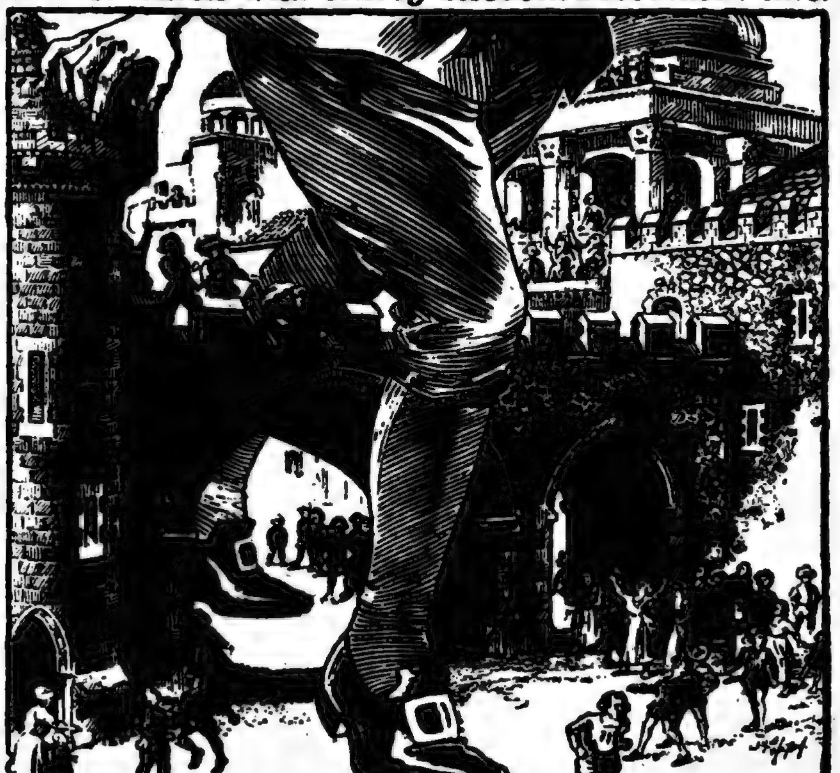
SELO
FILM
SELOCHRO

[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]

SELO for brilliant snaps on sunny days

Made by **ILFORD LIMITED, ILFORD, LONDON**

Gulliver travels with Cherry Blossom Boot Polish. NO. 8.



Gulliver visits the Capital of Lilliput

"As I stepped over the Western Gate the size of my shoes and their wonderful 'Cherry Blossom' shine caused great excitement amongst the inhabitants."

After obtaining his liberty Gulliver was granted permission to pay a visit to Mildendo, the diminutive capital of Lilliput.

Cherry Blossom BOOT POLISH

Black, White, Brown, Dark Tan, & Tonette.

In Tins with easy opener, 2½d., 4½d., and 6d.

Chiswick Products, Ltd., Chiswick, London, W.4.

Don't waste TIME walking to work...

Whether you walk to work to save the fares, for exercise or because it can be reached in no other way, there's still a far better alternative . . . Buy a RALEIGH. The RALEIGH costs £4.19.6—little more than the lowest priced bicycle.

Yet RALEIGH DESIGN and QUALITY are UNEQUALLED. The All-Steel construction, rich enamelling, heavier chromium plating and special exclusive refinements have made RALEIGH a name apart in cycling — the standard by which all others are judged.

9/7 **MONTHLY** *(no deposit). Or from £4. 19. 6. Fitted with Dunlop tyres, 'Brooks' saddle and the best of everything. Specify the Sturmey-Archer 3-speed gear 20/- extra. Send postcard for free copy of "The Book of the Raleigh" and name and address of nearest dealer.*

RALEIGH RELIABILITY, again, is universally recognised. Increased sales of 81% last year prove it. The superior resources of the LARGEST and BEST EQUIPPED cycle factory in the World explain it.

Make no mistake about it, the Raleigh is this much better—it's a bicycle you will be *proud* to own.

it's QUICKER to ride a

RALEIGH
THE ALL-STEEL BICYCLE

RALEIGH CYCLE CO., LTD., Nottingham. London: 41, Holborn Viaduct, E.C.1
Depots and Agents everywhere.

Fit the Sturmey-Archer 3-speed gear—the [illegible] that makes cycling easy

WIN THIS HUGE 2·IN·1 X·WORD PRIZE

£100 and £500 CASH

or ONE LUMP SUM OF £1,250

Share an extra £50

QUALIFY WITH THIS BONUS COUPON

A big Extra Bonus of £50 will be divided among the winners of any prize in Crossword No. 215 provided that by Thursday, June 1st, they have registered as readers of "John Bull's" free weekly "Crossword Gazette." Entrants registered for "Bullets" Bulletin, with which "Gazette" is enclosed, are already qualified and must not re-register.

I enclose 6d. P.O. No. ....crossed "& Co." and payable to "John Bull," covering postage on 12 weekly issues of the new free weekly "Crossword Gazette."

NAME ....

ADDRESS..

POST TO-DAY TO "CROSSWORD GAZETTE" DEPT 30, BEDFORD ST., LONDON, W.C.2. Do not enclose with Crossword entry.

£100 BETWEEN RUNNERS-UP

£100 EXTRA BONUS BETWEEN RUNNERS-UP WHO HAVE SENT TWO SIXPENNY ENTRIES IN THE SAME ENVELOPE.

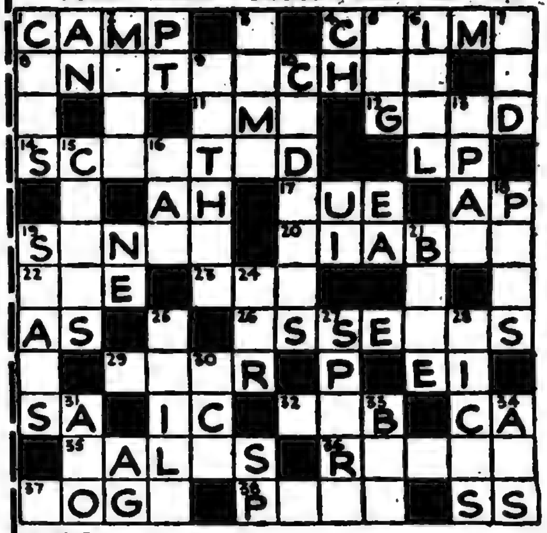
HERE is one last opportunity, before our Giant Crossword Contest, to secure a fine cheque for £500 followed by a Life Pension of £100 yearly—if you prefer one huge lump sum, £1,250 cash can be yours.

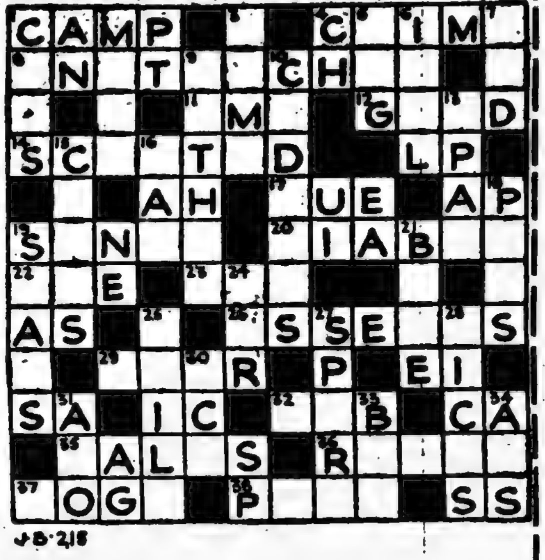
An additional £250 in other cash payments will also be distributed to this week's entrants as detailed here. See that your entry is in by noon, Thursday, June 1, and independence for life may be your staggering reward.

Look out for next week's Record Offer—the finest ever!

Address Entry—"JOHN BULL" CROSSWORD No. 215, 57, Long Acre, London, W.C.2 (Comp.).

"JOHN BULL" CROSSWORD No. 215—CLOSING (NOON) THURSDAY, JUNE 1.


J·B·215


J·B·215

In entering this Competition I agree to abide by the Editor's decision as final in all matters appertaining thereto, and enclose
P.O.
value.......................No. ....
Readers in Scotland ineligible. See Rule 5.

ENTRY FEE
for 2 Squares
6D.

SIGNED..

ADDRESS..

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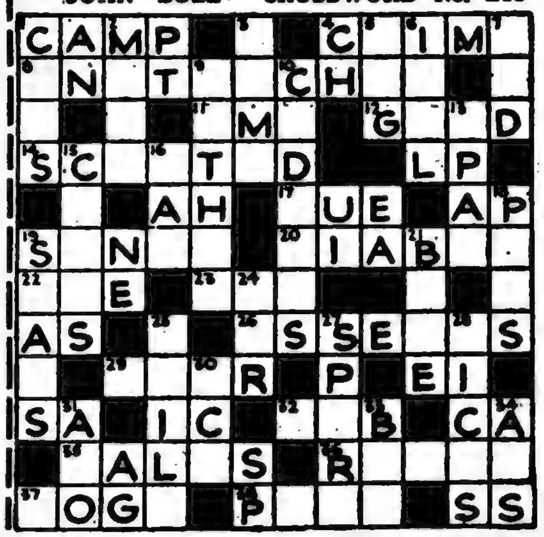
"JOHN BULL" CROSSWORD No. 215—CLOSING (NOON) THURSDAY, JUNE 1.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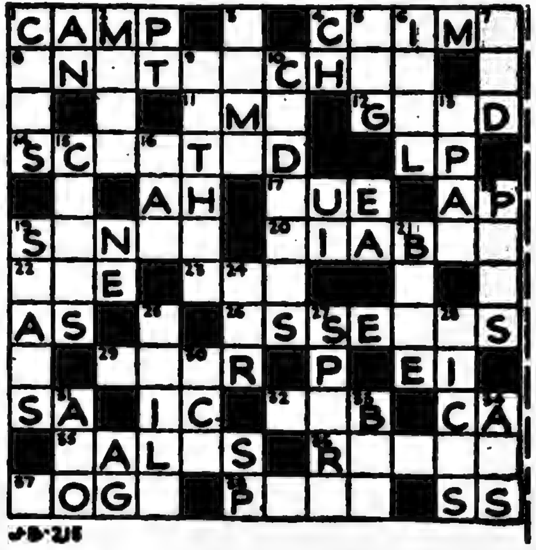
J·B·215

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P.O.
value.......................No. ....
Readers in Scotland ineligible. See Rule 5.

ENTRY FEE
for 4 Squares
1/-

SIGNED..

ADDRESS..

....

RECORD £3,700 X-WORD OFFER NEXT WEEK

"John Bull" will pay a Life Pension of £100 a year and £500 cash (or a lump sum of £1,250 cash) for a correct solution on one square of the puzzle below. Failing a correct solution the prize will be awarded to the reader whose entry is the nearest correct solution. An additional £100 will be divided between those competitors who enter squares containing one error only, or only one error more than the winning solution. An extra Bonus of £100 will be divided between Runners-up from whom we have received two sixpenny coupons in same envelope. Solution of puzzle will be published in "John Bull" on sale Thursday, June 8th, 1933, and winner in "John Bull" on sale Thursday, June 15th, 1933.

CLUES ACROSS

1. Where tents are seen
4. Everest presents the hardest one
8. Not attached to a regiment
11. Huge bird
12. Opposite to "bad"
14. Perfumed
17. Owing
19. Barbers do this to hair
20. Legally bound
22. First number
23. Small species of deer
26. Gives consent
29. Shows whether she's blonde
32. Waster seeks constantly
35. Strong winds
36. Are often skated over
37. These may help convict to escape
38. Fisherman is partial to

CLUES DOWN

1. Shorten life of billiard cloth
2. Looks smart when well groomed
3. Husbands' excuses are usually this
5. Limb
6. Don't make money yours
7. A cold makes you like this
9. At end of yours, you're desperate
10. Embraces closely
13. Precious stone
15. Milling leaves marks upon them
16. Mrs. Henpeck will do this
18. Often suffer from lack of training
19. Jet from fireman's hose does this
21. This is bare after picking
24. Boat is propelled by
25. Water makes them heavy
27. Reject disdainfully
28. A clock does this
30. What one skates on
31. Time past
33. Piece
34. Donkey

READ THESE RULES AND CONDITIONS

1.—Complete Puzzle in ordinary ink, not copying-ink or copying-ink pencil, cut out the whole entry form whether both puzzle squares are used or not. Entry fee for two squares is SIXPENCE—for Four Squares send ONE SHILLING. Make Postal Order payable to Odhams Press Ltd., and cross it /& Co /; write name and address and date of posting on back of P.O. and fill in the number upon Entry Form: send Entry Form by post, as directed, to reach us not later than NOON, Thursday, June 1st, 1933.

2.—In addition to the two sixpenny entry forms on this page, each entrant may submit TWO EXTRA SIXPENNY ENTRY FORMS, provided these are taken from "John Bull's" free weekly "Crossword Gazette." No entrant may submit more than TWO ENTRY FORMS from this page, plus TWO from "Crossword Gazette." Squares left incomplete, mutilated, indistinct or altered will be disqualified. No responsibility is accepted for any entry lost, delayed, not delivered or mislaid, and no correspondence will be entered into.

3.—Winner of this contest will appear in "John Bull" on sale Thursday, June 15, 1933. Should any competitor not announced as a winner have entered a coupon eligible for a share of the First Prize he must demand a scrutiny by first post, Tuesday, June 27, 1933, in accordance with directions given with result. Any such scrutiny, which may amend the result, must be accepted as final. No scrutiny can be conducted in connection with the additional award of £100 to be divided between the Runners-up. Competitors should note that errors are computed according to the number of words which wrongly answer the Clues given.

4.—In the event of a tie, a prize will be divided, but no competitor may receive more than one share of it. Should First Prize be shared, £1,250 cash will be paid instead of the two-in-one award.

5.—Readers in Scotland are debarred from and cannot enter this competition. Any entry form bearing an address in Scotland will be disqualified.

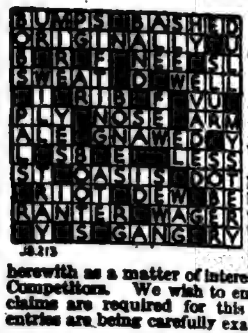
6.—Failure to comply with any of the conditions involves disqualification.

7.—Employees of Odhams Press Ltd. and members of their families are not eligible to compete.

ENTRY FEE.

With 2 squares send Postal Order for 6d. With 4 squares send P.O. for one shilling. See Rule 1.

NO CLAIMS REQUIRED

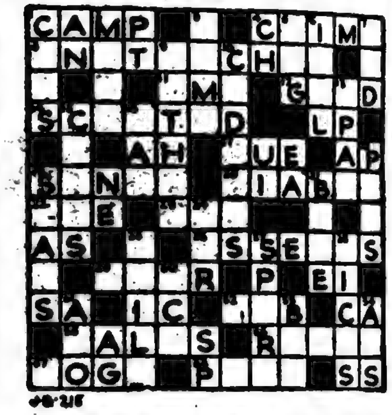

J.B.213

Solution of "John Bull" X-Word No. 213

Winners in 213 on page 16. Result of 213 will be published next week. The solution of "John Bull" X-word No. 213 is given herewith as a matter of interest to our X-word Competitors. We wish to emphasise that no claims are required for this X-word, as all entries are being carefully examined.

KEEP YOUR COPIES BELOW.

These miniature reproductions of this week's Puzzle are only to be used for keeping copies of your solutions.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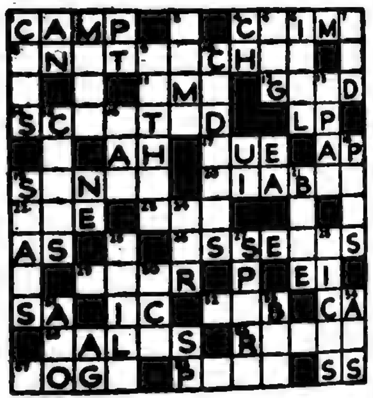
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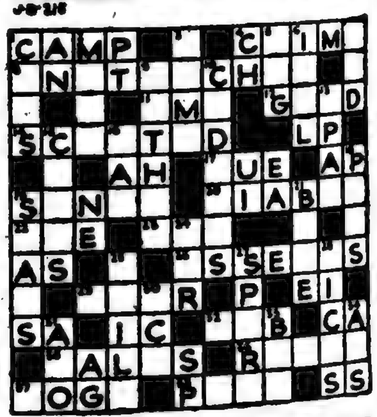
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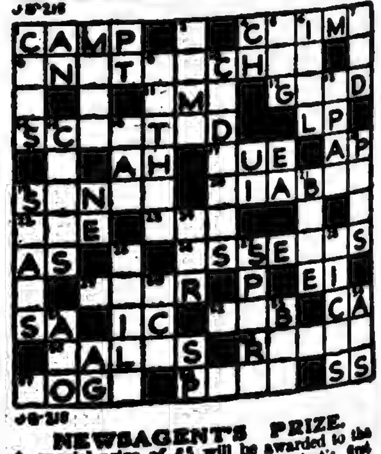

J·B·215

NEWSAGENT'S PRIZE.

A special prize of £5 will be awarded to the Newsagent from whom this contest's first prize-winner usually purchases his copy of "John Bull." Should the first prize be shared, the £5 will be divided between sharers' Newsagents.

The Editor LAUGHS LAST

PETER (Southport).—"The youth of our country is going to pot." Nevertheless, we believe they'll pan out all right.

W. C. (Ilford).—"When I was called a most ignorant man I said nothing." That's better than proving it.

H. U. B. (Davyhulme).—"I was playing golf for a couple of hours last Saturday and did a hole in one." Hour?

H. M. (London, E.).—"Convicts are allowed to dance in certain American prisons." Quod-rilles?

MRS. T. (Ludlow).—"My little boy is constantly wishing for something he hasn't got." That is the only thing he could possibly wish for.

R. W. (Walton).—"I have a mania for being consistent, and wear a rough overcoat in rough weather." And always wear a soft hat?

H. B. (Hampstead).—"I spent five shillings at different shies without knocking down a thing." You must have been off your nut.

R. P. (Hull).—"There's something wrong about him—he won't look me in the face." Perhaps there is something wrong about your face.

R. C. (Liverpool).—"My tailor always puts fifteen pockets in every suit he makes me." Some women have a lot to go through.

R. E. (Fulham).—"Some wives find their husbands sentimental and some find them flippant." Others can't find them at all.

CARPENTER (Rossendale).—"From what I have told you, you will see that I am the world's finest french polisher." You can certainly varnish a story.

D. B. (Whithorn).—"A certain waltz composer keeps the corridors of his house beautifully decorated." He naturally likes pretty passages.

S. C. (Epworth).—"Have the wireless programmes taken people's interest from the gramophone?" No—from the wireless.

C. A. (London, E.C.).—"I would like to know exactly how many relatives I have." Then rent a country bungalow for the summer.

H. Y. J. (Denton).—"Before I take out my car for a long run I always make a point of getting thoroughly well oiled." You be careful.

B. H. (Deal).—"I have a secret, and ten thousand wild horses will not drag it from me." You wait till you're married.

H. Y. (Clapham).—"The ideal marriage is when a man finds a beautiful girl and a good housewife." We always thought that was bigamy.

D. N. (Sunbury).—"Is the motor-car an asset to the Church?" Well, it certainly brings plenty of business to the churchyards.

R. C. (Salisbury).—"A man walking along a road can generally get a lift from a passing motorist." Often when and where he doesn't expect it.

WRITER (Hampstead).—"I am compiling a book on giant fish and marine animals. What is my best source of information?" Any club for anglers.

TRAVELLER (Rangoon).—"I saw some terrible sights on the roads in Manchuria." Good gracious! Are there hikers in Manchuria now?

L. N. (Norwich).—"I believe in payment by results." But surely you wouldn't deprive our M.P.s of their salaries altogether.

A. L. (Putney).—"At the end of my song the audience called for a speech." Perhaps they were frightened you might sing again.

R. J. (Lanark).—"By clever synchronisation apes and dogs are made to speak intelligibly for talkies." It wouldn't be a bad idea to apply the process to some of the human actors.

D. F. (Hawick).—"An armless circus performer plays the piano with his toes." This must be the way our neighbour's small son plays it, only he seems to keep his boots on.

H. I. (Dartmouth).—"I courted my wife for eighteen years before proposing, and even then she didn't actually say 'Yes.'" No; she probably said, "You've been a long time making up your mind, haven't you?"

"M.P." (Westminster).—"Although I have gone to the House of Commons every day since I was elected, I have done nothing of any real importance." You'll never make a politician—you're too honest.

T. Y. (Staines).—"Lots of young men have started river swimming." Yes, the punting season has commenced.

T. H. (Lincoln).—"I don't seem to have a friend in the world." Are you an income-tax inspector?

L. M. (Everton).—"Making a fortune is just a matter of pluck." But the trouble is finding people to pluck.

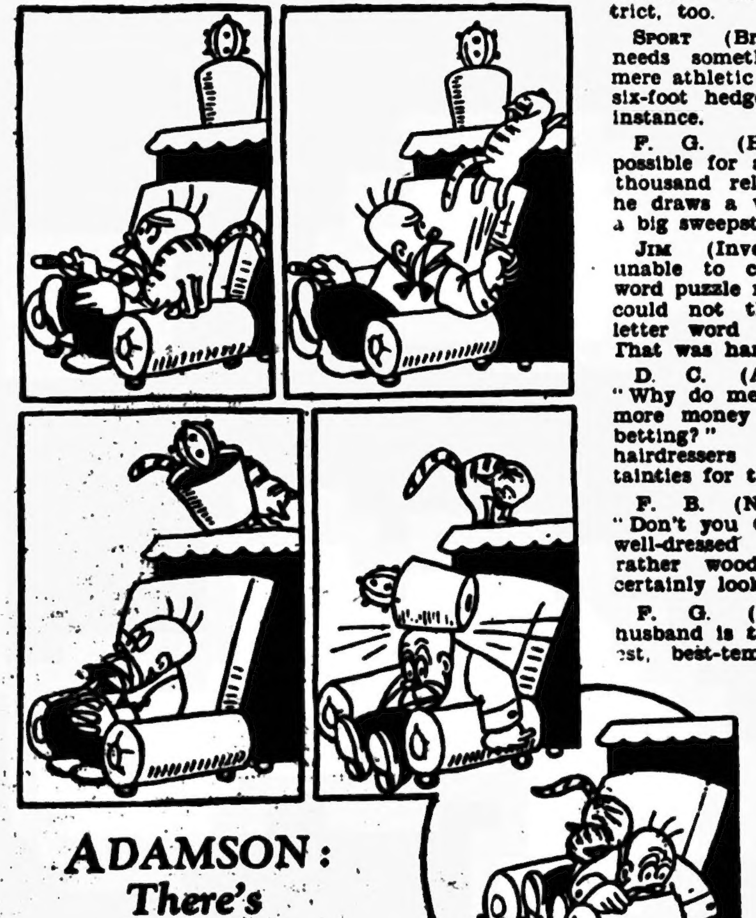
MRS. D. (Windsor).—"I had my face lifted, but when my husband saw the bill——" His face fell.

MERE MALE (Nottingham).—"There's nothing a woman won't wear if it is fashionable." Or next to nothing.

TRAINER (Exmouth).—"Tell a dog firmly to keep to heel, and it will." It doesn't necessarily follow.

F. E. (Sunderland).—"I don't let my lawn grow wild." For fear your wife would.

D. G. M. (West End).—"There are to be three crazy shows in London this summer." This, of course, is not counting the House of Commons.



ADAMSON: There's the Rub!

D. N. (Oxshott).—"Statistics show that one person in every seven knows how to drive a car." But they don't explain why she prefers to occupy the back seat.

MRS. D. (Coatbridge).—"Do criminals have any comfort in prison?" Well, they don't have to get up in the middle of the night to see if there are any burglars in the place.

J. M. B. (Kenton).—"I have found that faith carries me past every barrier." We should like to be in the vicinity one day when you discover you have left your season ticket at home.

ZOOLOGIST (Edinburgh).—"The teeth of the crocodile are so strong that they cannot be pulled." In any case, no dentist would have the nerve to say "Just a little bit wider" to a crocodile.

MOLLY (Manchester).—"And he wears very loud clothes." Turn a deaf ear to his suit.

H. W. (Bedford).—"Nothing can be had without trouble." Unless it is trouble.

C. M. (London, E.C.).—"My baby car makes an angry buzz like a wasp." When it gets caught in the traffic jam?

S. A. (Hastings).—"It is unlucky for thirteen to sit down at a table." Especially if there is only sufficient for twelve.

C. D. (Colchester).—"Love in a cottage is out of date." It has become a little flat.

P. S. (Frinton).—"Do you ever plunge into the water after a good meal?" No, we dive into a restaurant.

E. R. D. (Chelmsford).—"We can't make up our minds whether to go to Scarborough, Yarmouth or Clacton this year." Go to them all and anywhere else you fancy—in a limousine provided by JOHN BULL. Last six big Cash-plus-Motoring prizes offered on page 47.

EVA (Eltham).—"I said 'No' to as many as five charming young men last week." We've had a good many commercial travellers lately in our district, too.

SPORT (Brixham).—"One needs something more than mere athletic ability to clear a six-foot hedge." A bull, for instance.

F. G. (Honiton).—"Is it possible for a man to have a thousand relations?" Yes—if he draws a winning ticket in a big sweepstake.

JIM (Inverness).—"I was unable to complete a cross-word puzzle recently because I could not think of a four-letter word meaning severe." That was hard!

D. C. (Acocks Green).—"Why do men waste so much more money than women on betting?" Perhaps ladies' hairdressers don't give certainties for the 2.30.

F. B. (North Berwick).—"Don't you think the average well-dressed man appears rather wooden?" Well, he certainly looks spruce.

F. G. (Egremont).—"My husband is the dearest, sweetest, best-tempered and most lovable man in all the world." Have you written this on your honeymoon?

MEDICO (Bognor).—"When the eyes are shut, the hearing becomes more acute." We have noticed people trying the experiment in church.

W. P. (Oldham).—"No man was ever as big a fool as his wife considered him." No man yet was as fine a fellow as he reckoned himself.

DOCTOR (London, S.).—"It isn't always the heat of the sun that makes a man collapse in summer." It may be the shock of seeing it.

(Many replies unavoidably held over)

IF you are troubled by any matter you can obtain free expert advice that will help you. A stamped and addressed envelope is all that you have to send with your query. JOHN BULL does the rest. Write to-day. The replies given on this page to facetious correspondents are for your entertainment.

EADE'S PILLS
relieve your
RHEUMATISM
or your
MONEY BACK

RELIEF! Or we bear the cost of the treatment! If you suffer from rheumatism, rheumatic gout, gout, sciatica or lumbago, or any such pains, buy a 1/3 or 3/- bottle of Eade's Pills from any chemist to-day. If after you have taken three-quarters of its contents you are not satisfied that they are doing you good, you can return the bottle with its remaining contents and original wrapper to George Eade, Ltd. (Dept. 7K), 232, Goswell Road, London, E.C.1, and —YOUR MONEY WILL BE REFUNDED. (This offer will remain open for one month). Eade's Pills are the most famous remedy for rheumatism in the world. They have 87 years' reputation in every country and clime, and their thousands of testimonials are the wonder and envy of the medical fraternity.

£50 REWARD will be paid to anyone proving that Eade's testimonials are not unsolicited appreciations from the public. Read this one:—

22, Bartholomew Street, Newbury, 27th Jan., 1933.
Sirs,—Your pills did my rheumatic gout more good in 24 hours than my doctor did in a month.
—G. E. WHITEHORN.

87 YEARS' REPUTATION. 1/3 and 3/- a bottle from all chemists. Refuse all substitutes.

Also Free trial of
EADE'S ANODYNE
to dispel Aches and Pains.

This marvellous remedy gives instant relief from pain and is invaluable when used in conjunction with Eade's Pills, from Chemists 1/3. For FREE trial and FREE booklet on the treatment and diet for rheumatism, write to Dept. 7.K, George Eade, Ltd., 232, Goswell Road, London, E.C.1.

5 Years' Warranty
BRITISH MADE
GRAVES EZEE
HOUSEHOLD WRINGER
makes light work of all the wringing & mangling. Strong, compact, and easy running. Fits either table or tub. Malleable castings, cog guard, two mangling boards & trough. Best quality 16in white rubber rollers. Price 25/- or 3/6 monthly. Furnishing Catalogue Post Free.
3/6 WITH ORDER
J. G. GRAVES Ltd. SHEFFIELD

ASTHMA

Are you robbed of sleep every night? Do you wheeze and choke, half strangled by awful mucus? RAZ-MAH stops the coughing and choking so you can sleep and work comfortably. Clean Capsules. No sprays, smokes, snuff. No harmful drugs or bad reactions. Guaranteed relief or money refunded on two 3/- boxes or one 5/- box. Stocked by Boots, Timothy Whites, and all Chemists and Stores.

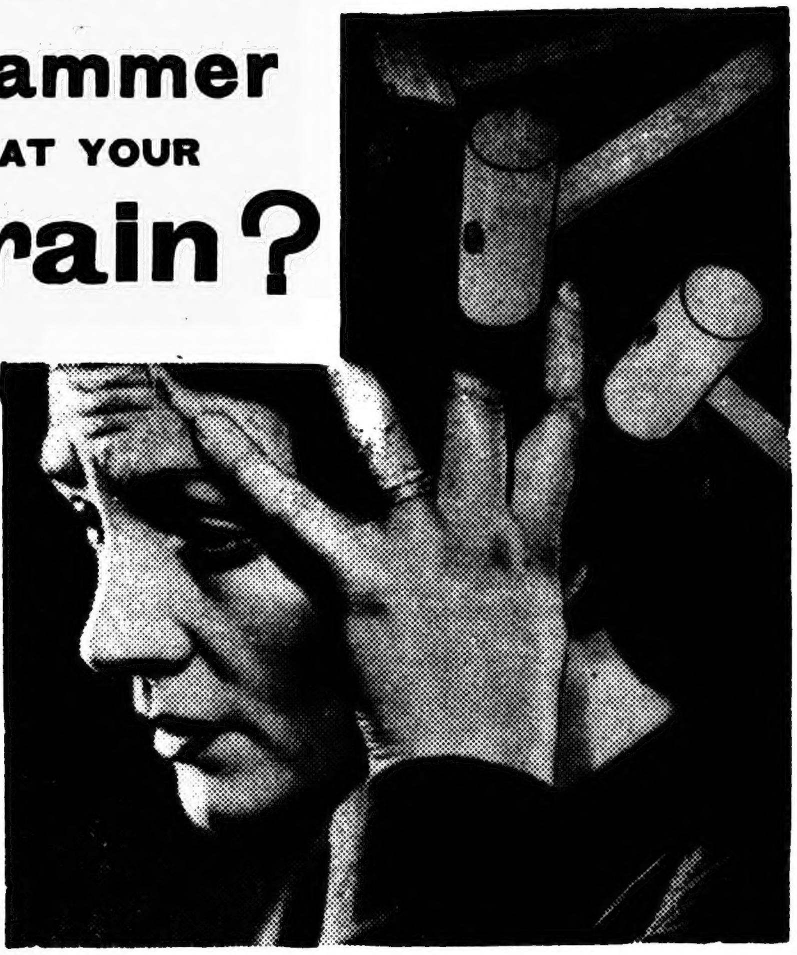
FREE TRIAL from Gilmour Templeton Co., Ltd., Dept. A.21, 80, Clerkenwell Road, London, E.C.1.—Advt.

GRAVES SUITS ARE GOOD
AND SAVE YOU MONEY
Grand Suits at 42/-, 49/-, 56/-, 63/-, 70/- and 84/-. Delivered now, payment from 5/- monthly. Any cloth and any style you wish. Lovely Suitings in attractive fashionable cloths at money-saving prices. Correct fit & full satisfaction guaranteed. Full Range of Patterns Post Free
J. G. GRAVES LTD. SHEFFIELD.

PILES!
HERE'S QUICK, SURE RELIEF!
A DOCTOR WRITES:—
"I prescribed Pylitna Powders for a most severe case of Piles with excessive bleeding and in one week the Piles had disappeared." Another doctor writes: "I have been advised by a London Specialist to prescribe Pylinta Powders for Piles."
Pylitna Brand Powders, 2/9 and 5/- per box in U.K. Pylitna Tablets and Ointment 5/- each. Of all chemists or direct (postage 3d. extra) from Dept. 12, G. S. Mumford and Sons, 168, Drummond Street, London, N.W.1.
PILES! PYLITNA PILE POWDERS
THE GENUINE REMEDY

GASTRIC ULCERS
VITADATIO SAVED MY LIFE
Mr. G. Southworth, 1, Radcliffe Rd., Bolton, writes: "I suffered 19 years. The doctor said I had Ulcers on the Stomach. I was wasting away. A friend asked me to try Vitadatio. After the first bottle, the sickness stopped, so I kept on with it and I am sure Vitadatio saved my life."
Send for Free Book of Testimonials
Vitadatio
Invaluable for Blood Troubles, Liver, Kidney and Eczema, Boils, and in many Internal Ailments. Sold by Boots, Taylors', Timothy Whites, most Chemists and Stores, 3/- and 5/- per bottle or per post, 6d. extra in United Kingdom, from VITADATIO, No. 121, ARMLEY, LEEDS. V 183

DO HEADACHES Hammer AT YOUR Brain?



—That terrible Thudding Headache, like "Hammers going inside your head."

—That maddening Neuralgia that "nags" at you hour by hour.

—Nerve Pains that wear your nerves to shreds.

—Neuritis that robs your life of joy and steals your health and strength!

In your agony you long for RELIEF! *But you need MORE than relief.* PAIN is but a symptom of some hidden trouble and you must banish the *cause!* You need Dr. Cassell Tablets, for they will not only give you the relief you *MUST HAVE* but also renew your Vital Forces, restore your Health and thus banish entirely the cause of the pain!

19 SPECIAL HEALTH INGREDIENTS TO MAKE YOU WELL

Any health trouble must inevitably weaken every part of your body—and every part of your body must be revitalised! This is just what Dr. Cassell Tablets do—*that* is why they succeed where all other remedies fail. They contain no less than 19 special health ingredients including—

NERVE TONICS *to strengthen, restore and rebuild your whole nervous system!*

BLOOD NUTRIENTS *to enrich, purify and revitalise your whole bloodstream!*

DIGESTIVES & STOMACHICS *to revive your appetite, regenerate digestion and banish your stomach disorders!*

HYPOPHOSPHITES *to recharge your reserves of health, reinvigorate your physical and mental processes!*

Thus, Dr. Cassell Tablets make an end of pain, and the *causes* of pain, and fit you out with a new and stronger constitution—giving you the power to enjoy your life and to face each day with eagerness and pleasure! Commence to take Dr. Cassell brand Tablets TO-DAY.

Dr. Cassell Brand **Tablets** are one cf the most powerful combinations of Reinvigorating and Health Building elements ever known. Agonised sufferers all over the country are daily praising them. Men and women who have suffered lifetime afflictions are constantly and regularly telling how they have been freed from

RHEUMATIC TROUBLES
HEADACHES, INSOMNIA
GENERAL WEAKNESS
KIDNEY TROUBLE
INDIGESTION, ANÆMIA
NERVES, NEURASTHENIA
NEURALGIA, NEURITIS

Why not experience the same for yourself. Whatever your age, Dr. Cassell Tablets cannot help but benefit you! Wherever you live you can obtain them, for they are available in every chemist's shop. Start taking Dr. Cassell brand Tablets TO-DAY—and get well!

Secure a 1/3 bottle at once. If you are not entirely satisfied with your improved health this amount will be instantly refunded by the Veno Drug Co., Ltd., Manchester, on receipt of empty carton. 1/3 AND 3/-.

Dr. Cassell Brand Tablets

He ENDED all his TROUBLES with a "BULLET"

A FEW weeks ago, a grey-haired, unemployed clerk was tramping the roads round his home, looking for work. With a wife and six children to be cared for, things were black indeed.

To-day that same man, Mr. J. W. Knapton, lives comfortably at 5, Briercliffe Avenue, Blackpool. Safe in his bank lies a balance which has given him a different outlook on life—and he worked this miracle himself by fitting together four well-chosen words for a *Bullets* coupon.

These words were, IN A WEAK MOMENT—DON'T OVERTHROW "LIFE'S EDIFICE." And they brought him JOHN BULL'S famous Friday telegram, closely followed by the First Prize cheque for £600 in our 891st Competition.

When that magic message arrived, Mr. Knapton told a JOHN BULL representative, he was at a relative's house. After working in the garden, he had just borrowed pen and ink to enter the *Bullets* he wanted to post that night.

Suddenly the house was hit by a human cyclone. One look at his son's face, another at the colour of the envelope he carried, and Mr. Knapton realised what had happened. He had joined the ranks of "Bulleteers" whose troubles are over.

"The wife and I did not get much sleep that night," Mr. Knapton confessed. "There was too much to think about. My son Jack has been forced by asthma to give up his newspaper work. My daughter knows the confectionery business, but has not yet been able to find work here—and there are the two small boys to bring up. Now I'll be able to help them all."

It was before the War, the winner recalled, that he first took an interest in our *Bullets* Competition. Then

Workless . . . then one thrilling Friday . . .

a magistrate's clerk with no reasons for fear of the future, he enjoyed an occasional half-hour with the *Examples* and won several minor prizes.

After his War service was over, Mr. Knapton found nobody wanted a worried-looking man with a wife and family.

Weeks dragged past—then months—then years. Still Mr. Knapton could get no more than occasional jobs. But whatever happened, He had determined, the very last little luxury to go would be his weekly *Bullets*.

The hobby saved him from endless, useless worrying—and from that blank despair which breaks the heart of a man who wants to work.

Until last week, the puzzle of using a pile of prize-money to best advantage had not been one of Mr. Knapton's problems, for a 10s. award and "Target" Prizes had been his only successes.

"I may start a small business myself," he concluded, "but most of the money's going to be safe in the bank. What a difference this has made to us all!"

Who's next for that Friday telegram? Who wants a prize even bigger than Mr. Knapton's — a cheque for £750, plus a week's free motoring at JOHN BULL'S evpense? Who wants the other five places in this week's "Big Six"?

The coupons opposite await your answer.

ACCEPT THIS SPORTING OFFER!

Because we believe that *Bullets Bulletin* can help you to win prizes, we make a sporting offer to you this week.

Post off by Saturday, May 27, the coupon on opposite page, thus securing a 12 weeks' supply of our free 3-in-1 guide to success in *Bullets*, Cross-words and *Passing Show's* amusing *Couplets* contest.

If you are not satisfied when you receive your first copy, tell us so within seven days, and, without quibble, we will refund the whole of your 6d. postage.

PRIZES VALUE OVER £1,500 AWARDED THIS WEEK

FIRST PRIZE OF 600 GUINEAS, COMPETITION No. 892.

Mr. X. DAVIES, 36, Crawford Street, Monton, Eccles.
Example:—DUST OF YEARS
Bullet:—*Prevents* YOUTH "WRITING NAME."
(Entered on "Season Ticket" Coupon.)

SECOND PRIZE OF £50:

Mr. W. SWAINSTON, 38, Fenton Street, Beesbeck, Yorks.
Example:—Never Fails
Bullet:—Me, My Ma.

THIRD PRIZE OF £40:

Mr. R. K. FRASER, 88, Flemington Street, (2 Up) Glasgow.
Example:—No Lady
Bullet:—Hear "Titles" She Bestows!
(Entered on "Target" prize coupon.)

10 PRIZES OF £5 AND RADIO GRAMOPHONE:

E. ALDERMAN, 5, Bowerdean Street, Fulham, London, S.W.
Better—Or Bitter, Bitten Biter.
H. BRITTON, 16, Kinver Road South, Sydenham.
Drop In The Ocean—Ocean, In the Universe.
J. GREENAN, "D" 3, Married Quarters, R.M.C., Camberley.
Man I Married—My "Mixed *Troubles* Partner."
A. FOGDEN, 94, Norfolk Road, Margate.
The Real Reason—I Bear Bore—Beer!
(Entered on "Target" prize coupon.)
J. L. JONES, 16, Simpson Street, Oldbury, Birmingham.
The Worker—Keeps His "Queen Humming."
J. MILLER, 96, Chorley Road, Adlington, Lancs.
If Dad Were Dictator—He'd Upset Topsy-turvy World!
W. R. ROBBINS, 21, Llantarnam Road, Cardiff.
Running Wild—Currency—Investors "Walk Warily."
L. STANIFORTH, 80, Estcourt Avenue, Leeds.
With Nature's Help—Medicines Made—Doctors Avoided.
A. WALTON, 27, Crampton Street, London, S.E.
The Worker—Hungrily Watches "Robot" Fuelling.
W. WINDLE, 283, Boothferry Road, Hull.
With Nature's Help—Motorist's Alive—Cursing Brambles!

15 PRIZES OF £2 10s. AND RADIO GRAMOPHONE:

W. H. BAILEY, 56, Castle Road, Southsea.
Sounds Of Revelry—Overhead, I've "Head" Over.
Mrs. F. DACK, Beach Road, Scratby, Great Yarmouth.
Firm Fundation—"Hard" Luck At First.
F. H. A. DAVIS, 4, Groveland Avenue, Hoylake, Cheshire.
Guiding Star—To Reveller's Consternation, Constellation!
Mrs. F. HOPKINS, 66, Brereton Avenue, Cleethorpes.
Firm Foundation—Just "Two Old Sticks."
W. H. ISLE, 148, Heath Terrace, Bradford.
Standing By—School Exit, World's "Dragon."
J. O. JONES, 44, Karslake Road, Sefton Park, Liverpool.
If Dad Were Dictator—Dads Delivered From Dictators.
W. LYON, 236, Portobello Road, London, W.
Firm Foundation—For "Party's" Success, "Jellies."
W. V. MATHEWS, 53, John Taylor Street, Bolton.
Guiding Star—*Sees Me* Through "Clouds."
Mrs. A. NEILSON, 69, Lonnen Avenue, Newcastle-on-Tyne.
Running Wild—Telegram Clerk Served Stamp!
R. PEARCE, 97, High Street, Barnstaple.
Man I Married—Composed Poetry—Now, "Fairy-tales."
J. PACKER, 13, Crabtree Avenue, Waterfoot, Lancs.
Family Joke — Auntie — Cats' Home "Laughed"!
G. SCRAGG, 36, Hasfield Road, West Derby, Liverpool.
Refreshing—Gossip's Memory Too, Tea.
S. SHEPLEY, Denby Dale, Nr. Huddersfield.
Gardener Ramsay—"Exploring Avenues"—Discovers "Maze."
(Entered on "Target" prize coupon.)
G. A. STEPHENSON, 200, Norwood, Beverley.
Firm Foundation—Better Beginning Than "Pile."
E. WILLIAMS, 58, Spencer Street, Accrington, Lancs.
The Real Reason—For Dismissal, Fool Dismisses.

A list of 25 £1 and 500 2s. 6d. Winners can be seen at these offices.

ALL WINNERS HAVE BEEN NOTIFIED.

7 JUN

LAST HUGE OFFER OF CASH AND MOTORING PRIZES
"BULLETS" FIRST INCREASED AGAIN
£750
AND WEEK'S FREE MOTORING
£50 AND FREE MOTORING
£30 AND FREE MOTORING
£25 AND FREE MOTORING
£20 AND FREE MOTORING
£10 AND FREE MOTORING
10 555 OTHER PRIZES

FREE MOTORING FOR SIX "BULLETEERS"

If you are one of the six chief winners in this week's contest you will receive a WEEK'S FREE MOTORING as an extra award. For any seven consecutive days before Sept. 30, 1933, you will be provided with a luxurious limousine and chauffeur

The car will be yours to command—you can set off for a glorious week by the sea, a visit to relations in some distant part of England, Scotland or Wales, or enjoy for a week a daily jaunt from your home into the surrounding country.

Thus, for seven glorious days this summer you will enjoy the countless benefits of owning a magnificent 5-Seater Saloon Car, with a chauffeur at your service—and all at "John Bull's" expense!

HURRY FOR THE LAST SIX BIG 2-IN-1 PRIZES!

SIX last opportunities to secure a week's free motoring at John Bull's expense, as well as a substantial cheque, are now awaiting your *Bullets*.

This final offer of these unique awards is the biggest yet seen—but as an additional attraction, the First Prize has been increased to the splendid sum of £750 cash.

With summer and your holiday at hand, what better prize could you win than the free use for seven days of a luxurious limousine, plus a substantial payment in cash?

A *Bullet* consists of any TWO, THREE or FOUR well-chosen words, neatly added to one of the Examples. Thus, if you were to select the *Example* Rising In The World, by adding the words Difficult After "Falling In," you would complete a typical *Bullet*.

To help you further, study the winning efforts in this week's prize-list on the opposite page. Then get busy on some winners of your own, making sure that your efforts reach John Bull by Saturday, June 3.

SENSATIONAL "BULLETS" NEWS COMING!

ADD 2, 3 OR 4 WORDS TO ANY OF THESE "EXAMPLES"

LOOKING ON THE BRIGHT SIDE
BITING THE DUST
WHAT PEOPLE SAY
NOTHING TO FEAR
SHOWS IT'S GENUINE
NEEDED IN THE COUNTRY
CURE FOR DEPRESSION
CLEARING THINGS UP
AHEAD OF EVERYBODY
RISING IN THE WORLD
SHE DRIED HER TEARS AND
ACCORDING TO THE RULES
SHOCK FOR THE UMPIRE
ONE OF THE FAMILY
LOOKING IN THE SHOP
BIGGER AND BIGGER
BORING
BRAVE SHOW
JUST AS WELL
FOR MANY
OLD WRECK
DESERTED
OUR TWINS
COMING BACK
RUINED ME
WITH PRACTICE
HIDDEN
LOST BALL
DOES FOR HER
GRATITUDE
EITHER WAY
THE MAIN THING

NEWSAGENTS' PRIZES. Cheques for £5, £2 and £1 respectively will be paid to the Newsagents from whom the winners of the three chief prizes in "Bullets" No. 896 actually purchase "John Bull."

The original cheque for £600 awarded to the First Prize-winner in No. 891 will be displayed in the window of Mr. A. K. Statter, 56, Preston Old Road, Blackpool.

POST THIS COUPON FOR FREE 3-IN-1 HELP!

TO the practical aid of *Bullets Bulletin* many competitors owe a huge success. Register for a free 12 weeks' supply by posting this coupon to-day and make sure of securing the greatly enlarged 3-in-1 issue, incorporating *Passing Show's Couplets Courier* and *John Bull's Crossword Gazette*.

I enclose P.O. value 6d. (crossed "& Co.," payable to John Bull) to cover postage on 12 consecutive issues of *Bullets Bulletin*, commencing with next available issue.

Name ....

Address ....

....

Post to "Bulletin" Dept., Odhams Press Ltd., 39, Bedford Street, London, W.C.2.

(Do not enclose this coupon with your "Bullets" entry.)

EXAMPLE

BULLET

EXAMPLE

BULLET

(896) Closing SAT., June 3

P.O. No. ——————

I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on this page. With 1 Coupon send P.O. for 6d.

Signed ....

Address ....

"Bullets" must consist of TWO, THREE or FOUR Words.

EXAMPLE

BULLET

EXAMPLE

BULLET

(896) Closing SAT., June 3

P.O. No. ——————

I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on this page. With 2 Coupons send P.O. for 1s.

Signed ....

Address ....

Jot down below the rough ideas which may lead to a big prize!

EXAMPLE

BULLET

EXAMPLE

BULLET

(896) Closing SAT., June 3

P.O. No. ——————

I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on this page. With 3 Coupons send P.O. for 1s. 6d.

Signed ....

Address ....

Enter full name and address on each coupon.

EXAMPLE

BULLET

EXAMPLE

BULLET

(896) Closing SAT., June 3

P.O. No. ——————

I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on this page. With 4 Coupons send P.O. for 2s.

Signed ....

Address ....

If you wish to send in further "Bullets" you can write them on plain paper.

Address Entry "Bullets" No. 896, "John Bull," Long Acre, London W.C.2 (Comp.)

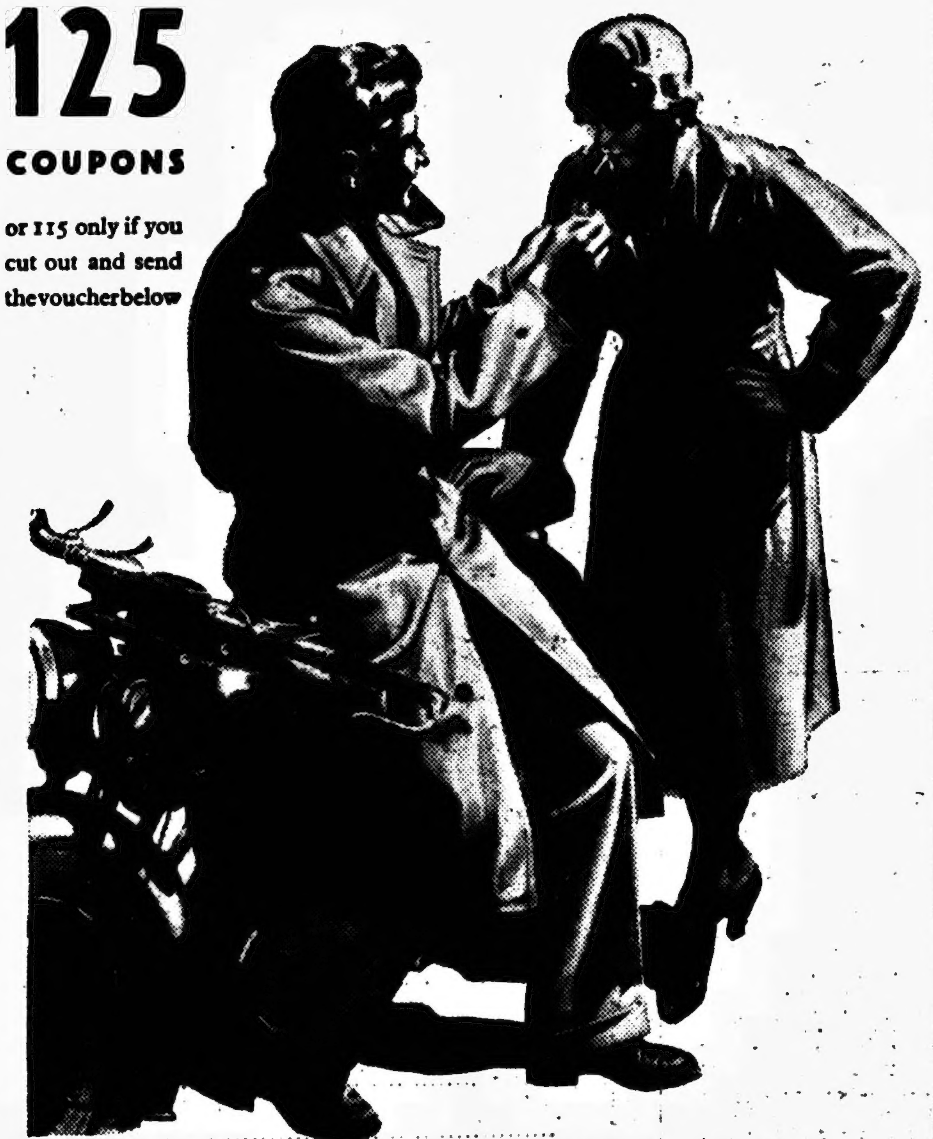
"BULLETS" RULES.—1. The First Prize will be awarded for what in the opinion of the judges in consultation with the Editor is the best Bullet received, and the other prizes in order of merit, the test being cleverness, aptness and originality. The Editor undertakes that every Bullet received shall have careful consideration by a competent staff of qualified judges. 2. Only two attempts may be written on each coupon and a postal order must be enclosed at the rate of 6d. for each coupon made use of. This must be made payable to John Bull and crossed /& Co./ Competitors must write their names and addresses and the date of sending the order on the back of the postal order, the number of which must be duly noted on each coupon submitted. Coupons must not be mutilated. 3. The Editor's decision on any matter of dispute arising in connection with this competition must be accepted as final and legally binding in all respects, and acceptance of this rule is an express condition of entry. Employees of Odhams Press and their families are not eligible to compete.

BUMPER FIRST NEXT WEEK and UNLIMITED £2 BONUSES

B·D·V 'MAC'

125 COUPONS

or 115 only if you cut out and send the voucher below



A 'MAC' FOR 125 COUPONS *would at any time be a gift to attract attention. And when the 'Mac' is of the quality and style of those illustrated, such a gift is nothing short of marvellous. More important still! — these 'Macs' are being given away by B.D.V—the cigarette that has held such a high place in the affection of smokers for over thirty years . . . . . . change to B.D.V to-day!*

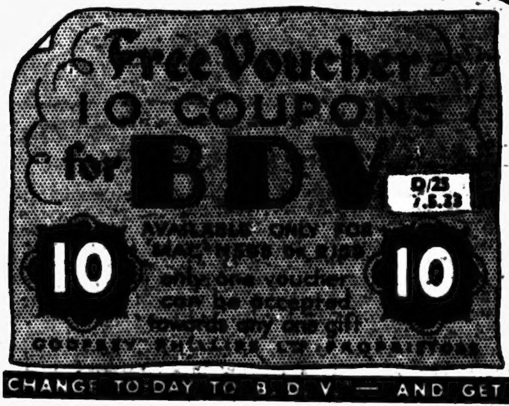
GIFT NO. N398, *Gents' Lightweight Waterproof* in finest lightweight fawn material. Choice of models—Double Breasted with belt or Single Breasted with Prussian collar and without belt. All sizes from 34 inch chest to 44 inch, increasing 2 inches a size.

125 COUPONS

GIFT NO. E159. *Ladies' Lightweight Waterproof.* A smart coat of finest proofed Indiana. Full-cut pockets and storm cuffs. Choice of colours: Fawn, Blue, Green, Dark Mauve, Dark Rose, Putty.
All sizes 36 inch length to 48 inch, increasing 2 inches a size, Complete range of sizes and colours in stock in London.

125 COUPONS

smoke
BDV
cigarettes
10 for 6d. 20 for 11½d.



Free Voucher
10 COUPONS
for BDV
9/25
7.5.33
10 10
AVAILABLE ONLY FOR
MACINTOSH OR GIFT
only one voucher
can be accepted
towards any one gift
GODFREY PHILLIPS LTD. PROPRIETORS

No matter how many coupons you find in a 6d. packet of other brands, together they are not of greater value than one B.D.V coupon.

CUT THIS OUT NOW

B.D.V TOBACCO—11½d. per oz. *with coupons*

CHANGE TO-DAY TO B.D.V — AND GET THE GIFT YOU FANCY *FREE*

CICFA
for
INDIGESTION

NOTED EXPLORER BENEFITS

Hardly a day passes without our receiving glowing accounts of the benefits which sufferers from Indigestion and Constipation have obtained by taking Cicfa.

Mr. McKay maintained digestion and health under the most trying conditions imaginable, because he never failed to keep Cicfa by him.

He writes:

Workington, Cumb.

Dear Sirs,—I wish to inform you that I have obtained most wonderful benefits from your Cicfa. During my treks in Central Africa, when often a great distance away from white men, I had on many occasions to rely absolutely upon your Cicfa. **After a serious attack of malarial fever which had weakened my stomach to an alarming degree, Cicfa proved equal to the occasion** and was a veritable godsend. My travels in Africa were very trying, owing to excessive heat and variations in temperature, but **I was never without Cicfa, and never once did it fail.**

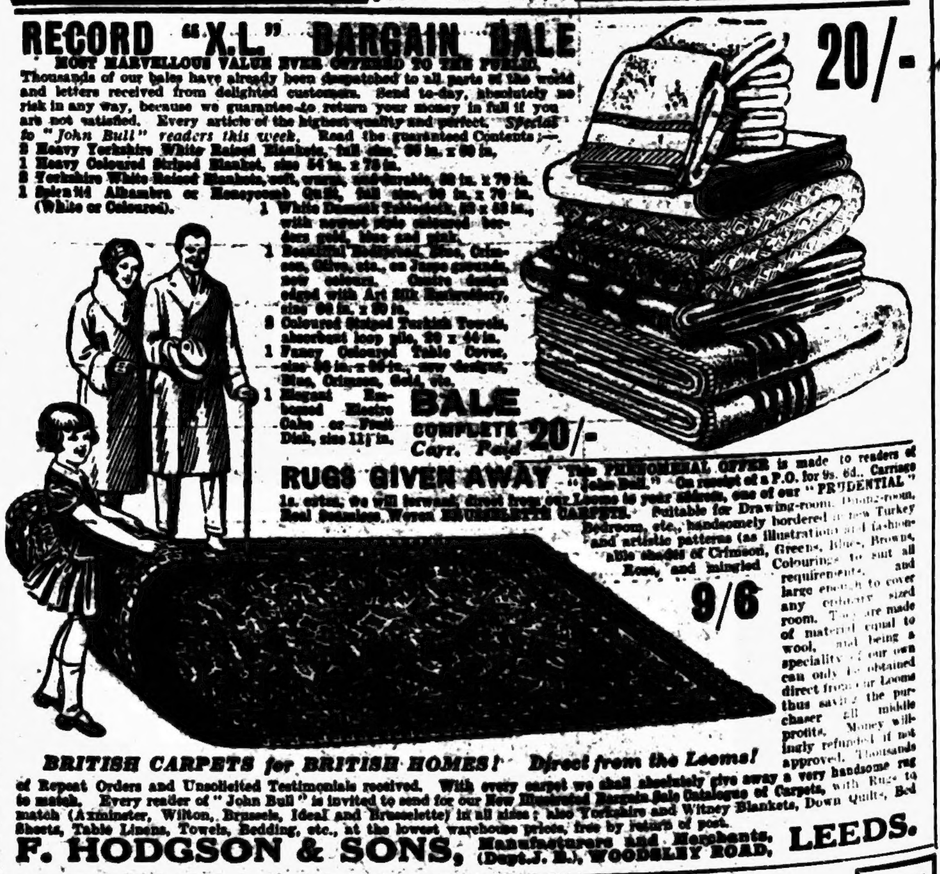
Yours faithfully, (Sgd.) M. McKay.

Cicfa will never fail YOU, because it is a scientific combination of natural digestive ferments. You can rely upon its doing everything we promise. The first dose will bring relief, and if you continue the treatment you will find that your Indigestion will disappear, Acidity, Flatulence and Constipation will cease to trouble you, and your health will benefit marvellously as a consequence.

Holidays—with travelling, visiting, or eating away from home, often cause Constipation. That is not the Liver, it is Indigestion. Take CICFA.

SOLD BY ALL CHEMISTS, PRICE 1/3 and 3/-
or post free from
The CICFA Co., 8, Duke Street, Manchester Sq., W.1

JOHN BULL 27/5/33



RECORD "X.L." BARGAIN BALE 20/-

MOST MARVELLOUS VALUE EVER OFFERED TO THE PUBLIC.

Thousands of our bales have already been despatched to all parts of the world and letters received from delighted customers. Send to-day, absolutely no risk in any way, because we guarantee to return your money in full if you are not satisfied. Every article of the highest quality and perfect. *Special to "John Bull" readers this week.* Read the guaranteed Contents:—

2 Heavy Yorkshire White Raised Blankets, full size, 66 in. x 90 in.
1 Heavy Coloured Striped Blanket, size 54 in. x 78 in.
2 Yorkshire White Raised Blankets, soft, warm, and durable, 50 in. x 70 in.
1 Splendid Alhambra or Honeycomb Quilt, full size, 50 in. x 70 in. (White or Coloured).
1 White Damask Tablecloth, 52 x 52 in., with newest style coloured borders gold, blue and pink.
1 Beautiful Bedspread, Blue, Crimson, Olive, etc., on Jaspe grounds, new colours. Centre design edged with Art Silk Embroidery, size 66 in. x 90 in.
2 Coloured Striped Turkish Towels, absorbent loop pile, 20 x 44 in.
1 Fancy Coloured Table Cover, size 36 in. x 36 in., new designs, Blue, Crimson, Gold, etc.
1 Elegant Embossed Electro Cake or Fruit Dish, size 11½ in.

BALE COMPLETE 20/- *Carr. Paid*

RUGS GIVEN AWAY THIS PHENOMENAL OFFER is made to readers of "John Bull." On receipt of a P.O. for 9s. 6d., Carriage 1s. extra, we will forward direct from our Looms to your address, one of our "PRUDENTIAL" Real Seamless Woven BRUSSELETTE CARPETS. Suitable for Drawing-room, Dining-room, Bedroom, etc., handsomely bordered in new Turkey and artistic patterns (as illustration) and fashionable shades of Crimson, Greens, Blues, Browns, Rose, and mingled Colourings to suit all requirements, and large enough to cover any ordinary sized room. They are made of material equal to wool, and being a speciality of our own can only be obtained direct from our Looms thus saving the purchaser all middle profits. Money willingly refunded if not approved. Thousands of Repeat Orders and Unsolicited Testimonials received. With every carpet we shall absolutely give away a very handsome rug to match. Every reader of "John Bull" is invited to send for our New Illustrated Bargain Sale Catalogue of Carpets, with Rugs to match (Axminster, Wilton, Brussels, Ideal and Brusselette) in all sizes; also Yorkshire and Witney Blankets, Down Quilts, Bed Sheets, Table Linens, Towels, Bedding, etc., at the lowest warehouse prices, free by return of post.

9/6

BRITISH CARPETS for BRITISH HOMES! Direct from the Looms!

F. HODGSON & SONS, Manufacturers and Merchants, (Dept. J. B.), WOODSLEY ROAD, **LEEDS.**

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